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LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR. PARR.*

WE have seldom seen a character more difficult to decipher than that of Dr. Parr. There is so much in him to admire, and so much to reprobate; so much to reverence, and so much to ridicule; so much wisdom, and so much prejudice;—the generosity of a man conscious of merit indisputable, mixed with the jealousy of a man of mere pretensions—that his image is only the antitype of that in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, of which the head was of fine gold and the feet of clay. It was unfortunate for Parr, and for the world too, that his great powers (for none can deny that great powers he had) were never directed to one great object. He had vast strength, but never seems to have discovered wherein it lay. How many a fine mind has been lost to mankind by the want of some propitious accident, to lead it to a proper channel; to prevent its current from "turning awry and losing the name of action!" We know not whether the story of Newton's apple be true, but it may serve for an illustration, and if that apple had not fallen, where would have been his Principia? If the Lady Egerton had not missed her way in a wood, Milton might have spent the time in which he wrote "Comus," in writing "Accidence of Grammar;" and if Ellwood, the quaker, had not asked him what he could say on "Paradise Regained," that beautiful poem (so greatly underrated) would have been lost to us. Parr had a mass of raw material in his mind, which he never found the means of properly working up; excellent in itself, but often not to the purpose for which he used it. His bells are continually jingling out of tune. His politics intrude on his theology, his learning on his politics, his metaphysics on both. The good people at Hatton are lectured on the critical meaning of a Hebrew word; the Lord Mayor of London, on the metaphysics of benevolence; Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, on Regenera-

tion and the danger of fanaticism.* Now all this was a misapplication of power. There was wanting to Dr. Parr the prosecution of some one theme, which should have drawn forth his heterogeneous possessions, as into a web.

Several works which would have answered such a purpose were suggested to him; some he had actually undertaken. In philology, e.g. he might have done any thing, and he knew it; but he was content to waste his treasures on desultory dissertations in the course of his immense correspondence with his friends. Dr. Copleston reminded him, that such stores as he had laid up in this department of learning might be employed in the service of metaphysics, and be the means of elucidating many a difficulty in the highest department of philosophy.† But Parr was deaf. The scope afforded him for etymological investigation, by his masterly knowledge of that most subtle of all languages, the Greek,—a language which can seize upon whatever is abstract as readily as if it were an object of sense, and discriminate between ideas which differ but by a shade; which can give a name to the most "airy nothings," and exhibit in its mere self, as in a most delicate mirror, the progressive history, the local customs, the peculiar habits of thinking, of a people sensitive and mercurial beyond every other—the scope thus afforded him might have been filled up by "The Diversions of Hatton," which should have rivalled "The Diversions of Purley;" and, if it would have been any consolation to him to know it, the scholar would have most gladly purchased such a work from Parr, even at the price of its being incumbered (as it probably would have been) with political reflections, as edifying and appropriate as those which hang like a millstone about the work of Horne Tooke. The turn of Parr's mind for such speculations upon Greek, whether metaphysical or physical, may be remarked in the use which he makes of his philology in his argument on benevolence,‡ and in his ingenious exposition of St. Paul's change of metaphors in several of his epistles, according to the local circumstances of the people to whom they were addressed.§ In biography, again, Parr might have been distinguished. The few

* The Works of Samuel Parr, LL. D., Prebendary of St. Paul's, Curate of Hatton, &c.; with Memoirs of his Life and Writings, and a selection from his Correspondence. By John Johnstone, M. D., Fellow of the Royal Society and of the Royal College of Physicians of London, &c. In 8 vols. London. 1828.

† Vol. v. p. 148. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 361.

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* Vol. iv. pp. 547, 548. † Vol. vii. p. 66.

‡ Vol. vi. p. 408. § Vol. vi. p. 46.

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sketches of character he has left make us regret that they are so few. Prejudice may warp them sometimes, and so it fared with those of Johnson, but they are vivid, bold, comprehensive, discriminative—the portraits, in short, of a superior artist. Dr. Bennet, the Bishop of Cloyne, who was at all times his good genius, apprized him that this was his province; but in vain. Here he might have found a suitable field for the display of all his knowledge, original and acquired, as Nichols did in his life of Bowyer, or Middleton in that of Cicero; and instead of a series of disjointed tracts, and notes upon the tracts, and notes upon the notes, which few will read, and still fewer retain, we might have had a work which should have vied in popularity with the *Lives of the Poets*; by his great prototype. In a life of Sumner, for instance, he might have found a vent for all his notions upon education, upon discipline, upon the advantages and defects of our public schools and universities. In a life of Johnson, he might most properly have unloaded himself of his lucubrations on superstition and atheism, on toleration and intolerance, on the origin of ideas, on the origin of evil, on all which constitutes “the proper study of mankind.” In a life of Sir W. Jones, he might have indulged his taste for philology, (if the former work on this subject, at which we hinted, had not exhausted him,) his taste for law, for reform, for investigation of the principles of government; shedding, meanwhile, over all, that glow of fervent affection which he felt for his early friend, and the like to which makes the *Life of Savage*, (for we are far from hinting any resemblance between the two subjects of the biographers,) however it may have distorted it, the most delightful, perhaps, of all Johnson’s productions. In a life of Cullen, he might have embodied his extensive medical reading; producing from his favourite ancients, proofs of their possessing much greater knowledge of the healing art than modern practitioners give them credit for; confuting those errors of materialism, which are said to cleave so often to the anatomist, and which Parr’s intimate knowledge of Bishop Butler, and devotion to his school of theology, would have qualified him for confuting so well; exhibiting, if he pleased, in Dr. Priestley (whose praises might have been more appropriate in such a dissertation than in a sermon from a pulpit of the church of England,) an example that it is possible to be even a materialist without being an infidel; and holding up to the young, and often ill-informed, students of our hospitals, the bright examples of a Sydenham and a Boerhaave, as men who could unite the highest medical talent with the soundest religious belief; who could see the hand of God in the mechanism of our bodies, the blessings of a revelation in the comfort it administers to the sick and suffering, and no mean argument for its truth in the strong aspirations after the views it unfolds, which crowd upon every man as he enters “the valley of the shadow of death.”

To a gentleman of this noble profession, himself an honour to it, at once a man of letters and of skill, possessing what has been ever esteemed the highest claim to public gratitude

—the claim *ob cives servatos*—whose hospitality Parr enjoyed whilst in health, whose assistance he received in his sickness, and whom he addressed in his dying hour as “his most dear friend;” to this “physician” have the family of Parr consigned the office of “embalming their father.”

“For defects of style,” says Dr. Johnstone, in his preface, “for errors of opinion, and for the general conduct of my work, I might, perhaps, offer some reasons, which would excuse, and some which would absolve, many imperfections. For the opinions I will make no apology—they were Parr’s. For the rest, I am neither so vain as to imagine that that which was meant well has been altogether done well, nor so weak as to despond about the success of my endeavours. I have done my best, in the midst of pressing, and anxious, and unceasing engagements; and whatsoever may be the judgment passed on my work, I shall always have the satisfaction and the consciousness of feeling that I strove to be just and faithful to the memory of my friend.”—vol. i. p. v.

“He was the guide of my youth,” adds Dr. Johnstone, in another place, “and the constant friend of my life. For thirty-five years I have seen him in numberless varieties of our imperfect condition. I have rejoiced with him in prosperity and health, I have sympathised with him in sickness and sorrow: we have travelled together the wearisome road of life, in narrow circumstances and in abundance, and throughout our course our confidence was mutual. I feel, therefore, that I have a right to assume a knowledge of the character of Dr. Parr.”—vol. i. p. 8.

We are sure that more than this is not wanted to recommend Dr. Johnstone’s work to the favourable attention of every reader. He writes with freedom and spirit; he defends Parr’s honest fame with the jealousy of a zealous friend, perhaps, too, of a political partisan; yet he frankly withstands him to the face when he thinks that he is to be blamed.

Samuel Parr was born at Harrow on the Hill, June 15 (O. S.), 1747. He was the son of Samuel Parr, a surgeon and apothecary of that place, and through him immediately descended from several considerable scholars, and remotely (as one of his biographers, Mr. Field, asserts) from Sir W. Parr, who lived in the reign of Edward IV., and whose granddaughter was Queen Catharine Parr, of famous memory. It does not appear from Parr’s writings (as far as we remember) that he laid claim to this high ancestry; yet the name of Catharine, which he gave to one of his daughters, may be imagined to imply as much. His mother, whose maiden name was Mignard, was of the family of the celebrated painter. It was the accident of Parr’s birth-place that, probably, laid the foundation of his fame, for to the school of his native village, then one of the most flourishing in England, he was sent in his sixth year; whilst, under other circumstances, it is likely that he would have been condemned to an ordinary education and his father’s business. So many seeds is Nature constantly and secretly scattering, in order that one may fall upon a spot that shall foster

it into a plant. In his boyhood, he is described by his sister, Mrs. Bowyear, as studious after his kind, delighting in Mother Goose and the Seven Champions, and not partaking much in the sports usual to such an age. He had a very early inclination for the church, and the elements of that taste for ecclesiastical pomp, which distinguished him in after life, appeared when he was not more than nine or ten years old. He would put on one of his father's shirts for a surplice, (till Mr. Sanders, the vicar, supplied him, as Hannah, did his namesake, with a little gown and cassock;) he would then read the church service to his sister and cousins, after they had been duly summoned by a bell tied to the banisters; preach them a sermon, which his congregation was apt to think, in those days, somewhat of the longest; and even, in spite of his father's remonstrances, would bury a bird or a kitten (Parr had always a great fondness for animals) with the rites of Christian burial. Samuel was his mother's darling; she indulged all his whims, consulted his appetite, and provided hot suppers for him almost from his cradle. He was her only son, and was at this time very fair and well-favoured. Providence, however, foreseeing that at all events vanity was to be a large ingredient in Parr's composition, sent him, in its mercy, a fit of small-pox; and, with the same intent, perhaps, deprived him of a parent, who was killing her son's character by kindness. Parr never was a boy, says, somewhere, his friend and school-fellow, Dr. Bennet. When he was about nine years old, Dr. Allen saw him sitting on the churchyard gate at Harrow, with great gravity, whilst his school-fellows were all at play. "Sam, why don't you play with the others?" cried Allen. "Do not you know, Sir, said he, with vast solemnity, "that I am to be a parson?" And Parr himself used to tell of Sir W. Jones, another of his school-fellows, that as they were one day walking together near Harrow, Jones suddenly stopped short, and, looking hard at him, cried out, "Parr, if you should have the good luck to live forty years, you may stand a chance of overtaking your face." Between Bennet, Parr, and Jones, the closest intimacy was formed; and though occasionally tried, it continued to the last. Sir W. Jones, indeed, was soon carried, by the tide of events, far away from the other two, and Dr. Bennet quickly shot a-head of poor Parr in the race of life, and rose to the Irish bench; but

"Memor

Actæ non alio rege pueritiam,
Mutatæque simul togæ"—

the man and the bishop is still, in his intercourse with Parr, (and we meet with many beautiful proofs of it in these volumes,) the Harrow schoolboy, ripened, indeed, by years and by the experience resulting from high station in turbulent times, yet retaining the schoolboy's privilege of laughing at the foibles, or lecturing the failings, or correcting the mistakes, of his quondam playfellow. These three challenged one another to trials of skill in the imitation of popular authors—they wrote and acted a play together—they got up mock councils, and harangues, and combats, after

the manner of the classical heroes of antiquity, and under their names—till, at the age of fourteen, Parr being now at the head of the school, was removed from it, and placed in his father's shop.

The doctor must have found, in the course of his practice, that there are some pills which will not go down,—and this was one. Parr began to criticise the Latin of his father's prescriptions, instead of "making the mixture;" and was not prepared for that kind of Greek with which old Fuller's doctor was imbued, who, on being asked why it was called a *Hæctic* fever, "Because," saith he, "of an *hectic* cough which ever attendeth that disease." Accordingly, Parr having in vain tried to reconcile himself to the "uttering of mortal drugs" for three years, was at length suffered to follow his own devices, and in 1765 was admitted of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. Dr. Farmer was at that time tutor. Of this proficient in black-letter (he was one of the earliest, and perhaps the cleverest, of his tribe,) we are told by Archdeacon Butler, in a note, that he was a man of such singular indolence, as to neglect sending in the young men's accounts, and is supposed to have burnt large sums of money, by putting into the fire unopened letters, which contained remittances, conveyed remonstrances, and required answers.* Parr sketches his character at some length, and we quote it as one example, out of several, of the doctor's biographical powers, to which we have already had occasion to allude.

"His knowledge is various, extensive and recondite. With much seeming negligence, and, perhaps, in later years, with some real relaxation, he understands more, and remembers more, about common and uncommon subjects of literature, than many of those who would be thought to read all the day and meditate half the night. In quickness of apprehension and acuteness of discernment, I have not often seen his equal. Through many a convivial hour have I been charmed by his vivacity, and upon his genius have I reflected in many a serious moment; with pleasure, with admiration, but not without regret, that he has never concentrated and exerted all the great powers of his mind in some great work, upon some great subject. Of his liberality in patronizing learned men, and of his zeal in promoting learned publications, I could point out numerous instances. Without the smallest propensities to avarice, he possesses a large income; and without the mean submissions of dependence, he has risen to high station. His ambition, if he has any, is without ostentation; his wit is without acrimony, and his learning is without pedantry."—vol. iii. p. 502.

At college Parr remained about fourteen months, when his resources were cut off by the sudden death of his father. On balancing his accounts, three pounds seventeen shillings appeared to be all his worldly wealth; and it has been asserted by one of the many persons who have contributed their quota to the memorabilia of Parr,† that had he been aware beforehand of possessing so considerable a sum,

* Vol. i. p. 35.

† *London Mag.*, April, 1825.

he would have continued longer in an university which he quitted with a heavy heart, and which he was ever proud to acknowledge as his literary nursing-mother. It is melancholy to reflect on the numbers of young men who squander the opportunities afforded them at Cambridge and Oxford, without a thought; "casting the pearl away, like the Æthiop, while, at the very moment, many are the sons of genius and poverty, who, with Parr, are struggling in vain to hold fast their chance of the learning, and the rewards of learning, to be gained there, and which would be to them instead of house and land. Thus were Parr's hopes again nipped in the bud, and those years, (the most valuable of all, perhaps, for the formation of character,) the latter years of school and college life were to him a blank. Meanwhile Dr. Sumner, then master of Harrow, offered him the situation of his first assistant. With this Parr closed; he took deacon's orders in 1769; and five years passed away, as usefully and happily spent as any which he lived to see. It was while he was under-master of Harrow that he lost his cousin, Frank Parr, then a recently-elected Fellow of King's College. Parr loved him as a brother; and, though himself receiving a salary of only fifty pounds a year, and, as he says, and as may be well believed, "then very poor," he cheerfully undertook for Frank, by way of making his death-bed more comfortable, the payment of all his Cambridge debts, which proved to be two hundred and twenty-three pounds; a promise which, it is needless to say, he faithfully kept, besides settling an annuity of five pounds upon his mother. It would be unjust to Parr not to give an extract or two from the letters which he wrote to his dying friend. They are such as must serve to cover a multitude of sins in our estimate of him who could write them.

"Oh! my dear, dear, Frank, oh! were that day arrived to both of us, when every sigh shall be stopped and every evil done away, and our souls lifted up from this vale of sorrows to boundless and heavenly joy. Let me open myself yet further to you. Should it please God to deprive me of you, I know it is my duty, and through his grace it shall be my endeavour, to bear the stroke. But if it falls, I shall, I shall, my dear friend, have no wishes to continue. My hopes, my thoughts, will follow, and I shall long, perhaps, impatiently long, for that hour which shall restore us to each other, and bring us to our God. My prayers, my dear friend, I do not fail to offer up in behalf of your body and your soul; I dare say you do the same for me. May the Almighty, for his dear Son's sake hear us both; save, preserve, bless us for ever. I hope to get the towels ready in a day or two. Pray make yourself easy, my heart, about all money, and claim mine as your own. Let no false pride, no superfluous delicacy, no unfriendly, unmanly, unchristian suspicions, keep you from repeating your demands. "Greater love," says our Saviour, "than this has no man, that a man should lay down his life for his friend." God is my judge that I would most readily, most contentedly, most gladly die, for you, my dear, dear soul! Can I then refuse you any thing else? We have a common interest here, a common hope hereaf-

ter. Heaven grant our friendship to last to all eternity. If the towels are ready, you will perhaps see me for an hour or two on Thursday or Friday evening. Write a line by to-morrow's post. Write, if it be only a line. Pray eat three or four jellies a-day. Pray take care of yourself. I commend you to the great God and his most gracious Son the Lord Jesus Christ. Through his mediation and intercession may we live long on earth and meet in heaven."—vol. i. p. 48.

"My dear, dear, Frank," he writes shortly after, "I could not bear the idea of suffering you to feel one uneasy thought, and therefore I sent you three guineas this morning, on the very moment after my arrival. I will, in a few days send you some towels, and, if you please, a table-cloth or two, and other necessities which you find occasion for. Write me word of the consultation. Tell me what say your physicians about your health and earthly condition; and tell me, oh! my dear creature, what your own heart suggests about your future one. May that God, whose mercy is over all his works—that God who will not reject the meanness of his creatures, when they approach him in the name of a crucified, interceding Saviour; may He mitigate your pains, may He restore your health, may he bless your soul; even so, Lord Jesus. Amen. Yours to eternity,"

"S. PARR."—i. p. 49.

In 1771, when Parr was in his twenty-fifth year, Dr. Sumner was suddenly carried off by apoplexy. Sir W. Jones, the most illustrious, perhaps, of his pupils, writes to Dr. Bennet on this occasion as follows. We quote the letter more for the sake of showing the ardour of this extraordinary man, in his pursuit after knowledge and fame, than the want of it towards the memory of his old master, evinced in the opinion expressed of Dr. Sumner.

"You will think more highly of my sincerity than my gratitude, when I tell you that I was not so deeply affected with the loss of Sumner as you seem to be. My confidence in him had been considerably decreased for the last three years, and I began to take pleasure in his company less than ever. As to himself he had too many misfortunes to make life desirable. I have learned so much, seen so much, written so much, said so much, and thought so much since I conversed with you, that were I to attempt to tell half what I have learned, seen, writ, said, and thought, my letter would have no end. I spend the whole winter in attending the public speeches of our greatest lawyers and senators, and in studying our own admirable laws, which exhibit the most noble example of human wisdom that the mind of man can contemplate. I give up my leisure hours to a political treatise on the *Turks*, from which I expect some reputation; and I have several objects of ambition which I cannot trust to a letter, but will impart to you when we meet. If I stay in England I shall print my *de Poesi Asiaticæ* next summer, though I shall be at least two hundred pounds out of pocket by it. In short, if you wish to know my occupations, read the beginning of Middleton's *Cicero*, p. 13, 18, and you will see my model, for I would willingly lose my head at the age of sixty, if I could pass a life at all analogous to that

which Middleton describes. Parr talks of being with you at Christmas; I fear I shall not be able to accompany him. Farewell! The time, I hope, will come, when we shall see more of each other than we have been able to do for the last seven years."—vol. i. p. 55.

Parr now became a candidate for the head mastership of Harrow, founding his claims on being born in the town, educated at the school, and for some years one of the assistants. The Governors, however, preferred Dr. Benjamin Heath, an antagonist by whom it was no disgrace to be beaten, and whose personal merit Parr himself allowed to justify their choice. A rebellion among the boys, many of whom took Parr's part, ensued, and in an evil hour he threw up his situation of assistant, and withdrew to Stanmore, a village a very few miles from Harrow. Here he was followed by forty of the young rebels, and with this stock in trade he proceeded to set up a school on his own account. This, Dr. Johnstone thinks, was the crisis of Parr's life. The die had turned up against him, and the disappointment, with its immediate consequences, gave a complexion to his future fortunes, character, and comfort. He had already mounted a full-bottomed wig when he stood for Harrow, anxious as it should seem, to give his face a still further chance of keeping its start. He now began to ride on a black saddle, and bore in his hand a long wand with an ivory head, like a crosier in high prelatical pomp. His neighbours, who wondered what it could all mean, had scarcely time to identify him with his pontificals before they saw him stalking along the street in a dirty striped dressing-gown. A wife was all that was now wanted to complete the establishment at Stanmore, and accordingly Miss Jane Marsingale, a lady of an ancient Yorkshire family, was provided for him, (Parr, like Hooker, appears to have courted by proxy, and with about the same success,) and so Stanmore was set a going as the rival of Harrow. These were fearful odds. Achilles himself could not stand single-handed against the steady course of the Scamander: an ancient institution, like "that ancient river," is pretty sure in the end to sweep its ephemeral opponent away. Whether the system of education adopted at this place, which certainly reminds us of that of Milton, contained within itself the seeds of its own dissolution, or whether the lads who had been hitherto under Dr. Sumner ran away with the coach when Parr held the reins with a strong indeed, but unsteady hand, *solitæque jugum gravitate carebat*; however this was, it came to pass, that in spite of "Attic symposia," and groves of Academus, and the enacting of a Greek play, and the perpetual recitation of the fragment in praise of Harmodius and Aristogeiton,* the establishment at Stanmore declined, and at the end of five years Parr was not sorry to accept the mastership of an endowed school at Colchester. To Colchester, therefore, he removed with his wife and a daughter in the spring of 1777. Here he took priest's orders at the hands of Bishop Lowth, and found society congenial to him in Dr.

Foster, a kindred whig, and in Thomas Twining, a kindred scholar. Hitherto Parr had not published any thing. The proximity of Harrow had acted upon him like an incubus. Released at length from this oppression, his spirits began to revive, and the following letter from Sir W. Jones indicates that he had some intention of printing a sermon, an intention which he did not however then fulfil.

Worcester, March 8th, 1778.

"My Dear Friend.—Your letter overtook me a few days ago, and I am so hurried that I must answer it in very few words. If your sermon be not likely to hurt you and your family, by giving fruitless offence to men in power, I will answer for your reputation, and exhort you to print it *with your name*; without it you must not expect to have the charges of publication defrayed, as few men read a book with so unpromising a title as a *Sermon on the 27th February, 1778*. I shall not be in the Temple till the 30th April, then I shall be wholly at your service. You will send a copy of your discourse to me, and may rely on my sincerity as well as on my attention; but in the name of the Muses, let it be written in a legible hand, for to speak plainly with you, your English and Latin characters are so ill formed, that I have infinite difficulty to read your letters, and have abandoned all hopes of deciphering many of them. Your Greek is wholly illegible, it is perfect Algebra, and your strictures on my *Isæus*, excellent and valuable as they are, have given more fatigue to my head and eyes than the whole translation. Half an hour in the day would be as much time as you could employ in forming your characters, and you would save four times as much of your friends' time. I will speak with the sincerity which you like: either you can write better, or you cannot; if you can, you ought to write better; if not, you ought to learn. I scribble this as fast as I can move the pen, yet to me it is perfectly legible; it should be plainer still, if my pen were better, or I were less hurried. Farewell! my dear friend, if I did not love and respect you, I would not give you this chiding, which I know you will take in good part."—p. 102.

Whilst we are on the subject of bad writing, which is a very common and very inconvenient species of affectation, we recommend to the attention of all whom it may concern, a very amusing letter from Tweddell, to Parr. Tweddell, it seems, was superintending for Parr the publication of his "*Sequel*," a pamphlet against the Rev. Mr. Curtis, to whose name there is an allusion in the first line, and who had fallen under Parr's wrath without any just cause.

"Dear Sir,—*Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei*—Anglice you will never have done with —; however, you say the last alteration shall be the last, and I will take care that it be made. And now, as I suppose I am freed from the danger of any more headaches, occasioned to me by your amanuensis, let me request of you to give him a jobation upon his villainous penmanship. To a nervous man he is as fatal as a physician. Small, indeed, are the hopes of life, if you enter a correspondence with him.

* Field, v. i. 898.

His abominable hieroglyphics shake you from top to toe. Pray, my good Sir, do labour to convince him that letters were designed to be the intelligible expression of ideas, to convey distant meaning by legible characters, to be the faithful interpreters of thought between remote friends. But Martin, I perceive, has formed a directly opposite opinion. He thinks that they were formed for the purposes of perplexity. Why else is he more obscure than the prophets of Cumæ? He differs, indeed, from the Sybil in this respect, that her leaves were worth the pursuit, and rewarded the pains of him who found them. Martin does not commit his to the winds, knowing that, from their perfect inutilty, his correspondent will perform that office himself. You, as a moderate man, ought not to employ Martin as your amanuensis. For why? His letters put me in mind of tumult and anarchy; there is sedition in every sentence; syllable has no longer any confidence in syllable, but dissolves its connexion as preferring an alliance with the succeeding word. A page of his epistle looks like the floor of a garden-house, covered with old crooked nails, which have just been released from a century's durance in a brick wall. I cannot cast my eyes on his character without being religious. This is the only good effect I have derived from his writings: he brings into my mind the resurrection, and paints the tumultuous resuscitation of awakened men, with a pencil of masterly confusion. I am fully convinced of one thing, either that he or his pen is intoxicated when he writes to me, for his letters seem to have borrowed the reel of wine, and stagger from one corner of the sheet to the other. They remind me of Lord Chatham's administration, lying together heads and points in one truckle-bed. And could you, notwithstanding, Sir, think that I was so infatuated with Martin's hand-writing, that for the sake of perusing it one half hour earlier, I should all along prefer paying the price of double, and treble, and quadruple postage, to having it inclosed to Mr. Wilbraham? If it could answer any end of your's better by sending it to me, than under cover to Mr. W., I should not have mentioned this, but really I receive it within half an hour of the same time; and as for your writing on the outside of your letter, *single sheet*, it answers no one purpose. They consider the *weight*, and charged me for the last one shilling and eight pence, and for the one before two shillings and sixpence, and in the same way various times of our correspondence lately. It future, therefore, I will be obliged to you to convey every *hundred weight of letters* in Martin's writing by separate packets to Mr. Wilbraham's. Though now, indeed, I apprehend I shall not receive many more—I really do, as you say, most heartily and unfeignedly rejoice, that our joint task is at an end."—vol. i. p. 392.

Parr was evidently fond of living in troubled waters; accordingly on his removal to Colchester, he got into a quarrel with the trustees of the school on the subject of a lease. He printed a pamphlet about it, which he never published; restrained perhaps by the remarks of Sir W. Jones, who constantly noted the pages submitted to him, with "too violent,"

"too strong;" and probably thought the whole affair a battle of kites and crows, which Parr had swelled into importance; or, it might be, he suppressed it, influenced by the prospect of succeeding to Norwich school, for which he was now a candidate, and by the shrewd observation of Dr. Foster, "that Norwich might be touched by a fellow feeling for Colchester; and the crape-makers of the one place sympathise with the bag-makers of the other." If the latter consideration weighed with him, it was the first and last time that any such consideration did, Parr being apparently of the opinion of John Wesley, that there could be no fitter subject for a Christian man's prayers, than that he might be delivered from what the world calls "prudence." However it happened, the pamphlet was withheld, and Parr was elected to the school at Norwich. Soon after his removal there, which was in January, 1779, he received the following letter from Sir W. Jones, fraught, as Dr. Johnstone observes, with sentences of gold, which it is ever to be regretted were so often forgotten by his revered friend.

"Worcester, July 19th, 1779.

"My dear Parr,—I take up my pen, after a long interval, to answer your friendly letter of the 4th of April. Remember to reserve for me a copy of your book" (the pamphlet above alluded to,) "and by the first opportunity to send me all that is printed, together with the preface. I shall value it for the sake of the writer, and for the intrinsic merit of the writing; besides I am resolved to *spheterize* some passages of it, and to apply them in the continual war which I maintain against the unjust and the unprincipled. *Isms* is highly honoured by you. Let me entreat you to take care of your observations on the work, as I shall want your friendliest assistance and freest censure on revising the next edition. In the second edition the notes shall be, at your request, more numerous; but I cannot destroy the unity of my work by a minute examination of particles and points. Let me beg you, at your leisure, to read with attention the speeches of Demosthenes against Zenothemis, Apaturius, Phormio, Lacritus, and Dionysidorus, and inform me whether they have ever been translated, except by Wolfius and Auger. It is possible that I may amuse myself with translating and explaining them, as they all relate to the *fenus nauticum* of the civilians, or the *bottomry* of the modern commercial nations; and I wish to be informed whether any other speeches on the same subject are extant. I rejoice that your situation is agreeable to you; and only grieve that you are at such a distance from London. You speak well in your letter of your dean; yet I have been told that you are engaged in a controversy with him! Oh, my friend! remember and emulate Newton, who once entered into a philosophical contest, but soon found, he said, "that he was parting with his peace of mind for a shadow." Surely the elegance of ancient poetry and rhetoric, the contemplation of God's works and God's ways, the respectable task of making boys learned and men virtuous, may employ the forty or fifty years you have to live, more serenely, more laudably, and

more profitably, than the vain warfare of controversial divinity, and the dark mines and countermines of uncertain metaphysics. Whether the *Apologia* have been assigned me in Wales, I know not; but the knowledge of men which I have acquired in my short forensic career, has made me satisfied with my present station, and all my *Apologia* is at an end."—vol. i. p. 110.

At Norwich, Parr ventured on his first publications, and obtained his first preferment. The publications consisted of a sermon on "The Truth of Christianity," "a Discourse on Education," and "a Discourse on the Late Fast;" the last of which opens with a mistake singular in Parr, who confounds the sedition of Judas Gaulonitis, mentioned in Josephus, (*Antiq.* xviii. 1. 1.) with that under Pilate, mentioned in St. Luke (xiii. 1, 2, 3); whereas the former probably preceded the latter by twenty years, or nearly. The preferment which he gained was the living of Asterby, presented to him by Lady Jane Trafford, the mother of one of his pupils; which, in 1783, he exchanged for the perpetual curacy of Hatton, in Warwickshire, the same lady being still his patron: neither were of much value. Lord Dartmouth, whose sons had also been under his care, endeavoured to procure something for him from Lord Thurlow, but the chancellor is reported to have said, "No," with an oath. The great and good Bishop Lowth, however, at the request of the same nobleman, gave him a prebend in St. Paul's which, though a trifle at the time, eventually became on the expiration of leases, a source of affluence to Parr in his old age. How far he was from such a condition at this period of his life, is seen by the following incident given by Mr. Field.* The doctor was one day in this gentleman's library, when his eye was caught by the title of "Stephens' Greek Thesaurus." Suddenly turning about and striking vehemently the arm of Mr. Field, whom he addressed in a manner very usual with him; he said, "Ah! my friend, my friend, may you never be forced as I was at Norwich, to sell that work, to me so precious, from absolute and urgent necessity."

But we must on with the Doctor in his career. In 1785, for some reason unknown to his biographer, Parr resigned the school at Norwich, and in the year following went to reside at Hatton.

"I have an excellent house, (he writes to a friend,) good neighbours, and a Poor, ignorant, dissolute, insolent, and ungrateful, beyond all example. I like Warwickshire very much. I have made great regulations, viz. bells chime three times as long; Athanasian creed; communion service at the altar; swearing act; children catechised first Sunday in the month; private baptisms discouraged; public performed after the second lesson; recovered a £100 a year left the poor, with interest amounting to £115., all of which I am to put out, and settle a trust in the Spring; examining all the charities."—vol. i. p. 827.

Here Warwickshire pleases Parr; but Parr's taste in this, and in many other matters, (as

we shall have occasion to show by and by,) was subject to change. He soon, therefore, becomes convinced of the superior intellect of the men of Norfolk. He finds Warwickshire, the *Bæotia* of England, two centuries behind in civilization.* He is anxious, however, to be in the commission of the peace for this ill-fated county, and applies to Lord Hertford, then Lord Lieutenant; but the application fails; and again, on a subsequent occasion, to Lord Warwick, and again he is disappointed. What motives operated upon their lordships' minds to his exclusion, they did not think it necessary to avow. Perhaps they were afraid that the great scholar would have dogmatized on the bench till he had disgusted his colleagues, and passed sentence on the culprit till he had spoiled their dinner—that he would have condemned the laws where he was only called upon to administer them, and scrutinized the conduct of the constable with as much severity as that of the thief—that he would have been debating, when he should have been passing the accounts, and have impeded all decisions by showing how much might be said against any—that he would have looked upon a poacher with too much lenity, and a rioter for church and king with too much wrath—that he would have found in every pauper who appealed to him, a victim, and in every overseer a tyrant—that whilst his brother justices could see no signs of grace in a culprit, from the evidence against him, he would have discovered virtue in his looks; and would have peremptorily pronounced, that if "that man be lewdly given, he deceived him." If any or all these doubts crossed the mind of the Lord Lieutenant, we confess that we do not think they would have been wholly groundless; and that, ably as Parr would have descanted on justice in the abstract, it is our belief that he would have "ministered it indifferently," though not in the sense in which this is made the subject of our prayers.

A free press is the issue through which all the peccant humours in the body politic make their escape; and the *type*, (that we believe is the phrase) in which Parr's bile presented itself, was in a Preface to a new edition of Belandenus. Amongst the various works of this learned Scot (to some of which Middleton was greatly indebted for the materials of his *Life* of Cicero, though he makes no acknowledgment of it,) was a dissertation de *Tribus Luminibus Romanorum*. One of these *Lumina* was Cicero; the two others have been conjectured, but without any adequate ground as far as we can see, to be Seneca, and Pliny the Elder. The first of these portraits, however, was all that he lived to complete. His editor, therefore, taking up his parable in his turn, executes an elaborate dissertation on the characters of the Three Lights of Britain, Lord North, Fox, and Burke. The sympathy in the two cases, it will be perceived, is of the kind which subsisted between the rivers of Macedon and Monmouth. Of the Latin of this Preface there can be but one opinion—it is the work of a scholar, profound in grammar, boundless in acquirement, prompt in its appli-

* Vol. i. p. 123.

Vol. i. p. 333.

cation—but it is a work of art rather than of nature—it appears to us to be a wonderfully skilful solution of a problem wherein, all imaginable idioms of the language and all the sentiments of its best authors being given, it is required to construct out of them a panegyric upon Fox and a satire upon Thurlow. It cannot here be said of Parr, as was said of Cowley, that he wears the *garb* without wearing the *clothes* of the ancients. His coat may consist of *purpurei panni*, but the most splendid patches are patches still—are still a *prey of divers colours of needlework*; and, as such, have not the easy and flowing folds of a coat, which is without seam, *weaves* from the top throughout. In his quotations, however, which are in numbers without number, Parr is often singularly happy, (it was his vocation, as he somewhere says, to quote;) often they follow in the natural train of his thoughts, and in those cases, give them the sting of an epigram; but often, again, it is easy to see that they are only traps which he has himself set that he may himself fall into them, and like Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, he may be suspected of making the matter germane to the phrase, if the phrase be not germane to his matter. His characters, as usual, are powerfully and (where his prejudices conspire to such an end) most agreeably depicted; but if his fair course be hindered, if he has to speak of an opponent, he forgets what is due to high place, to established reputation, to living genius, and pursues his victim with the acrimony of one who had sustained at his hands some personal wrong. It is then that we remember the warning voice of Sir William Jones, and in sorrow, not in anger, contemplate the enraged and impotent politician, where we might have seen the profound and dignified divine. That impatience of restraint which vented itself in unavailing declamation on the people's rights, aided by Parr's scholarship, might have given birth to another "Liberty of Prophesying." That graphic pencil, which could depict the senator with such force, might, under a different influence, have traced out another "Divine Exemplar."—Those fervid appeals to the duty and responsibility of a minister of state, might have taken another direction, and enforced the "Duty and Doctrine of the Minister of God."

"Thus did Parr," says Dr. Johnstone, "unsheath his sword against the Pittites and throw away the scabbard." "Yet it is not certain," he adds, "though his party had gained the victory, that he would have been permitted to partake the spoil—for Mr. Fox had not always the power of disposing of preferment even when minister. Had the coalition succeeded, it is only a *surmise* that he might have been a canon residentiary of St. Paul's. On the appointment of the Regency, it was said he was to be promoted to the see of Bristol; but when his friends were actually in administration, it was insinuated that Lord Grenville declined promising a bishopric, on the ground of Parr's unpopularity in his own profession. If it were so, he had sacrificed himself for nothing; wasting his powers in praising those who could not serve him; embarking those great talents in the service of a party or a faction, which were intended for the benefit of his country and his

race, and, above all, departing from the great rules of his religion,—not to speak evil, nor to give offence to the least of his brethren."—vol. i. p. 205.

How well Parr was satisfied with the manner in which he had executed his task, is seen in the following ludicrous effusion of self-complacency addressed to his friend Homer:—

"Dear Sir,—What will you say? or, rather, what shall I say myself of myself? It is now ten o'clock at night, and I am smoking a quiet pipe, after a most vehement and, I think, a most splendid effort of composition—an effort it was indeed, a mighty and a glorious effort—for the object of it is to lift up Burke to the pinnacle where he ought to have been placed before, and to drag down Lord Chatham from that eminence to which the cowardice of his hearers and the credulity of the public had most weakly and most undeservedly exalted the impostor and father of impostors! Read it, dear Harry, read it, I say, aloud; read it again and again; and when your tongue has turned its edge from me to the father of Mr. Pitt—when your ears tingle and ring with my sonorous periods—when your heart glows and beats with the fond and triumphant remembrance of Edmund Burke—then, dear Homer, you will forgive me, you will love me, you will congratulate me, and readily will you take upon yourself the trouble of printing, what in writing has cost me so much greater, though not longer trouble. Old boy, I tell you that no part of the preface is better conceived, or better written; none will be read more eagerly, or felt by those whom you wish to feel it, more severely. Old boy, old boy, it's a stinger, and now to other business."—p. 197.

Surely Malvolio himself was never more enamoured of his own parts!

At this point in his work, Dr. Johnstone enters upon the History of Dr. White's famous Bampton Lectures, and traces through a long series of correspondence (what may be called without a pun) the *double-dealing* of the professor, who was at once employing Mr. Badcock, a learned dissenting minister, in Devonshire, and Dr. Parr at Norwich, to prepare him for appearing with credit in the pulpit of his university. The whole affair, which is now fully cleared up, deserves a short detail as a literary curiosity. The lectures were delivered in 1784, the three first in March, the last in

* A hundred other extracts might be given where Parr gloats over his own literary offspring, without apparently the least sense of shame. But "enough, and more than enough." Dr. Wallis, we remember, in one of his controversial Tracts against Hobbes, observes, that were any one idle enough to collect together the different passages in which his antagonist had praised himself in his works, and publish them under the title of *Hobbius de se*, they would form a large and most ridiculous volume. In like manner may we say that *Parrus de se*, deduced and digested from his Works and Conversations, would present one of the most extraordinary exhibitions in literature. His only contemporary equal in this respect was, like himself, a man of great talents, Lord Erskine. They met sometimes—but we stop.

October. On November 27th, 1783, Dr. White writes thus to Mr. Badcock—

"Our correspondence must be a profound secret. The world suspects that my journey (to South Molton) has not been a mere journey of pleasure—you will, therefore, please to direct your letters to me thus:—*To John Richardson, Esq., Wadham Coll. Oxford.*—Mr. R. has been a member of our college, and now lives in London, and I shall give strict orders to the porter to bring all letters thus addressed to me. The letters I send to you I shall myself give into the hands of the postman as he goes out of Oxford

"The parts I particularly wish you to undertake are Lectures 1, 7, 8. Of the first, I have nothing further to say than to desire, if it can be done with propriety, that some elegant compliment may in some part be paid to the university. Lecture 8, I leave wholly to yourself.

"Dec. 9, 1783.—Your introduction to Lecture 1, dated Dec. 5, gives me the most perfect satisfaction.

"Jan. 8, 1784.—Dr. Parr, is at present employed in reviewing this Lecture (No. 2), and has already sent me his revision of the first half, executed in a masterly manner. I request the favour of you to undertake the subject from this place, and to continue it up till the final establishment of Christianity. I devolve the whole business on yourself. I have no hints to suggest to you, and you need none. The part where we encounter Gibbon ought to be brilliant, and the conclusion of the whole must be animated and grand. I most earnestly entreat you to furnish the third Lecture as soon as it suits your convenience, and to adapt your manner of writing as much as you possibly can to the style of my printed sermons."

Thus was Parr revising the Lectures, quite unconscious that Dr. White was receiving assistance from any other quarter. So matters seem to have remained till Mr. Badcock's death, which happened at Sir J. Chichester's, in 1788. Then it was that a note for 500*l.* from Dr. White, was found in his pocket-book. Dr. Gabriel, of Bath, Mr. Badcock's friend, now hastened to town, and had an interview with the professor, who received the intelligence with confusion and displeasure. It was then agreed that Dr. Gabriel should go down to South Molton, where Mr. Badcock's sister resided and where his papers had been deposited. The object of this visit seems to have been to negotiate some new arrangement respecting the payment of the note. The visit however was paid, and Dr. Gabriel then followed the professor to Oxford. He found him dissatisfied at the result of the journey, and was accused by him of being in league with Miss Badcock to pick his pocket. Incensed at this, Dr. Gabriel threatened to bring the whole transaction before the University, and gave him till the next morning to cool and apologize. No apology was made, and Dr. Gabriel was as good as his word. Then it was that the news of Badcock's co-operation in the Bampton Lectures first reached Parr. He did not believe it. In an unguarded moment he asserted that he was the only man in Dr. White's confidence on the subject, and finally he told it as a secret to Mr. Smyth of Pembroke College, that it was him-

self that had given White the assistance. The denouement of this piece, which has all the intrigue of a farce without any of the fun, was now advancing.

In December, 1785, Parr writes to Mr. Badcock, from Exeter College, "*Professor White driving the pen,*" expressing his earnest wish to become personally acquainted with him.

"I long to see you, to converse with you, and to enjoy under the auspices of your presence and the animating influence of your example, those pure and sublime pleasures which can only be tasted by scholars who are without pedantry, by philosophers who judge without dogmatism, and by Christians who believe without bigotry. White tells me that you never eat, never drink, and what is worse than all, never smoke; but he does ample justice to the soundness of your judgment, to the copiousness of your knowledge, to the gaiety of your spirits, to the purity, to the candour, and to the benevolence of your heart. Let me then entreat you to saddle your horse and hasten to Oxford, where I shall stay till the 14th of January, and where the cup which I am now quaffing will neither be full nor sweet unless you pour out into it the *eternis melle* which flows in rich and abundant streams from your head and heart," &c.—vol. i. p. 236.

Professor White, it is to be remembered, was the amanuensis on this occasion, and took charge of sending the letter to the post. It is singular, however, that Mr. Badcock never received it. Letters will miscarry sometimes—yet the mind instinctively thinks of an intriguante in a play who has a lover secreted in each closet, neither of them conscious of a rival, and one or both to be kept in their ignorance; and though in general nothing can be more opportune in a crisis of this kind than for one of the parties to be suddenly carried off in a fit of apoplexy and thereby rescue the lady from dying of a fit of perplexity, (as Sir W. Scott somewhere has it) yet in the present instance it happened that dead men told more tales than living ones, and that the times were no longer those in which they ceased to speak when their brains were out. Parr, whose suspicions began to be awakened by the events we have described, calls upon Dr. White for an explanation. The "most worthy and learned friend" sinks into "Reverend Sir," and "Dr. White presents his respects,"—and a meeting between the professor and doctor, in the presence of witnesses, takes place at Hattin, when the Bampton Lectures are spread out, and each seizes upon his own. The famous congress of Hotspur and Owen Glendower, with their map before them, at the Archdeacon of Bangor's, seems to have been the precedent by which they agreed to act, if we may judge from the spirit of the subsequent correspondence; but we will not enter further into their mutual criminations, their "setting up of claims," "and allowing of pretensions," and protracted teasings of one another; suffice it to sum up the whole in the words of Dr. Johnstone, that "Whether the plan of the Bampton Lectures was solely White's may be doubted; that much of the execution certainly lay between him and Badcock; but that the whole was superintended

and revised by Parr, and that, admitting the calculation of one-fifth of the whole to belong to Parr, and that the whole was twice submitted to his revision, and twice received material alterations from his keen eye and critical pen, we must admit him into a co-partnership of the work."—vol. i. p. 275.

Thus may these Bampton Lectures, which invited more public attention than any others which were ever delivered, be added to the number of instances in which men of letters have been *trium literarum homines*; and whilst the congregation of St. Mary's thought they were listening to one of their own professors alone, of him it might have been said, as it is said of one of Wordsworth's heroes, (Harry Gill, if we remember right)

"His voice it was the voice of three."

Parr was blamed at the time for the share he took in Dr. White's exposure, and it was said that by divulging the assistance he had given him, he did much more than cancel the obligation. We cannot see that he was much in fault—Parr did his friend an ill turn unwittingly in his attempt to vindicate him; and even had it been otherwise, White's want of confidence justified Parr's want of secrecy—there can be no treachery where there is no trust.

We now come to the republication of "The Tracts by Warburton and a Warburtonian," with a dedication and preface by Dr. Parr.—In again producing to the world two early compositions of the Bishop of Gloucester's, which their great author had set no store by, and which the discreet editor of the Bishop's works had suppressed in his edition, there was no great harm;—they were curious as the first fruits of such a harvest of genius—and Parr, though not a blind was a sincere admirer of Warburton, and was well aware that the author of the Divine Legation, of the Julian, and we will even add, (however objectionable in many respects, and in its spirit especially,) of the Doctrine of Grace, could amply afford to be known by productions less advantageous to his fame than these. But to be the means of reviving the Delicacy of Friendship and the Letter to Leland, after the long lapse of time which had ensued since their first publication, and when their author had shown himself desirous to suppress them, this was not the courtesy which was due from one man of letters to another; it was not the respect which an in-

* In this singular performance, in which the interlocutors were all so strikingly different in their cast of mind and general character, it is really surprising what an uniformity of style and manner prevails. *A priori*, we should have thought Parr's deep and mousting tone might have been distinguished any where; but here, whether it be the effect of the *callida junctura*, or that similarity of language which joint labourers insensibly fall into, these sermons read very well as the composition of one man. It is strange, too, that if there be occasionally a more nervous or brilliant paragraph, it would appear, from the authentic apportionment of parts, not to belong to Parr, but to Badoock.

ferior clergyman owed to his diocesan; it was not the charity which should lead every Christian, and particularly every Christian minister, to extinguish instead of prolonging the strife. We are no partisans of Bishop Hurd—we scarcely regret the chastisement he received. He had volunteered, like Sir Mungo Malagrowth, to be the whipping-boy to the king whom he had set up for himself, and he therefore could not justly complain if he was made to smart for it. Surely if Warburton had thought himself seriously aggrieved, Warburton knew how to complain and how to take vengeance. We compassionate Dr. Hurd the less, because the suppression of his pamphlets against Jortin and Leland appeared, after all, to be the effect of caution rather than of contrition. In the letters between himself and an eminent prelate, those useful scholars (and especially the former of the two) are still spoken of in language sufficiently offensive and contemptuous. It is true that this *shows* itself chiefly in Warburton's share of the correspondence; and, on the other hand, it is true that some allowance is to be made for Warburton, who had reason to complain of a want of generosity, at least, in Jortin's dealings towards him;—but by deliberately causing these letters to be published (a thing on many accounts so objectionable), Dr. Hurd identified himself here as elsewhere with his master—while, by making that publication posthumous, he denies to his character (that which no right-minded man would wilfully violate) the sanctuary of the grave; and puts it out of our power to contemplate him (as we fain would do) in the respectable light of one who had lived to refuse the highest reward to which ecclesiastical ambition can aspire, content to spend the evening of life in the peaceful retirement of Hartlebury, in oblivion of all that had given him offence, in sorrow for all where-by he had offended, and in humble hope of a better translation than that which he so magnanimously had declined. Still this does not justify Parr. Dr. Hurd was in the wrong, but Dr. Parr was not therefore in the right. Again, had Bishop Lowth, his illustrious patron, at that time suffered under the faint praise of the Bishop of Worcester, something might have been allowed to Parr's gratitude and indignation; but the "Life of Warburton," wherein that commendation is bestowed, was still, under the hands of its author, to be subjected again and again to the critical retort, till all its spirit should have evaporated before exposure to the world. Or further, had the controversy been of any recent date, Parr might have found some excuse in the excitement of the moment and the inquietude of conscious talent; but it had been long laid to sleep: both the parties aggrieved were already beyond the reach of censure or of praise, quietly reposing in the grave, and the aggressor, now old and stricken in years, was following them apace. What then could impel Parr to an attack so furious, so uncalled for, so unjustifiable? in which he stings with the venom of a hornet, *animamque in vulnere ponit*. It needs little observation of mankind to discover how seldom the cause of a quarrel is commensurate with the consequences—"how great a matter

a little fire kindleth."—Parr had taken several opportunities of speaking handsomely of Dr. Hurd in his notes upon Rapin, written some six years before. They were not then published, it is true, but they are now, and stand upon record as his deliberate opinion of the bishop at that time. And this circumstance, we think, is enough to show that it was not Warburton's own treatment of Lowth that drew down upon the head of Warburton's friends the vials of Parr's wrath. But when Parr was presented to Hatton, which was in the diocese of Worcester,

"He necessarily went to Hartlebury—he was treated coldly—not even a repast was offered him. This slight roused his indignation. He probably, during the effervescence of his rage, recollected the 'Delicacy of Friendship,' which he had caused to be copied at Norwich, and perhaps he did not forget the sneer concerning the *long vernacular sermons* at Whitehall; and his fancy under such influence would naturally conjure up a phantom in the shape of Bishop Hurd, which had marched across the high road of his interests, and blighted the prospects of his preferment."—vol. i. p. 307.

Hinc illa lacryma! This probably was the whole truth, trifling as it seems: for "contempt," says Lord Bacon, "is that which putteth an edge upon anger as much or more than the hurt itself;" and Parr was just the man to be alive to it. He could forgive an injury, for he was generous; but he could not forget an insult, for he was vain. Accordingly in this dedication and preface, especially in the former, he lets himself loose, and whilst the kinder feelings of the man occasionally betray him into the most beautiful sketches of characters whom he revered,—for Bishop Hurd he has nothing but one unceasing pitiless storm of sarcasm, indignation, and contempt.

"The distinguishing virtues, even of the best men, may for a time be eclipsed by particular situation. While, therefore, we allow your lordship all the praise which is due to habitual discretion and constitutional gentleness, we are by no means surprised that in the service of such a leader, you were now and then hurried into rashness, sharpened into acrimony, or betrayed into illiberality. We rather lament that the better propensities of your mind were suspended, and indeed overborne, by the fascination of Warburton's example, the sternness of his commands, and, with all due reverence let me add, the tremendous severity of his threats. We mourn over the common infirmities of human nature itself, when we recollect that, with a temper that effectually preserved you from the tumultuous fervour of enthusiasm, and with talents which might have procured you success in the regular and ordinary course of controversial hostilities, you were disposed, or I would rather say, destined to become the herald of the sturdiest knight-errant that ever sallied out in quest of literary crusades—to become the apologist, nay the avenger of a staunch polemic, who attacked, with blind and headstrong fury, the most unexplored fastnesses of impiety, and the most venerable citadels of truth; to become the drudge of an imperious task-master, who, finding himself accompanied by a train of feeble and officious

dwarfs, summoned them by his fierce mandates to plunge with him into every difficulty—to triumph with him in every victory—to make a display of their fidelity or their zeal in every wild and desperate achievement which he was himself emboldened to undertake by the consciousness of his own gigantic strength. The staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam, and one bearing a shield always 'went before him.'"—vol. vi. p. 371.

Who could believe that the same original is sitting to Parr in this dedication, and to Mason in the fourth of his *Elegies*? But the Lord Hatton, whom Clarendon despises,* is the same whom Jeremy Taylor delights to honour;† and the Sporus of Pope's coarse and tremendous satire‡ is the Lord Hervey whom Middleton represents as the most virtuous and accomplished of mankind.§—The following tribute to the memory of Warburton and of Johnson, contained in the preface to these tracts, need not fear a comparison with any thing of its kind in our language. There is an allusion in it, it will be perceived, to the delay of Bishop Hurd in producing his "Life of Warburton," which, for prudential reasons, was not suffered to accompany the edition of his works.

"Few men have made a more conspicuous figure than Warburton upon the great theatre of learning; few have been engaged in more bustling and splendid scenes; few have sustained more difficult or more interesting characters. It is therefore to be lamented that the public have not yet been favoured with a regular and impartial account of his progress in knowledge; of his advancement in the church; of the embarrassments with which he struggled, and over which he triumphed; of the connexions which he formed; of the provocations by which he was harassed; and especially of the opinions which, in the cooler and more serious reflections of his old age, he really entertained of all his own harder exertions made in the vigour of his youth. But whatever materials for the history of his life may be in the hands of his executors, and whatever may be the ability of those who shall have the courage to use them, his character will never be drawn with more justness of design, or more strength of colouring, than have already been employed by the great biographer of the English poets. The dawn of Warburton's fame was overspread with many clouds, which the native force of his mind quickly dispelled. Soon after his emersion from them, he was honoured by the friendship of Pope, and the enmity of Bolingbroke. In the fulness of his meridian glory he was courted by Lord Hardwick and Lord Mansfield; and his setting lustre was viewed with nobler feelings than those of mere forgiveness by the amiable and venerable Bishop Lowth. Halifax revered him; Balguy loved him; and in two immortal works, Johnson has stood forth in the foremost rank of his admirers. By the testimony of such a man impertinence must be abashed, and malignity itself must be softened. Of literary merit, Johnson, as we all know,

* Hist. Rebell., vol. ii., p. 156. Oxford.

† Dedication to the Lib. of Prophesying.

‡ Prologue to the Satires.

§ Dedication to the Life of Cicero.

was a sagacious but a most severe judge. Such was his discernment that he pierced into the most secret springs of human actions; and such was his integrity, that he always weighed the moral character of his fellow creatures in the balance of the sanctuary. He was too courageous to propitiate a rival, and too proud to truckle to a superior. Warburton he knew, as I know him, and as every man of sense and virtue would wish to be known; I mean both from his own writings, and from the writings of those who dissented from his principles, or who envied his reputation. But, as to favours, he had never received or asked any from the Bishop of Gloucester; and if my memory fails me not, he had seen him only once, when they met almost without design, conversed without much effort, and parted without any lasting expression of hatred or affection. Yet, with all the ardour of sympathetic genius, Johnson has done that spontaneously and ably, which by some writers had been before attempted injudiciously, and which, by others, from whom more successful attempts might have been expected, has not hitherto been done at all. He spoke well of Warburton without insulting those whom Warburton despised. He suppressed not the imperfections of this extraordinary man, while he endeavoured to do justice to his numerous and transcendent excellencies. He defended him when living, amidst the clamours of his enemies, and praised him when dead, amidst the silence of his friends. I have stated these facts, not with any abject view of palliating the censures which I may have passed upon Warburton's failings, nor yet from any vain confidence in my abilities to exalt his character, but in obedience to the warm and fervent dictates of my own mind;—of a mind, which he has often enlightened, often enchanted, and in some degree, I would hope, improved—

'His saltem accumulæ donis, et fungar inani Munere.'—vol. iii. p. 494.

About this period (1788) the severe and lamented illness of the king seemed likely to break up Mr. Pitt's administration, and Parr began to have hopes of promotion from a regency. The recovery of the king, however, put an end to these pleasing visions, and Parr's feelings on the subject may be guessed from the following characteristic letter to his friend Homer:—

"Hatton, March 6, 1789.

"I received yours at Warwick, and I roared with laughter all the way home at Steevens' tricks upon you and me; I shall keep the paper till my dying day; but you must get 'Vendutur' altered, and make the printer of St. James's correct it; by all means make him. As to politics, Master Homer, we are all in the wrong box, and I must go without my arm-chair at Amen Corner. But never mind; these are the changes and chances of life. Don't you think Billy Pitt a lucky dog? I see they attack the Irish in all the Pittite papers; but this don't prove them wrong, and they are likely to be troublesome, especially if a war breaks out. Not a word do you write about my law and Stationers' Hall, and so I suppose I am safe with Dilly, and Dilly will look to himself. To be

sure, it would have an ugly look for a bishop to avow such a book at such a time, merely for the purpose of prosecuting. But what is to be done with the second edition, and how goes the contract on about the Sermons? Who goes to Ireland? I hope Lord W.; for though I dislike him heartily, he will infallibly make Bennet a bishop, and this will be a thoroughly good thing. He is cold and proud, and therefore, depend upon it, a favourite with Pitt. But the Irish will not like him. I hope you illuminated to save your reindows and your credit. I suppose we are to have a thanksgiving; and of course I must preach; but I'll take good care what. It would not be safe to give them a second Philæleuthus, and then Warwickshire would not sound well in Latin; so I shall say a little about death, and about the king, and conclude. A man of sense is not embarrassed by these things. But we shall have what Jack Barham calls plenty of loyal sermons, with nonsense and flattery, and I suppose praise to Pitt, and abuse upon his opponents. I shall lie by to catch the House of Lords' sermon, for if it is very bad I will chastise it. Your letter was a good while in coming, and did not tell me enough about my own affairs. If Farmer is in residence while I'm in town, I must see Dr. Taylor's chair. Well! I should fill it better than it has been filled since Taylor died.

Homer, you are a monstrous nincompoop about Warwickshire; an incorrigible fool; a prejudiced and credulous booby; a tasteless admirer of pork-pies and Epiphany sessions. Our gaol is full, and the gallows will be loaded. Elliott continues sheriff. The sheriff-elect got twelve or fourteen votes against us by promises and threats. It would take me up two days to tell you Warwick news. I expect to be murdered before the election. Murder is quite in fashion here. Homer! Warwickshire is two centuries behind in civilization; I say positively it is. Good bye. Have some good port ready for me in April, for I am not at all downcast, and am glad to be out of suspense."—vol. i. p. 333.

Politics were now running perilously high. The French revolution was in progress. Burke's Reflections had recently come out, of which 13,000 copies were sold forthwith; and Tom Paine's "Rights of Man," of which the sale was probably still greater. The minds of men were fearfully busied about the first principles of government; infidelity was abroad; and the powers of heaven and earth were shaken. The course of our narrative carries us to a dinner given about this period (1791) at Birmingham, in commemoration of the taking of the Bastille. Birmingham prided itself on being a loyal town in the worst of times; and this ill-judged meeting (to say the least of it) was precisely the spark to kindle it into a conflagration. The church and king party were exasperated. A riot ensued, with its usual excesses, and on the houses and chapels of the dissenters (with whom the dinner originated) the storm fell. This was in July. In the spring of the following year, it was resolved by the same party to have a second meeting on the same anniversary. They had the law on their side, no doubt; so had Sampson the law on his side when "he bit his thumb." But Parr, hearing of their intention,

like a wise man and a virtuous, determined, as far as in him lay, to prevent the property and lives of peaceable citizens from being put a second time in jeopardy, under whatever pretence, and published his "Letter from Irenopolis," &c.; or "A Serious Address to the Dissenters of Birmingham," dissuading them from holding the dinner. It was written in one day, in six hours and a half; and we fully agree with Dr. Johnstone in thinking it "the best, the calmest, the purest of all Dr. Parr's literary productions." It is liberal without being latitudinarian; it conciliates without compromise; it advises without dictation. It is the work of a good citizen, who, hearing his country at a critical moment crying to him for help, sets aside all his speculations and theories and abstract principles, till the danger is gone by, and steps forth her prudent, sober, practical counsellor. The style is as good as the matter: it was written, though not in heat, in haste; there was no time for periods on stilts: that profusion of scholastic decoration which (however "they may say it is Persian") impedes Parr's progress on common occasions, so that, like the Roman virgin, he expires under the weight of what he mistook for ornaments, was in this instance avoided, and Parr spoke as nature meant that he should speak, till learning spoiled him. It received the warm praise of Mr. Pitt; and, what was higher praise still, it answered its end: the meeting was given up.

"Ac veluti magno in populo cum sæpe coorta est

Seditio, smvique animis ignobile vulgus;
Jamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat:

Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem

Conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus astant;
Iste legit dictis animos et pectora mulcet,
Sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor."

If Parr had always acted with the discretion he showed on this occasion, he might perhaps have worn a mitre, or at least many would have thought him not unworthy to wear it.

To a few years later than this period belongs a letter from Parr to Mr. Gerrald. We give it as a proof that his heart was still as warm as when he wrote to his "Cousin Frank." Gerrald was a West Indian, and a true child of the sun. He had been a pupil of Parr's at Stanmore—was expelled the school—returned to the West Indies—rambled to America, and came back to England a barrister, ripe (as was most natural after passing through such a process) for regenerating the nations. Accordingly he joined the British convention at Edinburgh in 1793, and was unanimously found guilty of sedition by a Scotch jury in March, 1794. Those were not times for child's play in politics. In spite, therefore, of a speech which he made in his own defence, and which has been described to us, on the authority of a hearer of no common discernment, as an effort of oratory unrivalled in its kind, such as drew tears from the presiding judge, a man "albeit unused to the melting mood;" in spite of this vigorous effort at self-preservation, he was sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, and

when on shipboard, received from Parr the following kind-hearted farewell.

"Dear Joseph,—I hear with indignation and horror that the severe sentence passed upon you in Scotland is shortly to be carried into execution; and remembering that I was once your master, that I have long been your friend, that I am your fellow-creature, made so by the hand of God—and that by every law of that religion, in the belief of which I hope to live and die, I ought to be your comforter—now, dear Joseph, I am for the last time writing to you. Oh! my friend, at this moment my heart sinks within me, and, with a wish to say ten thousand things, I am hardly able to say one. But you shall not leave this land without one affectionate, one sincere, one solemn farewell. Joseph, before we meet again, that bosom which now throbs for you, that tongue which dictates, will be laid in the cold grave. Be it so.—Yet, my dear friend, I must cherish the hope that death is not the end of such a being as man. No, Joseph, no, there is a moral government going on, and in the course of it, our afflictions will cease, and compensation will be made us, I trust, for all our unmerited sufferings. There is another world and a better; and in that world I pray to God that I may meet your face again. Bear up, I beseech you, against the hard and cruel oppression which the evil spirit of those days, and your own want of discretion have brought upon you. Mackintosh has informed me of that which is about to happen, and I have done all that I can in your favour. Let me conjure you, dear Joseph, to conduct yourself not only with firmness, but with calmness. Do not, do not, by turbulence in conversation or action, give your enemies occasion to make the cup of misery more bitter. Reflect seriously on your past life, and review many of those opinions which you have unfortunately taken up; and which you know, from experience, have little tended to make you a happier or a better man. I do not mean, Joseph, to reproach you: no, such an intention, at such a crisis, is, and ought to be, very far from my heart; but I do mean to advise you, and excite you to such a use of your talents, as may console you under the sorrows of this life, and prepare you effectually for what is to follow. I will send you a few books in addition to other matters; they will cheer you in the dreary hours you have to pass upon that forlorn spot to which the inhuman governors of this land are about to send you.

"Some time ago I saw your dear boy, and depend upon it that, for his sake and your own, I will show him every kindness in my power—I shall often think of you; yes, Joseph, and there are moments too in which I shall pray for you. Farewell, dear Joseph Gerrald, and believe me your most unfeigned and afflicted friend,

S. PARR.

"Pray write to me—God Almighty bless you!—Joseph!—Farewell!"—vol. i. p. 453.

We do not envy the man "whose eyes can wander dry" over this letter.

It is a great deduction from the pleasure we might otherwise take in pursuing Dr. Parr through his walk in literature, to find it so often "as an hedge of thorns;" to find ourselves so perpetually involved in altercations unworthy

of him to engage in, and (if they did not form a feature in the character of our hero) unworthy of us to detail. The question before us constantly is, not whether he has done a work well or ill, but whether he ought to have done it at all. We have to sit in judgment not only as critics, but as casuists. His celebrated "Review of Dr. Combe's Horace" places us in this situation. Mr. Homer was originally associated with Dr. Combe in his edition of this poet. Parr's friendship for Homer had induced him, to encourage the publication, to supply him with many valuable hints, and perhaps to promise notes and dedication. In the midst of the undertaking Homer died, and the task of completing the edition devolved upon the survivor, who does not appear to have been competent to it. This was an accident which Parr had not reckoned upon; he was probably now unwilling to embark in the same boat with Combe; indeed he writes to him that "after the epodes he will do no more." Certain it is, that when the work came out, the public were informed by a memorandum in the "British Critic," that Dr. Parr had no hand in the notes of the new edition. Then followed a series of papers in the same publication, containing a very minute, elaborate, and masterly examination of it, such as could scarcely fail to sink the work, and the literary credit of its editor together. "Call you this backing of your friends?" Dr. Combe might well have said with Hel; and with this reproach, (which we are disposed to think would have been merited,) he should have been content. He weakened a strong case by having recourse to charges against Parr, of inhumanity to Homer, and attention to his own pocket; offences of which he was utterly incapable; for whatever other failings he might have, he surely was not wanting either in tenderness or generosity. It is impossible to pronounce with certainty upon the complex motives which operate upon any man to a given end, especially upon a man of the irritable and wayward temperament of Parr; but the want of delicacy in his volunteering to review a work which he had encouraged in the outset and abandoned in the end, when to review was to condemn it, is surely obvious; and in this instance, as in the case of the Warburtonian tracts, there is internal evidence, we think, that the moving cause, after all, was Parr's jealousy of his honour. He felt, perhaps, that he had not been courted by Combe where he thought, and justly thought, that courtship was his due; and he determined that if he knew not how to appreciate him as an ally, he should be taught how to appreciate him as an adversary. What else can be inferred from the following passage?

"While we commend Dr. Combe for what he has done in the way of dedication, we must not conceal from our readers what Mr. Homer intended to do. If that judicious and diligent scholar had been living, the illustrious names of Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Burke would have adorned this page, in which we now find the venerable name of Lord Mansfield; and the dedication itself would have been written by a person, the whole force of whose mind would have been exerted upon such an occasion, and whose advice, during the earlier stages of this publication, was repeatedly asked and general-

ly followed by Mr. Henry Homer."—v. iii. p. 8.

It is due to Parr to say, that he left a memorandum amongst his papers, that Combe "was a worthy man of many intellectual attainments," and that "he wished their controversy to be forgotten." All this is characteristic of him. "Like the flint, when struck, he sent forth an hasty spark, and straight was cold again." He exacted attention—he failed perhaps to receive it; he repented the neglect as a personal wrong—he visited it with outrageous punishment; and he was then the first man to bind up the wounds which he had wantonly inflicted, and to pour in oil and wine. As he himself says, "It always has been, and always will be, one of the first wishes of my heart, and one of my first prayers to heaven, that no enmity of mine may ever be immortal." (*Remarks*, p. 2.) If Parr was not always just before he was generous, he was sure to be generous after he had been unjust. In this very review in question, which was written a few years after the publication of the Warburtonian tracts, he reproves Wakefield for not speaking with sufficient caution of "so illus-

* The pamphlet which Parr wrote in answer to Dr. Combe's *Statement*, and which the editor of his collected works has not given entire, contains about one hundred pages, in the very smallest type, of about as curious matter as ever was put together. It fully refutes, what he might have left to his general character to disprove, the charges made as to his pecuniary transactions with Homer, and, indeed, shows, what he was very far from intending, how helplessly ignorant he was of the world and the world's ways. Equally big in his phraseology, equally declamatory,—whether he is discoursing of the settlement of his account of 50*l.*, or the settlement of the affairs of the state—the war of points and particles, or the war with France—Mr. Burke or Dr. Combe—direct or collateral points—he rambles from one subject to another, and descants on all without losing a jot of earnestness or relaxing a whit of his tone. Here we meet with a character sketched off in his most brilliant manner, then a ludicrous exhibition of self-importance; next, probably, an admonitory oration, addressed to his opponent on a mistaken reference, or, for it is just the same to Parr, on Jacobin politics; now we see him plunging deep into Fannius and Jason de Norea, from which he only emerges to express his doubts to his readers "as to an item of 5*l.* 5*s.*, a sum which Mr. Homer had paid for a little work of mine which he superintended, and which had been repaid to him by Mr. Ladbroke, as I found after Mr. Homer's death, by inquiring of Mr. Ladbroke himself." Never were great things and small, valuable and worthless, relevant and irrelevant, so unscrupulously mixed up together; nor did an author, apparently, ever take greater pride in destroying the effect of his best performances by the odd and incongruous situations in which he places things. Indeed, compared with this heterogeneous and most singular composition, the contents of the witches' cauldron in Macbeth have themselves dependence and consistency.

trious a prelate as Dr. Hurd," quotes with approbation his language on another occasion, "quæ de his tribus versibus (i. e. Virgilii) disseruit Ricardus Hurd, episcopus Wigorniensis, doctrinâ viri istius exquisitâ atque ingenio elegantî prorsus digna sunt," and hints some blame to Dr. Combe for introducing so few of *Bishop Hurd's notes*, "whose criticisms on many particular passages are justly admired by those who may not agree with him in his general view of Horace's design."[†] Yet this was the man of whom, six years before, no, not six years, he had said to Homer, in reference to this very Horace,—"what, to leave out Bentley, and to let that French Sanadon in, who understood very little more Latin than Bishop Hurd, and was as great a coxcomb!"[‡] Such are the inconsistencies into which even honest men are hurried when they leave themselves to the blind guidance of the passion of the hour!

Of Bentley, this review contains a very striking and spirited sketch. As the early numbers of the British Critic are not in the hands of every body, and as the attention of the learned world is now drawn to the character of this illustrious critic, by the promise of a life of him by a distinguished scholar, we shall insert it—

"From the perusal of Bentley we now rise, and upon former occasions we have risen, as from a *cana dubia*; where the keenest or most fastidious appetite may find gratification in a profusion of various and exquisite viands, which not only please the taste but invigorate the constitution—we leave him as we have often left him before, with renewed and increased conviction, that amidst all his blunders and refinements, all his frivolous cavils and hardy conjectures, all his sacrifices of taste to acuteness, and all his roving from poetry to prose, still he is the first critic whom a true scholar would wish to consult in adjusting the text of Horace—Yes, the memory of Bentley has ultimately triumphed over the attacks of his enemies, and his mistakes are found to be light in the balance, when weighed against his numerous, his splendid and matchless discoveries. He has not much to fear even from such rivals in literary fame as Cunningham, Baxter, and Dawes. He deserved to obtain, and he has obtained, the honourable suffrages of kindred spirits, a Lennep, a Ruhnken, a Hemsterhuis, and a Porson. In fine, he was one of those rare and exalted personages who, whether right or wrong, in detached instances, always excite attention and reward it—always inform where they do not convince—always send away their readers with enlarged knowledge, with animated curiosity, and with wholesome exercise of those general habits of thinking which enable them, upon mature reflection and after more extensive inquiry, to discover and avoid the errors of their illustrious guides."—vol. iii. p. 100. §

* Vol. iii. p. 60.

† Vol. iii. p. 94.

‡ Vol. i. p. 412.

§ Who, after reading passages like these, where Parr kindles his subject, and throws his noble offering on the tombs of the

There is another passage in this review which we are induced to quote, because it affords one of the best opportunities we have met with in the course of these volumes, of comparing Parr with Johnson, both in matter and style. On the subject of *verbal criticism*, Parr expresses himself thus—

"Verbal criticism has been seldom despised sincerely by any man who was capable of cultivating it successfully; and if the comparative dignity of any kind of learning is to be measured by the talents of those who are most distinguished for the acquisition of it, philology will hold no inconsiderable rank in the various and splendid classes of human knowledge. By a trite and frivolous sort of pleasantry, verbal critics are often holden up to ridicule as noisy triflers, as abject drudges, as arbiters of commas, as measurers of syllables, as the very lackeys and slaves of learning, whose greatest ambition is "to pursue the triumph, and partake the gale," which wafts writers of genius into the wished-for haven of fame. But even in this subordinate capacity, so much derided and so little understood, they frequently have occasion for more extent and variety of information, for more efforts of reflection and research, for more solidity of judgment, more strength of memory, and, we are not ashamed to add, more vigour of imagination, than we see displayed by many sciolists, who, in their own estimation, are original authors. Some of the very satellites of Jupiter are superior in magnitude, and, perhaps, in lustre, to such primary planets as Mars and the Earth."—vol. iii. p. 22.

Now, let us hear Johnson on the very same subject—

"This is a work," (the editing of Shakspeare) "which Pope seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of the *dull duty of an editor*. He understood but half of his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious tasks, is very necessary; but an emendatory critic would ill discharge his duty without qualities very different from dulness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his copiousness of thought, and such his copiousness of language—out of many readings possi-

mighty dead, can call to mind his faults and his foibles, his weaknesses and his imperfections, his inordinate vanity, his intemperate zeal, his headstrong sallies as a political partisan, and even his, shall we say, occasional indecencies as a member of an holy order? Who, while with such kindred feeling he vindicates the honours of departed genius, can be alive to the observation of the specks of his character, or insensible to the spell of this great master of language? It is here, indeed, that Parr never disappoints us. On such occasions, all his faculties are on the stretch, and nothing that is feeble or scanty, inadequate or indiscriminating, is presented to us as the result, but all in such ample measure and judicious liberality, that, in asserting the high claims of others, he gains an unanimous allowance of his own.

ble, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast of thought and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise, has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more about the dull duty of an editor."—*Pref. to Shakspeare*, p. 44.

We think it must be confessed that the author of the preface sees his subject in many more points of view, and expresses himself with much greater precision of language than the author of the review—that the one is accumulating several ideas, while the other is amplifying a single one—that there is more of logic in Johnson, more of rhetoric in Parr. Indeed, brief as Johnson is, he exhausts his subject—he repeats nothing, he omits nothing.

About this time, the two Irelands astonished the reading public by what Dr. Parr lived to call "their great and impudent forgery," on which occasion Dr. Parr rushed forward to the very front rank of dupes, and headed the subscriptionists to the famous confession of faith. Such was the influence of our hero's disastrous star. If there were a bog or quagmire within compass, he was sure to be dipped over head and ears in it. He could never learn, in his literary course, to pick his way clean. In the present instance, his vanity and love of importance seem to have been the moving principles. We do not think highly of his taste on points connected with the English drama or English poetry, in which he was just as capable a judge, we have a notion, as Bentley himself; but the imposition was altogether so stupid that, except on this principle, we find a difficulty in accounting for Parr's easiness of belief, we doubt whether literary history has any thing more amusing,—and many an amusing picture does it present to us,—than the well known exquisite scene, in which, while the young impostor reads his trash, Doctors Parr and Warton lift up their hands in speechless ecstasy, and James Boswell calls for a glass of brandy and water, and chaunts out his *Nunc dimittis*. It would form no bad comparison to that story which Mencken tells so humorously of Kircher, who, when "quidam adolescentes lasciviusculi," some young wags had brought to him a paving stone, which they had chiselled with rude marks for his inspection, immediately began, "*visio lapide, tripudiare præ gaudio et pedibus terram pulsare, mox circulos, cruces et signa ad unum omnia tam concinne, tam apposite explicare ut nihil supra.*"

This incident in Parr's life has been compared to Johnson's patronage of Lauder, but there is a marked distinction, we think, between the two cases. Johnson's deception involved no question of taste, but was merely the consequence of his own habitual and sluggish indolence. He was too lazy to inquire for the books from which Lauder pretended to have derived his parallel passages, and there-

fore, as the least troublesome course, took their accuracy for granted. Parr would not have been deceived by Lauder; for his busy alacrity, on all literary subjects, would have led him to collate, compare, and examine such remarkable correspondencies. Johnson could not have been deceived down half a page by Ireland: his strong good sense and sound judgment would, on the internal evidence of the fabrications, and on an examination of the circumstances of the story, immediately have pierced through the thin veil of fraud, and rejected the imposture with indignation.

(To be continued.)

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE RAINBOW.

THERE'S not a tempest clouds the skies,
But loveliest rays its flight succeed;
Expanding in an arch they rise,
And cast o'er mansion, hill, and mead,
So sweet a glow, so bright a hue,
That gazers half begin to bless
The storm that desolation blew,
When fleeting in so fair a dress.

Thus anger's burst, resentment's thrill,
Assuag'd, new gentleness reveal,
To brighten o'er departing ill,
To dry the tear, the sorrow heal;
The troubled breast a calm assumes,
The ruffled cheeks their peace regain,
Till kindness more engaging blooms,
From passion's grief and stormy reign.

L.

From the Monthly Magazine,

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NIGHT OF FEVER.

It was the eleventh day of my fever. The medical attendants had again collected round my bed for a last struggle with the disease, that was drying up my blood, and searing the very marrow of my bones. Unfortunately, in every sense of the word, for my present comfort, as for the chance of recovery, I had little faith in them, though, to judge from the result, my opinion had less of reason than of prejudice. But I could not help myself; I was far away from those in whom I should have put trust, in the Isle of Jersey, which, for my useful purpose, as regarded distance, might as well been the Isle of Madeira.

My physicians had deemed it proper to bring with them a third—an addition to their number that I felt at the time was ominous of nothing good. Still I had an instinctive dread of asking the one plain question, "Do you give me over?" This would have ended all suspense, but then it might have also ended all hope; and who would willingly put hope from him? I endeavoured to gather from their looks the opinion, which I feared to ask for; but men of this description have either no feelings to conceal—long acquaintance with misery

* Menckenius de Charlataneria Eruditorum, p. 72.

having rendered them perfectly callous—or, as in the better and rarer case, the strong sense of duty has taught them to subdue every appearance of emotion. How eagerly did I watch their passing glances as they stood about me! and how yet more anxiously did I listen to their half-whispered consultation on their retiring to the next room, to decide upon the awful question of life or death; for to that I knew too well my case had come. I felt as the criminal must feel when the jury have left their box, carrying with them the power to save or destroy, and much more likely, from what has passed, to use that power fatally. Death, when it shall come, will never have half the bitterness of those few minutes of horrible suspense, when life, the dearest stake we can play for, is on the die, and hope is struggling, single handed, against doubt, and fear, and reason. I listened till I heard, or seemed to hear, the throbbings of my own heart; but I could catch nothing beyond a few broken sentences, though the folding-doors that divided the two rooms were left ajar; and the words heard thus imperfectly, only added to my apprehensions.—“I think not,” said the new comer. What was it he did not think?—that I should live, or that I should die?—“To-morrow,” said the same voice.—“Aye, to-morrow!” thought I, “to-morrow I shall be cold and senseless; she who now drops the tears of burning agony over my death-bed—who would give her own life, were that possible, to prolong mine but a few hours—even she will shrink in horror from me.” I could almost fancy it was written on yonder wall that it shall be thus. Fancy?—why it is there, written by the same hand that wrote the awful “Mene, mene tekel, upharsin,” on the walls of the banquet-room of Belshazzar.

Will it be believed? I was yet in the full possession of my senses when this wild notion seized me; or at least I had a perfect consciousness of my own identity. The setting sun shone broadly and strongly through the red curtains that had been drawn to exclude the light, and fell upon the walls opposite to me in crimson lines, that irresistibly recalled to my over-heated brain the letters of fire that brought dismay and death to the heart of the Babylonian king. But, I repeat it, I was still in my perfect senses; I knew that I was at St. Heliers, in the Isle of Jersey; I could distinguish all around me; I could count the rapid beatings of my pulse; I knew, too, that the rushing sound below my window was the bursting of the waves upon the beach; and could even argue with myself on all I saw and felt. If that were not real, which my eyes presented as such, what was real? The moon, the sun itself, existed to me but as I saw them; and if sight be the evidence of reality in one case, why not in another? This, therefore, was no more than the prologue to delirium; the thing itself was yet to come.

The physicians had long since gone. The evening declined rapidly, and in those hours, which may be said to linger between light and darkness, I was in a state of comparative quiet. But when night came on—eyeless, voiceless, heavy night!—oh, how inexpressibly wretched then is the chamber of sickness! Darkness

made visible by the dim, dull taper, that only serves to light our terrors;—silence so deep, that the low ticking of the clock falls on the ear like rain-drops on stone, fretting and consuming; the array of phials, full and empty;—the clothes long since disused, and now hanging on the frame, from which it is probable the same hand will never again remove them;—the old, hard-featured nurse, whose presence cannot for a moment be separated from the idea of disease and suffering;—the light, ominous click of the death-watch, a fable which health with reason laughs at, but which sickness believes, and trembles while it believes:—all these work upon the mind, and the mind again upon the body, till the brain is excited to delirium. And to that state I was fast tending; I felt it myself, and even tried by reasoning to keep down my rising fancies. But it was all to no purpose; strange shapes began to float about me, while my hands and feet burnt like iron thrice heated in the furnace, and my own touch scorched my own flesh. Those fantastic shadows, too, flung from the various pieces of furniture upon the wall!—how they mocked me by their fitting forms, as the rushlight flickered to and fro under the air!

“Will it never again be morning? Oh, if this long, dreary night would only pass! If I could but again see the light of day!—Hark! the clock strikes; another hour is gone!”

I had spoken this aloud; and the nurse, with that gratuitous spirit of information, which infects the old and heartless when the thing to be communicated may give pain, lost no time in setting me right: it was the passing bell I had heard. And what was that to me more than to any one beside? I was not the nearer death because another had just deceased. Had I been capable of reason, there was nothing in this for terror; but, in such cases, we do not reason—we feel.

“Only the passing bell!” I said, repeating her words—“only—the bell that calls the worm to a new feast! Oh, for morning—morning!—when will it be morning?—I say, what is the hour?”

“Ten, Sir; it has just struck. But you had better try to sleep.”

“No more than ten! I thought it had been three at least.—Sleep, you say? Aye, but how can I, when that fellow grins at me so horribly, and the room goes round, and the lights flicker? But you are right; I will go to sleep—to sleep—to sleep!”

I buried my head in the clothes, to shut out the images that harassed me, and for a time slept, or seemed to sleep. It was, however, only for a short time—perhaps an hour—perhaps a few minutes—I know not; but time grows longer as we approach the grave, as the shadows increase in the decline of day.

The sound of trumpets startled me from my broken slumber. I was in Rome, a Roman amongst Romans, with no other consciousness of individual being than what belonged to that moment; yet memory and fancy had strangely wrought together, confounding men and things, times and places. War had fixed his throne in the capital, and bound his brow with the crown of victory. Men neither thought nor spoke of

any thing but battle and triumph; they were the only measure of glory—the sole object for which we lived. The wealth of nations was constantly pouring through the streets, either as tribute or as plunder, to satisfy a spirit that was insatiable, and to swell a pride that was already towering to the clouds. What were kings, rich with barbaric gold and pearl, to the meanest of us, though our rags were an offence to earth and heaven?—to us, the citizens of eternal Rome? Our eagles waved over them, to defend or to devour; our senate gave them laws, either as slaves or allies.—And who lent wings to those eagles, or gave voice to that senate, but ourselves—the children of eternal Rome? It was told us by our tribunes; it was repeated by our consuls; it was engraved upon our banners, that spoke neither of tribunes nor of consuls, but of the senate and the Roman people; while the tremendous Cabule, the S. P. Q. R., spread terror amongst the remotest nations of the world. We might want for bread, but we never wanted for that food which pampers the spirit, and elevates poor mortality above the level of earth. Slaves in gold and purple might flatter kings, but our flatterers were the conquerors of kings; they were heroes and demigods, the bravest, and the wisest, and the noblest of the earth, and yet were fain to put on the garments of humility, showing their scars and counting their deserts to win our favour. Wherever our eyes turned, they were saluted with the monuments of our glory—the records of a conquered world. There was no pause, no stagnation of existence with us; our tide of life rolled onward like a torrent, foaming, boiling, and sparkling, amidst the shouts of victory, the glitter of triumph, the pageantry of festivals, the eloquence of the senate, the tumult of the forum, the crowning of one hero, the immolation of another;—amidst crimes that, from their greatness and their motives, shone out like virtues—and virtues which wore the bloody hue of crimes—but both crimes and virtues such as none but a Roman could have had the head to imagine, or the heart to execute. Such was our every-day life; but the present day was one of even more than usual interest. The formidable eagles were passing out at one gate with their mailed legions to distant battle; while, at another, Pompey, and Scipio, and Camillus, and Cæsar, and the conqueror of Corioli, were returning victorious in the midst of rejoicing multitudes. The kings and warriors of many nations, from India to Britain, followed their triumphant wheels; and in the faces of those kings and warriors might be read defeat, and shame, and wrath, and captivity. The masses of human life grew yet denser; the clamour of triumph swelled louder and louder, peal after peal, incessant, like the bursting of a stormy sea upon the shore. I saw a king—he who a few days before had ruled a world, who had been the joy or the terror of more millions than Rome could count thousands—I saw him, this mighty one, dash out his brains, in the impatience of despair, with his fetters; and the many around shouted applauses on the noble deed, as if it had been a mimic death on the public stage; but, in the next moment, the glorious suicide was

forgotten, the pageant passed on, and the marching legions trampled with indifference on the corpse, till it became a portion of the highway.

In the midst of this swelling pageant, and while the temples were yet reeking with incense, I was sensible, though I knew not why, that I had become the object of general awe and hatred. Men scowled as they passed by me, and drew their garments more closely to them, to avoid the contamination of my nearness, as if I had carried plague and pestilence in my touch; or else turned pale with terror, and hurried on, as they would have fled from the path of the asp. Still I kept on my way without stop or question, the startling crowd dividing before me like water before the prow of a vessel when the gale is at the highest, till I found myself in the senate-house. A general murmur arose at my appearance, and all simultaneously started up from the bench on which I had seated myself, and passed over to the opposite side, where Cato sat lowering hatred and defiance, and Cicero was watching me with his keen, eagle eyes, while his whole frame trembled with visible emotion. I knew that I was Catiline, with the will to be lord of the city, or to lay it in ruins—I recked not which—and the dread and loathing I inspired were sweeter to me than flattery. Rome, that feared nothing else, feared me. I rejoiced that it was so; I could have laughed, but for prudence, at the majestic horrors of Cato—the doubtful brow of Cæsar, who loved the treason, though he shrank from its danger—and the spare face of the consul, bleached with his midnight terrors, and not yet seeming quite assured of his safety, even when buckled round with his friends. But even then, while my heart was swelling with present and expected triumph, the orator arose and thundered in my ears the terrible “*Quousque tandem, Catilina!*” and a thousand voices re-echoed with deafening roar, “*Quousque tandem—quousque tandem!*” It was like the unholy spell of some wizzard. The images of the gods, the marbles of the illustrious dead, in temple and in porch, in the forum and in the senate, all at that sound became instinct with life, and cried out with the pale orator, “*Quousque—quousque!*” I endeavoured to reply, to defend myself, to hurl back defiance on the wretched peasant of Arpinum, who had dared to brand a Roman and a noble; but my voice was no more, amidst the tumult, than the voice of a child would be to the cataract, or the ravings of the tempest. I was stunned, beaten to the earth, by the mighty congregation of sounds; my eyes dazzled; my brain shook; and down I toppled—down—down—a precipice as deep as from heaven to earth, catching at every thing in the long descent to break my fall. But all was in vain: the stoutest oaks snapped under my grasp like the dried reeds of autumn; the ponderous masses of jutting rock sank from my tread like hills of sand. The weight of some strange crime was upon me; and, loaded as I was, nothing was so stout it could give my foot a resting-place.

Unconsciousness, or sleep, its counterfeit, dropt a curtain between me and this stage of suffering, and again the shadows of my delirium

took another form. I was in a spacious theatre, where the earlier events of the French revolution were being represented, till, by degrees, that which at first had been no more than a show, became reality; and I, who had only been a spectator, was converted into an actor, and called upon to do and suffer. Sometimes I paraded the streets with the infuriated mob, shouting "Ca ira" and the Marseillois Hymn; while, at others, I was the doomed object of popular hatred, and had a thousand hair-breadth escapes from the guillotine, which was going on incessantly by night and day, till the kennels ran with gore, and Paris had the look and smell of one huge slaughter-house. Still the cry was for blood—"more blood!" The sun itself refused to shine any longer on the polluted city. It was the third morning, and still no other light appeared in the sky but a broad crimson moon, in which Paris, with its deeds of death, was reflected as in a mirror suspended above our heads. This sign, however, prodigious as it was, had no effect except on a few weaker spirits; in general, the yells of blasphemy only became so much the louder and the fiercer; for the people were drunk with sin and blood as with new wine, and reeled along the streets like Atys and the frantic crew of Cybele in olden times, when their limbs were wet with recent gore, the foul offerings to the unknown goddess. A pale priest, venerable from his gray locks and placid features—placid even in the midst of all this fearful tumult—pointed with his aged hands to the red sign above, and bade us remember the fate of Nineveh. He was instantly seized by the mob, and dragged towards the scaffold, where the executioner incessantly plied his office, and as each head fell, shrieked, rather than called, to the populace, "Encore un! encore un!" He was the rabid ogre of the fairy tale, who scarcely devours one victim ere he clamours for another. Imagination cannot picture a more loathsome or terrific monster. His face, though still human, bore the same revolting resemblance to the wolf that man, in his worst form, is sometimes found to bear to the monkey; his teeth, or rather fangs, for they were of enormous size, protruded from the bloated, purple lips, that were constantly drawn back and distorted with one eternal grin; his cheeks had the fixedness of marble, with that frightful ashy hue which is only to be found on the face of the dead, and can be compared to nothing living; the colour of his eyes, small, fierce, and burning, could not be distinguished; but they were deeply sunk under huge brows, which, like his head, were utterly bald of hair. In place of all other dress, he wore a winding-sheet, without belt or buckle, that at every movement spread and again closed upon his body, as if it had been a part of himself, and more like the wings of a bat in its action, than the mere waving of a shroud.

The populace thrust forward the poor old priest with clubs and staves towards this monster, much as the keeper of some wild beast thrusts into its den the living victim that is destined to gorge its appetite. In the twinkling of an eye, his head fell; when the man of blood shook his shroud till its swelling folds left his body naked; and holding out to me his long arms, reiterated his incessant cry, "En-

core un!" Before the rabble, who were well enough inclined to gratify his wishes, could seize me, I had burst my way through them, and leaving the noise far behind me, had found a refuge in my hotel.

Here I fancied myself safe. I could still hear the shouting of the people, but it was at a distance; and the very sound of danger, thus remote, added to the feeling of security. It was like the idle roaring of the sea, from which we have just escaped, to listen on the safe summit of a rock to its impotent growlings for the prey that has been snatched from it. But what was my dismay, when, on turning to the window, I again saw the shrouded monster's face close to the glass, and heard again his terrific cry, "Encore un!" With a speed such as only horror can give, I darted out of the room, and fled to the topmost chamber of the building, where, if at all, I might reasonably hope to be beyond the reach of his fearful pursuit. But the lock!—the cursed lock that should have shut out mine enemy!—the key was fixed in its rusty wards beyond my power to move it, and, strive all I would, I could not shoot the bolt.

In the midst of my desperate efforts, the key broke—shivered into a thousand pieces, as if it had been glass; and there I stood, helpless, without the possibility of further flight. I had reached my utmost limit.

But how could I be blind to those ponderous bolts and bars, that made any lock unnecessary, and were almost too weighty to be lifted? Nothing short of the hand and hammer of a blacksmith, and those too plied for hours, could break down a door with such defences. To draw and fasten them was no more than the work of a single instant; and no sooner was this effected than I felt myself as safe as in a castle of triple brass. In the triumph and excess of my confidence, I flung open the window to look for my baffled enemy, and tauntingly shouted his own cry "Encore un!" A voice, close at my ear, returned the cry, "Encore un!" At that hateful and hated sound, I reeled round as if staggering from a pistol-shot, when—horror!—there was the monster, neither all man, nor all wolf, but an inexplicable compound of both—a thing not to be defined by words; there he was, hanging over me, closing me about with his shroud like a serpent with his folds, his face close to mine. I gave not a moment's thought or look to the depth below, but flung myself from the window, and, without knowing how or why, found myself a prisoner in the Temple, amongst many others, destined like myself to the guillotine.

Never were mirth and misery so intimately blended as amongst us, who could have no other expectation than that of death; whether to-day or to-morrow was uncertain; but still death by the edge of the axe, and before the week was over. Some wept, and some laughed—some prayed and some danced; and, every time the sun set, its beams fell upon diminished numbers, till myself and four others were all that remained of the hundreds that filled the prison on my entrance.

It was the seventh day. Of our little band it was doubtful who, if any, would see the next morning; and this very circumstance, this

community of near danger, had linked our hearts more closely than years of friendship could have done, though cemented by rank and fortune. But this tie, close as it might be, was destined in a few hours only to be snapp'd asunder by the hand that, sooner or later, breaks all ties. The last rays of the sun were dimly melting into shadow, when my companions were summoned to attend their judges—a summons that was in itself equivalent to a sentence of death; for with such judges, to try was to condemn. We all felt it to be so. Our farewells were accordingly warm and earnest, like those of men who were parting never to meet; and in a few minutes I was left to the solitude of my dungeon.

Night came on. I knew that I had not another day to live, and could count the hours between the present moment and the time when I should cease to be; a knowledge which, whether it be a curse or a blessing, is granted to none save the criminal doomed to expiate on earth his offences against the children of earth. My fancy laboured with a thousand schemes of escape, none perhaps absolutely impracticable, but all improbable, and such only as a prisoner would conceive with the immediate fear of death before his eyes.

In the midst of these imaginings, I was struck by a light, shining through a crevice, as it seemed, of the prison door. Life and liberty were in the pale glimmer. I started up to examine it, and found that the jailer, in his hurry, or in his intoxication—a state that always prevailed with him, more or less, towards the evening—had turned the key in the lock without first fairly closing the door, so that the bolt had been shot beside the staple. Here, then, was a chance of escape when I least expected it, if the occasion were only boldly, wisely, and seasonably employed. Boldly and in good time I resolved to use it; whether wisely or not, the result would show. Leaving my dungeon, I entered a long winding corridor, and after passing through an empty room of somewhat less dimensions than the one which I had just quitted, at length found it terminate in a sort of porch or hall, closed by the great gate of the prison, the only obstacle that now remained between me and freedom. It was, however, guarded, and trebly guarded by locks, bolts, and bars, all of the most formidable calibre; but the jailer, with the keys at his girdle, and his hat slouched over his face so as to conceal his features, sat in an arm-chair before a blazing wood fire, which roared up the chimney, and danced in broad light upon the walls. The cigar that he had been smoking hung loosely in his hand, half-burnt out; and by his side was a rough deal table on three legs, scored and stained with the marks of former debauchery, and now set out with a horn jug and a flagon, that, by the smell, had contained brandy—thus proving the fixeness of his habits, while all round him was changing, not only from day to day, but from hour to hour, and, it might almost be said, from minute to minute.

I listened, and was convinced that the man slept; but, besides that his slumber was far from sound, as was evident from his disturbed breathing and the occasional lifting of his arms, I could hardly hope, under any circum-

stances, to detach the keys from his belt, and undo the ponderous bolts and bars, without awaking him. There was but little time for choice or reflection. Such an opportunity was not likely to last long, and still less to occur a second time, so that what I did I must do quickly. To murder him was all that was left to me, and, seeing no cause to hesitate when the alternative was his life or mine, I drew from my bosom a knife, that, by some negligence on the part of the searchers, I had been fortunate enough to retain. In another instant he had been with the dead. I raised my arm to strike; but just then he seemed to be awaking. I paused: there was a smothered laugh beneath the hat, and, strange to say, it thrilled through me. I trembled from head to foot; but there was no time to be lost, and the weapon glittered in its descent—when the appalling cry, "Encore un!" again burst upon my ear, striking me almost senseless. The cloak and hat dropped from the supposed sleeper; and there again was the untiring monster, in all his hideousness! For an instant we gazed on each other, without words and without motion. I had no power either to stir or speak—to deprecate his approach, or to fly from it.

The spell slowly dissolved. I crept, or rather glided from him, my eyes still fixed upon his visage, till the wall prevented further flight. I was now like a stag at bay. He began to move in his turn. With a long, measured stride, he put forth one foot, and it came again to the floor with the sound of an enormous hammer on the anvil. There, for the space of a minute, he paused, fixing me with his fierce red eyes, that seemed to burn with some unholy fire. He took a second step, slow and changing as the first—a third—a fourth!—and the fifth brought him close to me—ay, so close, that I could look into those terrible eyes and see myself imaged there. And I did so: I could not help it, in spite of the horror with which they inspired me.

His shroud now folded round me—tighter—tighter—till the hair stood erect upon my head, and my breast laboured to bursting. I struggled and struggled, under the horrible sense of suffocation, while he folded me yet more closely, his voice sounding all the time, "Encore un!"

The catastrophe of this fearful struggle was lost to me in a rapid succession of visions, that came more or less distinct, and again melted away, like those fantastic forms which the clouds build up in a summer's evening, when the winds are high, and the sun is sinking amidst a world of vapours. I skimmed the air with the birds; I dived into the waters with the sea-mew; or floated on its surface with a fleet of gallant barks, that were sailing to some unknown land, which no one could name, but which all knew to be the land of the sun, where the spice grew like acorns, and the stones of the highway were emeralds, and diamonds. As we neared it, the air grew softer, the skies brighter, the waters clearer: it was a world unlike the world we had left, not in degree, but in kind; and the feelings it excited, required a new language for their expression. But even then the scene faded. I was burn-

ing at the stake by the side of the Huguenots, surrounded by thousands, who in general did not, or dared not, pity us, though the faces of many were convulsed with eager horror; and here and there the features of some young female, in despite of beads and rosary, expressed a sympathy with our fate. The flames from the new-lit faggots hissed like serpents. Anon, before the fires, that wrapt us as with a garment, were burnt out, I was tossing on the waters of the Polar-Sea, amidst mountains of blue ice, whose tops were in the clouds. The surge dashed and broke upon these colossal masses as upon so many rocks of granite. On a sudden, a crash like thunder stilled the mutinous billows. The huge icebergs were rent and shivered, and their summits dissolved into floods, that came roaring and tumbling down their rugged sides, till all around us was a world of cataracts, and in the pool below, our little bark tossed and eddied like a dry leaf in the whirlwind.

Again the scene changed. I was an Indian prince, hunting the tiger with my attendant rajahs, richer and prouder than the Persian satraps of old, when Xerxes led forth his millions to perish on the Grecian soil, and build up an everlasting record to the glory of the Athenian. The sunset,—and rose,—and again it set,—and still we were following our spotted prey over stock and stone, dashing through rivers and down precipices so steep, the chamois must have broken his neck in the attempt to descend them, till I had at last far—far outstripped my companions of the chase. The tiger was now within a few yards of me. I fired, and wounded him in the flank, as was evident from the gush of blood that followed. The animal turned suddenly round upon me, rearing himself on his hind-legs with a hideous growl that sounded like a human laugh, and,—horror!—there again was the man of blood, with his cry of “Encore un!” Tongue cannot tell, nor brain imagine, the despair, the loathing, the shrinking of soul and body, that I experienced at again coming in contact with this eternal apparition! I called on the sands of the desert, to rise in clouds and bury me—on the mountains, to fall and crush me—on the distant ocean, to ascend in a second deluge and swallow me. And my wish seemed likely to be accomplished; for while I was yet in the horrors of his presence, by some inexplicable shifting of the scene I was in Africa, and the past was as if it had never been. On every side, as far as the eye could reach, was sand—nothing but sand—hot and burning sand—which scorched the very soles of the feet, as though I had been walking on molten lava. Suddenly the wind began to howl, and at its voice the fiery mass rolled, and swelled, and surged, and was lifted up as the storm lifts up the sea; but its waves were more like mountains. Then again the unstable mass formed itself into moving columns, and these giants of the desert traversed, or rather swept, the waste with a speed that made flight hopeless. But I was not fated to perish by them. They rolled around me harmless, and, in less than what seemed an hour, all was again calm, and the sun sunk down upon silence—a silence that was lifeless!

A raging thirst tormented me. But no stream was near in the moonlight expanse, and the night of the desert had no dews to moisten my parched lips. Had any benevolent genius stood before me, with an offered diadem in one hand, and a glass of fair water in the other, I had rejected empire and snatched at the more humble boon with rapture. The pains of fire or of steel—and I had felt both within the last few hours—were nothing to the torments of this terrible thirst:—it drank my very life-blood.

In the midst of this unutterable agony, I heard, or thought I heard, the rushing of water. Strange that I had not seen it before! Within a hundred yards of me was an oasis, or island of the desert, covered with a grove of palms, and a remarkable sort of tree, for which I knew no name; but it breathed a fragrance sweeter than all the spicy gales of Araby the Blessed: yet still sweeter to my fancy was the little crystal spring that bubbled from the turf beneath, sparkling, and leaping along over stone and pebble, as if rejoicing in the soft moonlight. If ever there was bliss on earth, it was mine for that brief moment when my eyes first fell upon the stream. But, like every joy beneath the sun, it proved a shadow, an insubstantial vapour, fading the very instant it was grappled with. When I would have drunk, all was mist and confusion; and then, for awhile, my troubled fancy slept.

There was a blank in my existence—for aught I know for hours. Had I been dead, the mind and body could not have been wrapt in a repose more deep or senseless.

After a time, it seemed to me as if I awoke from a long, long slumber, all that had passed showing to my memory rather as the dream of sleep than of delirium. On this awaking, I had a distinct perception that I was in my bedroom, dangerously ill, if not dying. But a great change had taken place since ten o'clock. In the middle of the chamber was an unfinished coffin, supported by tressels, on which several funeral figures were busily at work, driving in the nails, that were yet deficient, with huge sledge-hammers. Their blows fell fast as hail-stones, striking forth a continued stream of fire, the only light they had to work by; and it lent a horrid hue to their faces, such as belongs to the dead rather than to the living.

It was a ghastly sight for a sick man to see these creatures employed upon his own coffin; for that it was intended for me, I knew too well—how, or whence, I cannot say—but the conviction was as strong upon me as if I had read my own name upon the lid. The hag of a nurse, too!—she who was paid to watch over my sickness—to guard me from every danger—she, too, was busy amongst them, urging on the work, and giving her directions to those who were prompt enough of themselves without her assistance. It was evidently a labour of love to all concerned in it.

At length their task was finished; not a nail, not a screw, was wanting; every thing was ready but the corpse to put in it.

At the striking of the last blow, the owl whooped thrice; and there was a flapping of wings, and the beating of some hard, horny substance against the window.

"He is here!" said one of the men, drawing back the curtain.

And there, indeed, was a monstrous owl, staring at me with his red eyes, and beating the glass impatiently with his wings. The cricket answered from the hearth with a shriller cry; and the death-watch by the side of my bed was louder and faster in his ominous clicking.

A deep silence followed. Nothing, for a few minutes, was heard in the chamber but my own breathing, which fear had rendered hard and hurried. The funeral figures stood with uplifted hammers, like men in anxious and momentary expectation; and even the old hag, though her coarse features were distorted with the workings of impatience, yet remained silent.

Again the owl whooped, striking the window so furiously that it rattled in the frame; and again the cricket cried, and the death-watch answered as before. At these signs of increasing impatience, he who had drawn the curtain spoke again:—

"Master! shall I toll the bell? The owl has whooped,—the cricket cried,—and the death-watch called."

"Not yet," was the answer. "It is not quite twelve; the clock must strike first.—Be still, Sir Urian," he added, turning to the bird of night, who flapped his pinions yet more vehemently at the delay;—"your time is not yet come."

At this rebuke, the owl folded his wings upon his breast, and the cricket and the death-watch hushed their cry.

But even this respite, short as it was, seemed too long for the hag. She could not wait for the fated hour, when, as it seemed, death would of himself visit me, but must needs anticipate his coming, though the hand of the time-piece on the table pointed to the last quarter before twelve. Filling a cup from one of the many phials, she came to my bed-side, and croaked out, "It is time; drink, and die!" But I stoutly refused the draught so ominously presented. The hag persisted, uttering dreadful, half-intelligible menaces; and, in the very desperation of terror, I struggled as for life, and endeavoured to dash down the chalice. But I was a mere child in her hands. She forced me back upon my pillow with a strength that to my feebleness seemed gigantic, and poured the poison down my throat in spite of my utmost resistance.

No sooner was it swallowed, than it crept like ice through my veins, freezing up life as it stole on, drop by drop, and inch by inch, the numbness beginning at my feet, and mounting upward till it curled at my heart. It must not, however, be supposed that I was silent during this deadly march of the poison; on the contrary, my rage was, at least, equal to my terror; and their united influence was powerful enough to loosen the bonds that had hitherto kept my tongue tied, when to have spoken would have been some relief to the overwhelming sense of agony. I poured forth the bitterness of my heart in curses that staggered the old hag, and sounded tremendous even to my own hearing. At first she only stared, like one struck by sudden wonder;

then, as surprise gave way to fear, she covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the sounds that were too horrible for bearing; and, finally fled with the long-protracted howl of the wolf when driven from its prey.

I was dead, and knew that I was dead. I had consciousness without life—sense only for suffering—and lay a fettered prisoner in my narrow prison-house. Still *SELF*, that centre-point to which in life all pain and all pleasure are referred—that individual but invisible existence, which remains entire even when the limbs are lopped away from the trunk—which, mutilate the body as you will, retains in its wholeness the same capacity of suffering and enjoyment—this *SELF* still was. I lived, though my body had perished; and the stings and bruising of the insensible flesh were, by some mysterious agency, reflected on the spirit.

But I was soon to be called to another sphere, and to loftier modes of suffering. While I was yet mouldering, a voice reached me, and it sounded like a tempest—"Let the dead arise!" Death, which had closed my ears to all other sounds, could not make me deaf to this awful summons. I arose from the grave as from a bed, shaking off the mouldering garment of the flesh, and was in eternity, myself a portion of it, however indefinite. There was neither sun, nor moon, nor star, nor earth, nor space, nor time: all was eternity—immeasurable, incomprehensible eternity! And there I was alone with my own conscience, that, with a thousand tongues spoke out the sentence of anguish, and drove me onward through the boundless without rest, for in it was no resting-place. I called on Death; but Death himself had passed away with the world. Not even an echo answered to my cry. I called on those who, like me, were to know anguish; but either they were not, or else were lost in the void.

On a sudden a whirlwind arose. I heard the mighty flapping of its wings as it rushed on towards me through the boundless, and again felt that there was hope. The darkness rolled away before it; the sound of many instruments came up from the deep; and I was hurried onward, till at last, by a transition as rapid as the passing of a sunbeam over the water, I found myself in a state, blissful indeed, but such as almost sets description at defiance. I heard the voice of those I loved so dearly; I saw their little fairy forms gliding dimly about me, as if in mist; but I could neither move, nor speak, nor in any way, as it seemed, make them sensible of my nearness. They were talking of me. I heard one say to the other, "To-morrow is his birthday!" And then they began to sing in low, plaintive tones, one of the wild strains of a wild drama that I had written many years before, and which was even too apt to my situation. Strange to say, though till that moment I could as soon have repeated the whole of the *Iliad* as my own lines, yet, ever since the address of the poor Adine to Faustus has remained indelibly written upon my memory. It ran thus:—

Oh, Saul! oh, king!

Wake from thy fearful dream!

The chains, that bind

Thy horror-haunted mind,

Drop from thee, as the stream
Of music gushes from the trembling string.
Softly, softly breathe, my lyre,
Stillling every wild desire!
Let thy music fall as sweet
On the anxious, listening ear,
As the odours to the sense
When the summer's close is near.
More soft! more slow!
The measure flow!
Softer, slower yet!
Till the sweet sound beget
A joy that melts like wo.

I listened, and wept! Oh, the unutterable luxury of those tears! They worked upon my burning brain as the long-withheld dews fall upon the dry and rifted earth. The fever of my blood was stilled, and the air seemed to blow so coolly upon my parched cheeks! A sense of enjoyment stole over me, calm as the breath of a summer's evening, but vivid beyond the power of words to paint it.

The sounds of that wild strain came fainter and fainter; the fairy forms waxed dim; my eyes grew heavier; I slept.

The morning awakened me; it was not till the sun had been up for many hours; but when it did break my long slumber, it found me far other than it had left me on the preceding day. Then I was dying; now the dangerous crisis was past. Then I had neither eyes, nor ears, nor indeed any other sense, for pleasure; now the sight of the blue sky alone, seen through the window as I lay in bed, was a source of infinite delight. Even the poor old nurse, who, in the hours of the night, had been so hateful to me, was, in my altered mood, a kind, officious creature, whose happy face had in it as little as could be well conceived of the night-hag. By-the-by, the good old creature, half-laughing, half-crying, reproached me with having beaten her in my delirium. This, if true—and I much fear it was—must have been when she brought me the medicine, and my overwrought fancy represented her as conspiring with the shadowy men of the hammer to poison me. Nor have I the least doubt, if it were worth while, that all my visions might in the same way be traced to some existing or foregone reality.

From the Monthly Review.

BUCKINGHAM'S TRAVELS.*

THE number of travellers who have visited and described the Persian empire, is very con-

* Travels in Assyria, Media, and Persia, including a Journey from Bagdad by Mount Zagros, to Hamadan, the ancient Ecbatana, Researches in Ispahan and the Ruins of Persepolis, and Journey from thence by Shiraz and Shapur to the Sea-shore; description of Bussoorah, Bushire, Bahrein, Ormuz, and Muscat; Narrative of an Expedition against the Pirates of the Persian Gulf, with Illustrations of the Voyage of Nearehus, and Passage by the Arabian Sea to Bombay. By J. S. Buckingham, Author of "Travels in Palestine and the Coun-

siderable. From the times of Chardin and Tavernier, a succession of adventurers, of various degrees of ability, have been attracted either by curiosity or the indefinite thirst of gain, to this celebrated country; and a laudable desire of reputation, or the same feeling which prompted their pilgrimage, has generally induced them to lay the results of their tour before the public. Persia, however, is not wholly indebted to its own attractions for the honour of these numerous visits; much of the notice which has been bestowed upon it within the last half century, is far less owing to the magnificence of its ruins, the brilliance and salubrity of its climate, or those proud historical associations which cover its plains and cities with glory—than to the simple circumstance of its lying contiguous to a far more rich and celebrated country, in which the greatest among European nations has erected the most singular and astonishing empire that has, perhaps, ever existed. But of this multitude of travellers, the greater number at least, in very modern times, have diverged but little from the direct route from India; or if pleasure has sometimes tempted them to forsake the path prescribed by duty, they have rarely extended their tour beyond the cities of Ispahan and Shiraz. Few have penetrated so far as the eastern provinces of Mekran, Seistan and Khorasan, or to Mazenderan and Ghilan, on the north. While, therefore, the more singular and remote portions of the empire remain almost wholly unexplored, research and description have been busy on the western frontier, always better known to Europeans; and have produced almost a library upon the geography, antiquities, and natural productions of the country.

But although travels in Persia have been so greatly multiplied, our knowledge of the country has not been proportionably increased. Thousands of pages have been filled with descriptions of personal adventures, which illustrate nothing, if we except the folly and vanity of the writers. It would appear that when a man undertakes a journey into a distant country, his actions immediately assume a high degree of importance, at least, in his own eyes; he imagines that the world must be interested in knowing at what hour he rises in the morning, when he breakfasts or dines, and with what *gusto* he enjoys the luxury of the warm bath; though all these details respecting actions depending on his own will, should throw no light whatever on the manners or customs of the country. He religiously registers the occurrences of each day, whether important or not, as if he were rendering an account of his travels upon oath; he informs us, that on setting forth from this or that village, he mounted his horse, and proceeded at a brisk pace for a full hour and a half; that on his left hand was a country thinly sprinkled with trees, with a range of low hills in the distance, and on the right some very interesting ruins, which he

tries East of the Jordan;" "Travels among the Arab Tribes;" and "Travels in Mesopotamia;" Member of the Literary Societies of Bombay and Madras, and of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. 4to. pp. 544. London: Colburn. 1829.

could not stop to visit; that he then crossed a shallow stream with high rushes on its banks, and that his horse and himself being somewhat thirsty, drank with equal delight of its limpid waters; that some few hours before noon he reached a khan or caravanserai, and refreshed himself with a cup of coffee, or an hour's repose, and that after this he proceeded on his journey, saw several more trees, villages, or ruins, and arrived in the evening at another khan, where he passed the night. To the idle or the thoughtless, it may be amusing to learn all these particulars, which appear to be mere impertinences to him who looks in books of travels for accounts of foreign institutions, judicious descriptions of strange and remote scenes, and careful pictures of peculiar forms of society.

In reviewing a modern book of travels, in which personal narrative predominates, it is quite impossible, and perfectly unnecessary, to follow the author through his whole route, to the compass of a single article: it appears to be more useful to trace a rapid sketch of the country which forms the scene of the traveller's adventures, calling in his aid whenever it can be of service, but by no means confining ourselves to the information he supplies. It cannot, however, be expected, that we should crowd into the narrow limits of a single article, a full description of a country so various and remarkable as Persia; it will be necessary that we confine ourselves for the present to a small portion of the picture, which we may perhaps be able to fill up and complete on some future occasion.

The Persian empire formerly comprehended the whole of that immense tract of country, which lies between the Euphrates and the Indus, and was bounded on the north by the Caspian sea and the river Oxus, Amu, or Gihon; and by the Indian ocean and the Persian gulf on the south and south-west. At present, the limits of the monarchy are much more confined. The Afghans have wrested from the feeble sovereigns of Persia several extensive provinces, and erected them into a formidable empire on the eastern frontier; Russia has seized upon Georgia, and a portion of Shir-mun; and the Turks have made successive encroachments on the plains of Mesopotamia. Persia is still, however, an extensive empire, and contains, perhaps, a greater variety of soil and climate than any other country of equal extent. The shores of the Indian ocean and the Persian gulf consist chiefly of low sandy plains, barren as those which belt round the Arabian peninsula, and watered by no large river. Along this whole line of coast, the only harbour now frequented is Aboosheeb; that of Gambrun or Bender Abassi, opposite the island of Ormus, having been long abandoned. This may in some measure account for the poor figure which the Persians have always made as navigators. In antiquity, while the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and Greeks, were pushing their commercial expeditions in every part of the known world, the Persian, kneeling before his fire-altar, trembled at the very name of the ocean which roared around his inhospitable shores. Nor did the spirit of enterprise, which impelled the Arab to venture himself in his

frail and clumsy vessel on the wide expanse of the Indian Ocean, inspire the Persian with the spirit of rivalry; and up to this moment the empire depends on foreigners for all external articles of luxury.

As we proceed towards the interior, the country grows more fertile, and the air more cool and salubrious. Though the labourer is compelled to water the soil by artificial means, cultivation is carried on with great activity; beautiful groves and gardens shaded with fruit trees; streams of pure water, and hills clothed with verdure, refresh and delight the eye; and the balmy atmosphere impregnated with the perfume of innumerable flowers, is said, especially in the neighbourhood of Ispahan, to have an intoxicating effect upon the senses. The verdant bowers of Shiraz, and the chrysal waters of the Rocabad, celebrated in the love songs of Hafiz, are by no means the creations of fiction. For magnificence of scenery, however, no part of Persia is so celebrated as the provinces of Mazenderan and Ghilan, lying between the Elburz chain of mountains and the Caspian sea. Excepting, indeed, the eternal forests which sweep round the roots of Himalaya mountains, there are not, perhaps on earth, woods of grander or more picturesque aspect, than those of the Elburz.

The great plain which forms the basis of the Persian empire, and which in many places swells into gentle hills, is altogether very considerably elevated above the level of the sea; and the mountains which traverse it in various directions frequently shoot up to a great height and are covered with snow during the greater part of the year. The eastern provinces are for the most part immense plains, intersected by deserts and salt marshes of great extent, little cultivated, and but thinly peopled. The greater part of the population consist, in fact, of Nomadic, or wandering tribes, who require a large extent of country for the pasturing of their flocks and herds. Over all this part of the empire, cities, towns and villages, are exceedingly few, and of very small dimensions; and on account of the fierce and turbulent character of the inhabitants, travelling is extremely dangerous, there being here, as in other parts of the empire, no great roads or effective police.

To convey to the mind of the reader a satisfactory idea of the condition and prospects of Persia, it would be necessary to take a retrospective view of its history, both ancient and modern; but as this would require much more space than we can at present bestow upon it, we are constrained to pass over this portion of the subject, and proceed at once to the consideration of the manners and customs of the people. From time immemorial, the population of Persia has consisted of two distinct portions, viz. the fixed inhabitants, who dwell in cities and towns, and follow civil employments; and the wandering tribes, who dwell in tents, and remove with their flocks and herds, for the convenience of pasturage. These latter are supposed by many to be descended from those Scythian hordes, which, about a hundred years before the Christian era, burst like an impetuous torrent over the hitherto impassable barrier of Caucasus, and spread desolation and ruin over

the finest countries of Asia. With the exception of the infusion of foreign blood, which is thought to have been effected by the Tartar invasion above mentioned; the population of Persia remained pure and unmixed until the period of the Mohammedan conquest. This, at least, is the opinion of several eminent writers; but the changes which were more than once effected in the national language, forcibly suggests the idea, that Persia had been more than once subdued by foreigners, before history condescended to describe the mutations of its fortunes, and underwent several very complete revolutions in character and manners, as well as in language. The most ancient form of speech which is known to have prevailed in Persia, is that denominated the *Zend*, different dialects of which are thought to have been spoken by all the various tribes inhabiting the Persian empire. Various theories have been formed respecting the countries in which this language originally prevailed; some supposing it to have been Bactria, and the adjacent regions in the eastern extremity of the empire; while others imagine it to have originated in Aderbizan, in the west. Between these conflicting opinions, it is impossible to decide; all that appears to be certain is, that in very ancient times the *Zend* was the language actually spoken in the whole, or in the greater portion of Persia. The few fragments of this ancient and venerable language, which have survived the attacks of time, and the spirit of innovation, have been collected and translated into French, by Anquetil Duperson, under the name of the *Zend Avesta*. It is idle to inquire whether this work contains or not any portion of the original institutions or opinions of Zerdusht, or Zoroaster, though it is probable that fragments of his doctrines have come floating down on the stream of tradition, mingled with other dogmas of more recent birth.

The language which at length supplanted the *Zend*, was the *Pehlevi*, a softer and more polished dialect, which is supposed to have prevailed in the north of Persia, even before the extinction of the more ancient idiom. The sacred books containing the doctrines and opinions of Zoroaster, which constituted, perhaps, one of the most ancient philosophical systems in the world, were now translated from the *Zend* into the *Pehlevi*, which was henceforward used also in all inscriptions, and comprehended the whole intellectual wealth of the nation. The Persians continued to express their thoughts in this form of speech, during many hundred years, until the princes of the Sassanian dynasty effected the introduction of a new order of signs and sounds, which constituted the language denominated the *Parsee*. This strange history of the extinction of several languages in succession, appears irresistibly to suggest a new theory, which will fully explain several questions which have hitherto been involved in great obscurity. The truth seems to be, that Persia was inhabited by three different nations, dissimilar in language, character, and manners. The nation which possessed the ascendancy at the remotest period to which research has yet been able to approach, spoke the *Zend*; these were subdued by a second nation, whose vernacular tongue was the *Pehlevi*; and in the course of time, a

third tribe stepped into the place of power, and gave the predominance to their own idiom. As time, however, bestows ripeness on language, as well as on the productions of the physical world, the *Parsee*, enriched by the literary labours of numerous writers, and borrowing the treasures, both of the *Zend* and the *Pehlevi*, greatly surpassed both its rivals, struck deep root into the soil, and forms to this day the basis of the Persian language.

The *Parsee*, however, lost its ascendancy soon after the Mohammedan conquest, being banished from the court of the Caliph, where Arabic now took its place; but it has been rendered immortal by having been made the vehicle of the magnificent thoughts and imagery of Firdosi.

Considering the heterogeneous materials of which the Persian nation is composed, it is by no means easy to imagine a description which shall be applicable to the whole people. The natives of its various cities and provinces are distinguished by peculiar traits indicating the race from which they sprung. The inhabitants, says a distinguished writer, of Kasveen, Tebreez, Hamadan, Shiraz, and Yezd, are as remarkable for their courage, as those of Koomlashan, and Ispahan are for their cowardice. The former are chiefly descended from martial tribes; the forefathers of the latter have for many centuries pursued civil occupations. Notwithstanding these differences, which are perhaps more apparent than real, the Persians may be pronounced to be a fine race of men. They are in general neither tall nor large bodied, but possess active and vigorous constitutions, with well formed expressive countenances, distinguished by lofty and expansive foreheads. In a country extending through so many degrees of latitude, it is natural to expect great variety of complexion; and accordingly we find among the Persians every shade, from the deep olive or bronze, the most natural and beautiful of all the colours of the human skin, to the light and sanguine tint which distinguishes the nations of the north. As a nation, the Persians are cheerful, polite, and obliging, eager to obtain money, and lavish of it when acquired. The higher orders may be described as the most excellent of masters, and the lower, in many respects, as the best of servants. It is the natural effect of despotic governments, to produce falsehood and duplicity among the people. Volney, who had closely observed the institutions and manners of the East, remarks, that so unnaturally and viciously is society constituted in those countries, that lying is often praiseworthy; and Sir John Malcolm speaks with approbation of the heroic and undaunted perseverance in falsehood, by which the chiefs of villages endeavour to screen those under their protection from the exaction and oppression of the government.

The passions of the Persians are not by any means subdued by the capricious despotism under which they live. They are rash and uncalculating in their resentments, but placable and forgiving. An acute and judicious writer, to whom the character of this people was perfectly well known, tells the following anecdote, illustrative at once of the oppressive nature of the government, and of the boldness,

both in speech and conduct, which individuals sometimes exhibit.

Hajee Ibrahim, formerly prime minister, who gloried in the name of citizen, used to delight in relating a dialogue between his brother, who was Beylerbeg, or governor of Ispahan, and a seller of vegetables in that city. An extraordinary impost having been laid on every shop, the latter forced himself into the governor's presence when he was giving public audience, and exclaimed that he was totally unable to pay the tax. "You must pay it or leave the city," was the reply. "I cannot pay it, and to what other place can I go?" "You may either proceed to Shiraz or Kushan, if you like those towns better than this," said the governor. "Your brother," replied the shopkeeper, "is in power at one of these cities, and your nephew at the other, what relief can I expect in either?" "You may proceed to court," said the ruler, "and complain to the king, if you think I have committed injustice." "Your brother Hajee is prime minister," said the man. "Go to hell!" exclaimed the enraged governor, and do not trouble me any more. "The holy man, your deceased father, is perhaps there," said the undaunted citizen. The crowd could not suppress their smiles, and the governor, who shared the general feeling, bade the complainant retire, and said he would attend to his case, provided he would not bring a curse upon his family by insisting that they shut him out from all hopes of justice, both in this world and the next.

The character of the military tribes differs considerably from that of the other classes of the population: with great violence and ferocity, their chiefs often unite a noble and generous disposition inconsistent with duplicity and falsehood. As is the case with all other men, their character fluctuates with the changing fortunes of their country, being rough and honest in calamitous and unsettled times, and assuming greater mildness and pliability when peace brings them more frequently into contact with the ministers and courtiers.

On the subject of the population of Persia, we can speak with no very great precision. A manuscript statistical account of the country, examined by Sir John Malcolm, which was drawn up under the immediate inspection of government, swells the amount to the incredible number of two hundred millions. Chardin, who was in general correct in his information, and judicious in the use of his materials, estimated the population at forty millions; but Pinkerton and Sir John Malcolm determined at all events to humble the pride of the Persians, reduced these pompous estimates so low as six millions; or about one hundred individuals for every square mile. Whether the population has increased or diminished since the time of Chardin, it appears to be impossible to determine. It has unquestionably been checked very considerably by the oppressive exactions of the government, and the unsettled state of the country; by wars, foreign and domestic; and by that profligacy of manners which civil dissension and anarchy are calculated to engender. But it should on the other hand be considered, that in the most disturbed state of society, numerous districts must al-

ways remain in comparative tranquillity; that a portion only of the population can be affected by war, and that when vice is most prevalent and contagious, thousands will still be found to resist its influence; we are therefore persuaded, that if population has not advanced in Persia during the last century and a half, it has at least not retrograded; and consequently, unless the Chevalier Chardin was extravagantly erroneous, the number of the inhabitants of this empire must greatly exceed six millions.

In describing the manners of a foreign nation, it is customary to dwell minutely on the ceremonies and usages which prevailed at the court of its sovereign. It is true, that the manners of royalty vary a little in different countries, sufficiently perhaps, to render interesting those which distinguish one of the most ostentatious and theatrical of Asiatic princes. But among travellers and historians, there are exceeding few who possess either the power or the opportunity, to unveil the system of ethics which prevail in palaces. The pageants and ceremonies, the contriving of which consume so great a portion of the life of a king and his courtiers, are certainly objects which merit some degree of attention, but they are merely the clouds of incense which float round the place of sacrifice, and conceal both the victim and the Hierophants. There is a secret and mysterious agency at work within, the operation of which is too subtle and obscure to be described by ordinary observation. Not that the actors themselves, who figure in this species of drama, always comprehend the nature and bearing of their several parts. They are put into motion by the irresistible force of circumstances, and often co-operate almost blindly and mechanically in the fulfilment of their duty or destiny. The importance and magnificence of the political machine, is often irresistible to those who are engaged in directing its motions. It requires a mind analogous to that of its inventor, to discern the fitness and beauty, and to appreciate the force and value of those impulses, which as it whirls round in its fated circle, it is every moment communicating to the great body of the nation. It is not unimportant, however, as we have already observed, to note even the externals of sovereignty and power. We shall therefore endeavour, as concisely as possible, to convey an idea of the pomp and circumstance by which royalty is surrounded in Persia.

In the times of the monarchs of the Saffian race, the princes of the blood were immured in the harem, till they were called to the throne, or to expiate with their lives, the crime of being born of royal parents. This is not the case at present. The princes of the race now reigning, are confined to the female apartments no longer than they require the attention of women; their education during the period of their confinement, consists entirely in learning to repeat a few prayers, and perform the customary genuflexions, and to practise the various ceremonies required by court etiquette. When they obtain the age of seven years, they commence the study of Arabic and Persian, and the Koran is the first book which is put into their hands; from this, and the con-

version of their attendants, they learn at once the principles of their own sect, and a deep-rooted abhorrence of their Soonee neighbours. Thus the first lessons which a Persian prince learns, are trifling and bigoted, and he generally grows up and passes the remainder of his life in the practice of both. The literary attainments of royal personages in the East are nowhere very extensive; their knowledge is thought to be sufficiently large, when they have acquired a becoming respect for themselves, and a proper contempt for all those beneath them. Besides this royal attainment, the Persian princes endeavour to imbibe a taste for the imaginative language of poetry, from the pages of Saadi; and it must be acknowledged; that if they exhibit but little familiarity with the graver sciences, they are generally able to embellish their conversation with a pointed apologue or apt quotation. Some acquaintance with logic, sacred law, philosophy, and grammar, enter also into the scheme of a Persian education; but it is not thought necessary that the royal pupil should be constrained to dive very deeply into the mysteries of these sciences. To appear to know is sufficient for a king. But if little stress be laid upon the intellectual improvement of a Persian prince, his bodily exercises are by no means neglected; as if a despot stood more in need of blunted nerves and high physical energy, than of science or wisdom.

According to the ridiculous practice which prevails almost universally throughout the East, and which may, perhaps, tend more than any other circumstance of Oriental manners, to perpetuate the mental prostration which prevails in that part of the world, the Persian prince is provided with a consort at the early age of seven years, and thus the mind is forcibly led, before the period assigned by nature, to dwell on the distinctions of sex, and the intention of marriage.

When the prince escapes from the trammels of pupilage, and ascends the throne, his days are passed in a manner somewhat more active. We copy from the able and judicious historian of Persia, the following account of the mode in which the present sovereign of that country spends his day. His religious duties, which no king of Persia can openly neglect, require him to rise early. As he sleeps in the interior apartment, which no male is allowed to approach, his attendants are either females or eunuchs. After he is dressed with their aid, he sits for an hour or two in the hall of the harem, where his levees are conducted with the same ceremony as in his outer apartments. Female officers arrange the crowd of his wives and slaves with the strictest attention to the order of precedence. After hearing the reports of the persons entrusted with the internal government of the harem, and consulting with his principal wives, who are generally seated, the monarch leaves the interior apartments. The moment he comes out, he is met by officers in waiting, and proceeds to one of his private halls, where he is immediately joined by some of his principal favourites, and enters into familiar conversation with them: all the young princes of the blood attend this morning levee to pay their respects. After

this is over he calls for breakfast. The preparing of his meals is superintended by the chief steward of the household. The viands are put into dishes of fine china, with silver covers, and placed in a close tray, which is locked and sealed by the steward; this tray is covered with a rich shawl, and carried to the king, when the steward breaks the seal, and places the dishes before him. Some of the infant princes are generally present, and partake of this repast. The chief physician is invariably present at every meal: his attendance is deemed necessary, the courtiers say, that he may prescribe an instant remedy, if any thing should disagree with the monarch; by this precaution, no doubt, owes its origin to that suspicion which is continually haunting the minds of such as exercise despotic power. The manner in which the king discharges his ordinary public duties, has already been described. When these are performed, he usually retires to his harem, where he sometimes indulges in a short repose. Some time before sunset, he always makes his appearance in the outer apartments, and either again attends to public business, or takes a ride. His dinner is brought between eight and nine, with the same precautions as at breakfast. He eats like his subjects, seated upon a carpet, and the dishes are placed on a rich embroidered cloth, spread for the occasion. Some of the former kings used to indulge openly in drinking wine. But none of the reigning family have yet outraged the religious feelings of their subjects, by so flagrant a violation of the laws of Mahomed. Bowls filled with sherbet, made of every species of fruit, furnish the beverage of the royal meals; and there are few countries where more pains are bestowed to gratify the palate with the most delicious viands. After dinner the king retires to the interior apartments, where it is said that he is often amused till a late hour by the singers and dancers of his harem. It is impossible, however, to speak of his occupations after he passes the threshold of his inner palace. He is there surrounded by a scene calculated, beyond all others, to debase and degrade the human character. He sees only emasculated guards and their fair prisoners; he hears nothing but the language of submission or of complaint. Love cannot exist between beings so unequal as the monarch and his slave; and vanity must have overcome reason before the fulsome adulation of pretended fondness can be mistaken for the spontaneous effusions of real affection. The harems are governed by the strictest discipline; and this must be necessary to preserve the peace of the community, where the arrogance of power, the pride of birth, and the ties of kindred, the intrigues of art, and the pretensions of beauty, are in constant collision.

The forms and ceremonies observed at the court of the monarch, are imitated, upon a smaller scale, in the palaces of the princes and nobles, who include in their establishments officers, similar in name and duty to those who attend upon their sovereign; and have also their harems, poets, and jesters, as well as the king himself. As is the case in all despotic countries, where rank, property, and even life are held on a very uncertain tenure, the nobles

of Persia are practical epicureans, who confine their views to the passing hour, and shrink from all contemplation of the future. Gifted with keen senses, and an ardent imagination, they employ their wealth in the creation of a paradise, transient, but delicious and intoxicating for the moment. They surround themselves with beauty, the splendour of rich palaces, the savour of delicious viands, the odour of perfumes, the cool freshness of fountains, and the exquisite scenes of gardens and groves. At one word of the monarch, these enchanting scenes disappear for ever, and the possessor of a palace walks forth, lord only of his cloak and turban, to earn a laborious and scanty subsistence by hewing wood in the neighbouring forest, or by bearing water to the gates, perhaps, of the very palace from which he has been expelled. The perpetual occurrence of such vicissitudes teaches, much better than philosophy, how to bear them with equanimity. The Persian whom such misfortunes overtake, does not fly, as is probable the European would, under similar circumstances, to the relief of suicide, but, exclaiming, "God is great!" submits tranquilly to his fate.

The same system of education which is pursued with the princes of the blood, is also followed in the case of the nobles; and if the knowledge it conveys be neither very extensive nor very profound, it at least teaches those dazzling and attractive accomplishments which fit their possessor to shine in society. Accordingly, we learn from the best authorities, that the Persian nobles are most fluent and agreeable talkers, abounding in apologue and anecdote, and enlivening their discourse with flashes of sterling native wit.

The professedly learned classes pursue their studies but little farther than their other countrymen. A slight smattering of astronomy enables a man to set up as an astrologer, which in Persia, as in Europe during the middle ages, means a person who can predict the fate of empires, fix upon a lucky day for setting out on a journey, taking physic, or trimming the beard. Upon the strength of a very slight acquaintance with Jalenious and Bocrat (Galen and Hippocrates), men consider themselves authorized to set up among their countrymen as the arbiters of life and death—that is, to administer physic.

In literature, the Persians have made far greater progress than in the exact sciences. The praises of their poetry have been celebrated throughout the East, and the names of their principal bards, Ferdoosi, Saadi, and Hafiz, have long since been familiar to the ears of all civilized nations. That their works possess an interest not arising from circumstances, is sufficiently evident from the fact, that when translated into the languages of the most highly civilized nations, they have elicited very general admiration. The Mohammedan annalists of Persia, though wanting in the knowledge of human nature, and in that political wisdom which belong to the great historians of free nations, still possess the art of being clear-flowing narrators of facts, and are sometimes distinguished for a kind of rude eloquence, which has considerable charms. But the species of composition which appears

to be most successfully cultivated in Persia, is that of tales and apologues—in the construction of which authors in this country are not, perhaps, excelled by those of any other in the world. The genius for story-telling appears to be so natural to the Persians, that they even run into it involuntarily in the midst of common conversation. There are, indeed, throughout the whole of Persia, numbers of professed story-tellers, who, like the Improvisatrice of Italy, live by inventing and relating extempore tales of passion or war. The performance of one of these story-tellers, at Isphahan, is thus described by Mr. Buckingham:—

"A party of nearly three hundred people had collected round a professed story-teller, who, when we first saw him, was declaiming with all the dignity and warmth of the most eloquent and finished orator. We halted here without a murmur from any of our party, as they seemed to enjoy this species of exhibition as much as Englishmen would do the pleasures of the drama. It might itself, indeed, be called a dramatic representation; for although but one person appeared on the stage, there were as great a variety of characters personated by this one, as appears in any of our best plays. The subject of his tale was from the wars of Nadir Shah, more particularly at the period that his arms were directed against Bagdad; and in it he breathed forth the haughty fury of the conquering warrior; trembled in the supplicating tone of the captive; allured by the female voice of love and desire; and dictated in the firmer strain of remonstrance and reproach. I could understand this orator but imperfectly, and was unwilling at the moment to disturb the fixed attention of my companions, by soliciting their interpretation; but, as far as gestures and attitudes were explanatory of the passions and incidents on which they were exercised, I certainly had never yet seen any thing more complete. Bursts of laughter, sensations of fear, and sighs of pity, rapidly succeeded each other in the audience, who were at some periods of the tale so silent, that the fall of a pin might have been heard. Money was thrown into the circle by those whose approbation the story-teller had strongly won. This was gathered up by one of the boys who served the calecons, without charge, to those engaged in listening, and no money was at any time demanded; though, as far as our short stay there would warrant a judgment, I should conceive the gains of the performer to have been considerable.

"A few paces beyond this, we saw another crowd round a little boy of ten or twelve years of age, who was singing, with the notes of the lark, in the clearest and most delightful strain. As we pressed nearer to observe this youth, all were seemingly moved to sympathize in his apparent sufferings. His voice was one of the clearest and most sweetly melodious that the most fastidious ear could desire; but the trill of it, which charmed us so much at a distance, was produced by quick and violent thrusts of the end of the forefinger against the windpipe; while, from the length of time which some of these notes were held, the boy's face was swelled to redness; every vein of his throat seemed ready to burst; and

his fine black eyes, which were swimming in lustre, appeared as if about to start from their blood-strained sockets. Yet, with all this, no one could wish to interrupt such charming sounds. The Arabic music had always seemed harsh to me, the Turkish but little less so, and the Persian, though still softer and more winning than either of these, yet wild and monotonous; but here there was a pathos, an amorous tenderness, and a strain of such fine and natural passion, in the plaints of love which this boy poured forth to an imprisoned mistress, of which I had till this hour thought the music of the East incapable. We all rewarded this infant singer liberally, and admonished him not to exert himself to the injury of his health and powers, for the ears of a crowd, to whom sounds of less angelic sweetness would be sufficiently gratifying.—pp. 203-205.

Mr. Buckingham's work being a journal, without any particular plan, we cannot do better than copy a few brief passages illustrative of some points of Persian manners. The custom of sending dead bodies from different parts of Persia, to be buried in the grounds of Imaum Hussein, at Kerbela, is not a little singular.

"We returned to the khan with heavy steps, and met at the door of it a small caravan, conveying a consignment of dead bodies from Kermanshah. This caravan was composed wholly of mules, each laden with two corpses, one on each side, and a takhteravan, or litter, borne also by mules, though it contained only one body, which was that of a person of some distinction. These were all packed in long narrow cases or coffins, and secured with matting and cordage, like bales of cotton. They were bodies of devout dead, from different parts of Persia—two from Isphahan, and one from Shiraz, which were being conveyed for interment to the grounds of Imaum Hussein, at Kerbela. Besides the charge of carriage, which is double that of any other commodity of equal weight, large sums, from two to five thousand piastres, are paid to the mosque there, for a sufficient space of ground to receive the body, and other presents must be made to the tomb of the Imaum himself; so that this is a distinction which the comparatively rich only can enjoy.

"When the animals entered the khan, the bodies laden on the mules were cast off, without ceremony, and placed at random in different parts of the court-yard, the one in the litter alone being paid any attention to; so that, as they were neither marked nor numbered, they were probably the bodies of individuals who had been just able to pay the lowest price of admission into this sacred ground, and would be laid there without inscriptive stones, or other funeral monument; for it could scarcely happen, from the way in which they were lying about, that they should not be mixed and confounded one with another.

"The presence of these dead bodies in the khan made no impression on the living who were there, as the mule drivers stretched themselves along by the side of them at night, with an indifference that argued their being long familiarized with such cargoes. This

was a scene which I could imagine to have been frequent enough in ancient Egypt, where all the population, who could afford it, were embalmed in state, and others, at the charge of the nation, their mummies being transported from place to place, according to their peculiar temple of worship, or their favourite place of burial."—pp. 68, 69.

The following description of the baths at Kermanshah is interesting.

"The baths are of a superior kind; there are said to be three equal to the one we visited, and four or five others frequented only by the poorer classes. The first of these, which was not far from the palace, was entered by a porch, extremely clean, and neatly ornamented by painting and other devices on its ceiling and walls. This remarkable contrast to the low, dark, and foul passages which generally lead to Turkish baths, was a presage, upon the very threshold, of greater comfort and accommodation within.

"When we reached the undressing-room, this prepossession was still further strengthened. Here we found a square hall, well lighted from above, having on three of its sides elevated recesses for the visitors, and on the fourth, the passage from the outer porch to the hall, and from this to the inner bath, having on each side shelves, in which were arranged the clean and dirty clothes, the combs, looking-glasses, and all the apparatus of the toilette, under the immediate care of the master of the bath himself. At the angles of these raised recesses, and dividing their lower roof, which they supported, from the higher one of the central square, were four good marble pillars, with spirally fluted shafts, and moulded capitals, perfectly uniform in size and design, and producing the best effect. In the centre of the square space, which these marked out, and on a lower floor, was a large marble cistern of cold water; and at each end of this, on wooden stands, like those used in our arbours and breakfast-rooms, were arranged coloured glass jars, with flowers of various kinds in them, well watered and perfectly fresh.

"The walls of this outer hall were ornamented all around by designs of trees, birds, and beasts, in fanciful forms, executed in white upon a blue ground, and though possessing nothing worthy of admiration, yet giving an air of finish, of neatness, and of cleanliness to the whole, in which the baths of Turkey are generally so deficient.

"We undressed here, and were led from hence into the inner bath, where all was still free from every thing offensive, either to the sight or smell. This inner room was originally an oblong space of about fifty feet by twenty-five, but had been since made into two square divisions. The first, or outer one, was a plain paved hall, exactly like the undressing-room, except that it had no side recesses, but its floor was level, close to the walls. There were here also four pillars; but, as well as I remember, plain ones; and in the square space which they enclosed in the centre of the room, was a cistern of water as in the outer one. It was on the floor of this that the visitors lay, to be washed by the attendants; for there were no raised seats for this purpose as in

Turkish baths, and the great octagonal one, with its cold fountain, the sides and tops of which are ornamented with mosaic work of marble in Turkey, was here replaced by the cistern described. The whole of this room was destitute of ornament, excepting the walls, which were similar to those without. The second division, to which this led, consisted of three parts; the central one was a large and deep bath, filled with warm water, its bottom being level with the lower floor of the building, and the ascent to it being by three or four steep steps. On each side of this was a small private room, with a cistern in the centre of each, for the use of those who wished to be served with peculiar attention.

"The whole was as neat and well arranged as could be desired, and as clean as any bath can be which is open to public use. But as few pleasures are entirely perfect, so here, with all its general apparent superiority to the baths of Turkey, this was inferior to them in the most essential points. The attendants seemed quite ignorant of the art of twisting the limbs, moulding the muscles, cracking the joints, opening the chest, and all that delicious train of operations in which the Turks are so skillful. The visitors were merely well though roughly scrubbed, and their impurities then rinsed off in the large cistern above, from which there was neither a running stream to carry off the foul water; nor cocks of hot and cold to renew and temper it at pleasure, as in Turkey.

"In place of the luxurious moulding of the muscles, the use of the hair-bag, or glove, for removing the dirt, and the profusion of perfumed soap, with which the Turks end a course of treatment full of delight, the Persians are occupied in staining the beard and hair black, the nails of the toes and fingers of a deep red, and the whole of the feet and hands of a yellow colour, by different preparations of henna. This operation is the most unpleasant that can be imagined. The Persians do not shave the whole of the head, as is usual with most of the Turks and Arabs, but, taking off all the hair from the forehead, over the crown, and down the neck, for about a hand's breadth, they leave on each side two large bushy masses, depending over their shoulders. These are almost as full in some individuals as the apparent wigs of the Sassanian medals; and in others, they are sufficiently long and large to meet and cover the neck behind, which would deceive a stranger into a belief, that they wore the whole of their hair, without either cutting or shaving it. This, then, with a very long and full beard, in which all the people here take pride, is plastered with a thick paste, of the consistence of hog's lard, and not less than two pounds weight of which is sometimes used on one person. It possesses a strongly astringent and penetrating quality, and requires great skill in the use of it, to avoid doing considerable mischief. As the eyebrows are plastered with it, as well as the rest of the hair, and as it softens by the heat of the room and of the body, it frequently steals into the eyes, and produces great pain. The mustachios sometimes give a portion of this paste also to the nostrils, as well as to the mouth,

and never fail to yield a most unpleasant odour to all within its reach. The patient (as he may well be called) reclines on his back, naked, and on the stone floor, with his eyes and mouth completely shut, and not daring to breathe with too great freedom. He remains in this manner for an hour or two at a time, while the operator visits him at intervals, rubs his hair and beard, patches up the paste where it has dissolved; or is fallen off, and lays on fresh coats of the dye, on the nails, the hands, and the feet. Some of these beard-plastered elders, fresh from the hands of their attendants, look oddly enough, with different shades of red, black, and grey in their beards; for it takes a day or two, according to the quality of the hair, to produce an uniform blackness; and this requires to be renewed every week at least, to look well, as the roots of the hair which grow out, after each time of staining, are either brown or grey, according to the age of the wearer, and contrast but badly with the jet black of the other parts.

"When all is finished, and the visitor leaves the inner bath, he is furnished with two cloths only, one for the waist, and the other to throw loosely over the head and shoulders: he then goes into the outer room into a colder air, thus thinly clad, and without slippers or pattens; no bed is prepared for him, nor is he again attended to by any one, unless he demands a nargee to smoke; but, most generally, he dresses himself in haste, and departs.

"The Turkish bath is far more capable of affording high sensual pleasure, and is consequently visited as much for the mere delight to the feelings which it produces, and to lounge away an agreeable hour, as for the performance of a religious duty; while the Persian bath seems altogether resorted to for the purpose of the toilette, as one would submit to a hair-dresser, to have the hair cut, curled, powdered, and set in order for a party."—pp. 105—109.

The account of the athletic exercises performed at the Zoor Khoneh, or house of strength, at Shiraz, is a favourable specimen of Mr. Buckingham's talents for description:—

"Oct. 29th.—As the drum beat for the assembling of the Gymnasts, or Athletes, at the Zoor Khoneh, or house of strength, at an early hour this morning, we attended its call, and went there to witness the exercises. The place was small and dark. The arena was a deep circle, like that in the ancient amphitheatre, for fights of beasts; and the seats for spectators were arranged around, as in theatres generally. The soil of the arena was a fine firm clay. About twenty men were soon assembled on this, each of them naked, excepting only a strong girdle to conceal their waist, and thick pads at the knees. There were also two little boys and a black slave lad. At the sound of a drum and guitar, the men began to exercise themselves with large clubs held across their shoulders, moving in a measured dance; they next began to jump, and then stoop to the ground, as if about to sit, springing up again suddenly on their legs: they next swung one foot for a considerable length of time, and then the other; after which there was a violent jumping and dancing, and after-

a motion like swimming on the earth, by placing their breasts nearly to touch the soil, then drawing their bodies forward, and rising again, some even in this position bearing a man clinging fast to their loins. They next began to walk on their hands, with their feet in the air, falling from this position hard on the ground, turning head over heels in the air, and, last of all wrestling with each other. All these feats were performed to measured tones of music; and each encounter of the last description was preceded by the recital of a poem, in order to encourage the combatants, which was done by the master of the place. One young man, about twenty-five years old, from six feet four to six feet six inches high, with the most muscular, and at the same time the most beautiful form that I ever beheld, threw all his antagonists; and was indeed as superior to all the rest in skill and strength, as he was more nobly elegant in his form and more graceful in all his motions. Jaffier Ali had known this champion from a youth of five years old. When a lad, he was so handsome that all the women of Shiraz who saw him were in love with him. He had constantly frequented the Zoor Khoneh, and his strength and beauty of form had improved together. For myself, I never beheld so complete a model of manly beauty, and had never before thought that so much grace and elegance could be given to violent movements as I witnessed here: it realized all the ideal strength and beauty of the sculptures of the Greeks. There were many strong and active men among the others, but none to be compared with this.

"These houses of strength were once patronized by the Persian Government, but they are now no longer so supported; the people of the country are however much attached to the exercises, and attend them fully and frequently. The money given by visitors who take no part in the exercises, goes to a fund for the institution: and the rich and middling classes, of whom there are many who enter the lists, make up the deficiency. On Fridays the place is crowded with visitors, who give presents at their discretion. There are four or five of these houses at Shiraz, many more at Ispahan, several at Kermanshah and Teheran, and indeed in all the great towns of Khorasan and Turkomania, as far as Bokhara and Samarcand, according to the testimony of my Derwish, who says he has seen them and frequented them often. At Bagdad and Moosul there are the same institutions, and by the same name of Zoor Khoneh: which proves their having been borrowed from this country, as the name is purely Persian. At Bagdad, about two years since, there came a Pehlawan, or champion, named Melek Mohammed, from Casvin, and addressed himself to the Pasha. It is the custom for these champions to go from place to place, to try their strength with the victors or champions of each; and if there be none at the place last visited, the governor is obliged to give a hundred tomanis; but if there be one, and the stranger vanquishes him, he must be content with the honour of victory and succeeding to the place of the vanquished. The Pasha of Bagdad replying to Melek Mo-

ammed that he had a champion already attached to his court, a day was appointed for the man of Casvin to try his strength with him of Bagdad. Moosa Baba, the Pasha's Kabob-shee, or sausage-maker, appeared, and both the combatants were stripped, and girded with the girdle of the Zoor Khoneh alone, before the Pasha's house. The Casvin champion seized the Bagdad cook by the stomach, and so wrenched him with the grasp of one hand only, that the man fainted on the spot, and died within five days afterwards. The Pasha rewarded the victor with ten pieces of gold, a handsome dress, and made him his chief Cawass. Three or four months afterwards, came a man from a place called Dejeil, near the Tigris, and at a distance of ten hours' journey from Bagdad, on the road to Samarra. He offered to combat the Casvin Melek Mohammed. A second combat took place, and though this new opponent was thought to be a man of uncommon strength, the victor caught him by a single grasp, whirled him in the air, and threw him so violently on the ground that he expired on the spot. After this, the champion was advanced in the Pasha's favour, and now receives about fifty piastres, or nearly five pounds sterling, per day; twenty-five for his pay as Cawass, ten as champion of the Zoor Khoneh, and fifteen for his expenses in women, wine, and forbidden pleasures!"—pp. 307—310.

In illustration of what we have said above, concerning the gardens and palaces of the Persians, we copy the following description:—

"Soon after leaving our own abode, we found ourselves at the palace of the Chehel Sitoon, or Forty Pillars. The gardens around this mansion, and leading towards it, are all beautiful; the sycamores, which line the avenues, are large and ancient; the cypresses and firs, interspersed throughout the grounds, have an equally fine though different aspect; and the slender poplars, bending to the breeze, give a lightness and airiness, to the thickest woods. The fountains, canals, and walks, are laid out with all the taste and regularity of the best grounds of Europe; and, in short, every thing seems to have been in its original design, as perfect as one could have desired it. The palace itself, though inferior to the gardens amid which it stands, is still a monument of the luxury and splendour of the age in which it was erected. In front is an open portico, in which three or four rows of pillars, about six in each, support a flat roof, or canopy; the four central pillars, which are placed at the angles of a square fountain, have a device of four lions, each carved in a hard stone, for the pedestals; the pillars are all lofty, perhaps fifty feet in height, but disproportionately slender; the shaft is one solid trunk of sycamore wood, shaped octagonally round the sides, and lessening from the base upwards, till it seems to be scarcely a foot thick at the placing on of the capital. The capital rises in a square, increasing its dimensions from below like an inverted pyramid, and is filled on every side by the concave niches so peculiar to the Saracenic architecture. As these pillars have to support a roof of enormous weight, their strength is altogether insufficient; and not only do their disproportionate height and slender proportions

offend the eye, but the bending of the parts of the roof between them threatens a speedy fall. The shafts and capitals of these pillars are entirely covered with silvered glass as mirrors,—sometimes wound round in spiral flutings; at others, laid in perpendicular plates; and in others again, enamelled over by flowers and other devices, after the manner of embossed work on polished steel. The ceiling of the roof of the portico is divided into square compartments, moulded and richly covered with azure blue and gold, in admirable devices. The back part of this portico is one entire sheet of gold and mirrors, splendid as a whole, and containing many beauties in its minute details. Every possible variety of form is given to the devices, in which the plates and smaller pieces of glass are disposed, and their partitions are frames of gold. Paintings of beautiful females, some sculptured works on marble, inscriptions of highly finished writing, both of ink on paper, and of gold on blue enamel, with a hundred other details, impossible to be remembered amid the overwhelming magnificence of so much labour and wealth, distract the attention of the observer.

"The hall into which this leads, and for which this noble portico is an admirable preparation, is, if possible, still more magnificent, though its decorations are of a different character. The vast size of the room itself, the dimensions of which I should hesitate from mere memory to state, is alone sufficient to give it a noble air. The domed roof is indescribably beautiful, and the large compartments of historic paintings that decorate its walls, defective as their execution would appear to an European eye, are yet full of interest, from the portraits they contain, and the events to which they relate. Shah Abbas the Great, the distinguished founder of these kingly works, the restorer of his country, and the father of his people, is himself represented as receiving the audience of an Indian monarch, and the portraits of the most distinguished characters of his reign are pointed out by the attendants. As a banquetting room, scenes of war and state do not alone decorate its walls; but the enjoyments of the social board—women, wine, and music—have their full share in the pictured stories of the day."—pp. 216, 217.

Viewed simply as a work of amusement, this volume may be pronounced more interesting than any of Mr. Buckingham's former travels; as it chiefly consists of personal narrative, in which it is difficult not to be entertaining. There are also fewer antiquarian disquisitions than usual. The work cannot, however, be said to add much to our knowledge of Persia, as it treats of the best known portions of the empire, and is compiled from materials very hastily collected.

From the Monthly Magazine.

DE BOURRIENNE'S MEMOIRS.*

THE memoirs which form the subject of the present article bear the stamp of authenticity.

* Mémoires de M. De Bourrienne, Ministre d'Etat, sur Napoléon, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration.

They treat of events which can scarcely yet be said to come within the domain of history, and which, notwithstanding, are portrayed with a truth of character, and a correctness of outline, rarely to be found in the delineation of contemporary scenes. And this merit is further enhanced, when we reflect how much truth has been awed into silence before the powerful ascendancy of a man whose singular fortunes subdued the mighty ones of earth, and whose light, like the meteor's, has left behind it the mingled emotions of admiration—of abhorrence—of blind and enthusiastic idolatry.

Future ages will pronounce judgment upon Napoleon, and to them has he appealed. That posterity, with a view to whose applause he invariably regulated his actions, may be said to have, even now, commenced for him. The tomb has forever closed upon the mighty conqueror on whose individual acts the eyes of nations were fixed. The reign of adulation is past—that of impartial judgment has succeeded.

The "Memoirs of M. de Bourrienne" present some striking points of contrast with the historical narratives of his predecessors. Many of the biographers of Napoleon have laboured to prove that his actions depended on each other, by a sort of indefinable sympathy. Those who have formed their ideas of Napoleon from the dramas arranged by such authors, will be disabused on the perusal of M. de Bourrienne's memoirs. They will in vain seek indications of that innate spirit of imperialism, so ingeniously discovered in Napoleon, by writers whose imaginations enable them to divine the inmost thoughts of great men. They will be disappointed if they expect to find in M. de Bourrienne's memoirs a confirmation of those uninterrupted symptoms of greatness—those unceasing and super-human working of lofty purpose which the flatterers of Napoleon have so fondly and so absurdly ascribed to his character.

In the course of his memoirs, M. de Bourrienne, often brings the documents of which he is in possession into collision with the assertions of Napoleon. He raises doubts as to the sincerity of one whom he knew so well: nay more, he often disproves his *ipse dixit* by the stubborn testimony of facts. But if he plucks from Napoleon's laurels a few artificial leaves, he restores, with the holy zeal of a devotee, those which the breath of envy would wither.

The two volumes now presented to the public rectify many important errors. M. de Bourrienne has devoted himself to the arduous task of restoring to events their real colouring, of sifting their causes, and tracing them through the development of their effects. The companion of Buonaparte's youthful studies, the private secretary and intimate friend of the Conqueror of Italy, the sharer of his councils, and the right hand of the measures which emanated from the imperial throne, M. de Bourrienne describes events of which he was an eye-witness, and discloses the secret of intrigues in which he was himself personally involved, and the web of which Napoleon wove or unwove at pleasure.

We present our readers with the following

extracts, translated from M. de Bourrienne's memoirs.

"In the month of April, 1792, I arrived at Paris, and renewed those habits of intimacy with Bonaparte which our boyish friendship and college studies had rendered dear to both of us. My circumstances were not at that time particularly fortunate; the hand of adversity weighed heavily upon him too; his resources were often totally exhausted. The reader may form to himself an idea how the time passed with two young men of 23 years of age, who were richer in leisure hours than in worldly wealth; and of the latter commodity Bonaparte had still less than myself. Each day gave birth to some new project, and found us busily engaged in endeavouring to set on foot some profitable speculation. On one occasion, Bonaparte, in conjunction with myself, wished to hire some houses then being built in the Rue Montholon, for the purpose of sub-letting them. The demands of the proprietors we found most exorbitant; we could therefore do nothing in that way. About the same time, he solicited a commission in the army, and I an appointment to a civil situation in the foreign department. It will be seen, that for the moment I was more fortunate than he. It was before the 20th June that on the occasion of one of our frequent excursions to the environs of Paris we went to St. Cyr to see Bonaparte's sister, Marianne (Eliza) who was a boarder in the establishment.

"Whilst we rambled away our time in this manner, arrived the never to be forgotten 20th of June—the sombre herald of the still more memorable 10th of August. Previously to setting out on our daily peregrinations, we had mutually agreed upon a rendezvous at the house of a *restaurateur* in the Rue St. Honoré, near the *Palais-Royal*. On quitting the *restaurateur's* we saw a mob approaching, apparently collected from the different markets, and amounting, as Bonaparte supposed, to about five or six thousand men, in rags, armed in a manner absolutely burlesque, shouting, vomiting forth oaths and insults, and directing their march with hasty strides towards the palace of the *Tuilleries*. A more brutal, or more ferocious rabble could not possibly have been collected from the vilest population of the vilest faubourg of Paris. 'Let us follow this *cannille*,' said Bonaparte. We fortunately obtained the advance of them, and took our station on the terrace that borders the river. From that spot Bonaparte had a full view of the scandalous scenes that took place. It were difficult for me to portray the sentiments of surprise and indignation which they excited in his breast. He could scarcely recover from his astonishment, at so much patient, I had almost said, so much weak endurance and long suffering. But when the king presented himself at one of the windows that look into the garden, with the red cap which one of the rabble, more audacious than the rest, had placed upon his majesty's head, the indignation of Bonaparte mocked all restraint. '*Sacre Dieu!*' cried he, aloud, 'how came they to let in these ruffians? It would have been much better to broom away four or five hundred of them with cannon, and the rest would at this moment be in full flight.'

"After the fatal 10th of August, Bonaparte departed for Corsica, whence he did not return till 1793. Walter Scott says upon this occasion, that subsequently to the above period, he never went back to Corsica. We shall have occasion to notice this mistake more fully in speaking of Bonaparte's return from Egypt.

The following extract relates to Napoleon's marriage with Josephine, in giving his opinion on which, M. de Bourrienne follows the prevailing supposition that the union in question appeared desirable to Bonaparte from motives of ambition rather than of affection.

"At dinner one day, Napoleon directed my attention to a lady seated nearly opposite to him, and asked me what I thought of her. My reply seemed to afford him pleasure. He then spoke much of her family—of her personal qualities, adding that he had serious thoughts of offering her his hand, from a conviction that a union with the young widow could not fail to ensure his happiness. It was easy to gather from his conversation, that he thought the marriage principally desirable as a means of seconding his ambitious projects. His increasing intimacy with Madame Beauharnois, brought him into contact with the most influential personages of the day, and opened a wide field to the exercise of his political views. He remained at Paris but twelve days after his marriage with her, which took place on the 9th of March, 1796. Throughout the whole of this union, the greatest cordiality ever prevailed, if we except some slight differences that will occasionally disturb the harmony of the best assorted matches. Bonaparte never to my knowledge afforded real cause for discontent to his wife. Madame Bonaparte possessed many charming and excellent qualities. None that enjoyed the advantage of knowing her, ever complained of her conduct towards them. As she never forgot any of her friends, arrived at the summit of power, she contrived to retain the affections of all. Her character might have been tainted with something of frivolity, but she was an obliging and a sincere friend. The exercise of benevolence was with her a sort of moral necessity—a second nature: but as she generally obeyed the impulse of the moment, her protection was not unfrequently bestowed on undeserving objects. She had a decided taste for luxury and extravagance. This propensity, nurtured by idleness, had grown into a confirmed habit, and was almost always exercised without discrimination, and without real necessity. What scenes have I not witnessed when the time came round for paying bills! (of which, by the way, it was her custom to declare only the half.) How many tears might not a little more frankness on such occasions have spared her!

"When fortune placed the imperial diadem on her brow, Josephine told all who had the complaisance to listen to her, that this extraordinary event had been predicted. It is necessary here to observe, that she placed implicit faith in the rhapsodies of fortune-tellers. At this I often ventured to express my amazement. On such occasions she was always the first to laugh at her own credulity, without, however, abandoning it. The prediction was certainly in this instance realized; but there is

reason to suspect that the natural order of things was reversed, and that in this case, as in many others, the event gave birth to the prophecy."

We gratify the reader with the substance of one of M. de Bourrienne's anecdotes relative to the directory. It affords us pleasure to be able to give our fashionable an idea of the elegance of the manners and the etiquette observed in those revolutionary days. M. Barras had, it would appear, a quarrel with M. Carnot. The latter found it convenient to league himself with the deputies who were at that time dominated *Clichians*, and M. Barras had now and then a tiff on this subject with his honourable coadjutor, M. Carnot. On the occasion of one of their altercations, it seems, (though M. de Bourrienne does not exactly say so,) that M. Carnot thought proper to reproach M. Barras with the massacres that had taken place in the south. We give the other "*honourable gentleman's*" reply in the original, our pen being much too courteous, and withal too patriotic, to shock the reader's eye with an English version. "Tais-toi, tu es un infame brigand; il n'y a pas un pou de ton corps qui ne soit en droit de te cracher au visage."—Our readers may imagine if poor M. Carnot had a word to answer to such a specimen of elegance, concision, and energy. Indeed it would have been utterly impossible for him to surpass such an exquisite *morceau*.

We continue our extracts:—

"During his sojourn at Montebello, Bonaparte made an excursion to the Lake of Como, and on his return occupied himself with a project for the organization of the states of Venice, Genoa and the Milanese. One of his observations on this occasion, I shall not readily forget; 'Good God! how scarce men have become! Italy contains eighteen millions of souls, and I can scarcely find two men.'"

In the estimation of an observer of the world, the justice of Bonaparte's reproach dwindles into a common-place remark. Speaking of a country represented by its own historians, and the public prints as overflowing with superior talent, a woman* of no ordinary mind has observed:—"Since the elevation of my husband has afforded me the opportunity of personal acquaintance with men appointed to the most important posts, nothing has occasioned me more surprise than the mediocrity of talent which universally prevails: it surpasses all that the imagination can conceive, and is observable in the meanest clerk—in the minister—in the general—in the ambassador. Were I not personally convinced of the fact, I could never have believed my species so poor and worthless."

Who does not recollect the memorable reply of Oxenstiern to his son, who wished to excuse himself, on account of his youth, from being present at the congress at Munster? "Go, my son, and see with your own eyes what a small share of wisdom governs mankind."

The following is M. de Bourrienne's delineation of Berthier's character:—

"Berthier was a man replete with sentiments of honour, courage, and probity, and with regard to business, possessed the qualities of method and regularity. Bonaparte's esteem for

him was the result of habit rather than of inclination. In conferring a favour Berthier was not affable, and his refusals were always harsh and blunt. His character, morose even to selfish rudeness, without increasing the number of his enemies, was not calculated to attach to him many friends. He was perfectly acquainted with the stations of regiments, the names of their officers, and their numerical force. He was always ready, night and day, and dictated with precision all orders depending on the general order. His devotion to Bonaparte was besides excessive. In short, to sum up the measure of his military merit, he was an excellent staff-officer. But there we must stop; even he himself aspired to no greater eulogy. He was not a man that could with advantage to himself be removed from the narrow circle of ideas rendered familiar to him by assiduous application and constant habit. So excessive was his admiration of Bonaparte, that he never suffered himself to give him advice, or even to reason internally on his plans. Berthier's capacity was of a second-rate order, and could only be adapted to the occupations in which he was habitually employed. He was not a man of strong mind, and the reputation which he enjoyed was merely the result of the friendship with which Bonaparte regarded him, and was exaggerated by the frequent appearance of his name in bulletins and official despatches.

"For my part, I loved Berthier, and thought him an excellent man. Notwithstanding the intimate terms on which we were together, particularly in Egypt, I could never cure him of a habit which he had contracted of biting his nails in conversation—a habit which rendered his pronunciation extremely indistinct.

"Bonaparte was in many respects the creature of habit, and liked to be surrounded by those with whom custom had familiarised him. He hated new faces. Berthier loved him, executed his orders with precision; and those qualities covered a multitude of defects, and redeemed his mediocrity of talent."

"Bonaparte lodged in a small house, No. 6, Rue de Chanteraine, which, in virtue of a departmental decree soon afterwards received the name of Rue de la Victoire. The cries of 'Vive Bonaparte,' and the incense of flattery heaped upon him effected no change in his position. Erstwhile conqueror and ruler of Italy, now the subject of a party for whom he could feel no respect, and who in turn looked upon him as a formidable rival, he one day observed to me, 'the air of Paris is not favourable to the recollections of greatness. If I remain much longer inactive, I am undone. In this second Babylon one reputation succeeds another. Were I to go three times to the theatre, I should no longer be even looked at: for that reason I go as seldom as possible.' When he did go thither, he invariably sat in a latticed box. On one occasion he commissioned me to request of the Director the representation of two pieces then much in vogue, and in which figured the most celebrated performers of the day. He however demanded the representation merely in the event of its being possible. The director returned me for answer, 'that nothing was impossible when desired by the conqueror of

* Madame Roland.

Italy, who had long since erased the word from the French dictionary.' Bonaparte could not avoid laughing heartily at this extravagant compliment. The administration of the opera wished to gratify him with a representation arranged expressly for the occasion. This however he refused. When I observed to him that he could not but feel flattered at the sight of his fellow citizens, who pressed together in crowds to obtain a glimpse of his person. 'Bah,' said he, 'the same people would throng as eagerly to witness my execution, were I this moment dragged to the scaffold.'

Bonaparte departed for the north on the 10th of February, 1798, but received no order to repair thither, as has been commonly asserted, to prepare operations that had for their object a descent upon England. His voyage to the coast was merely a rapid excursion, and was intended to throw a feeble light upon the groundwork of the question. His absence lasted only eight days, and not several weeks, as has been currently reported. We were four in number, and travelled in his carriage, himself, Lannes, Sulkowsky, and I. Bonaparte was not a little surprised on reading in the *Moniteur* of the 10th February, an article that attached to his short excursion a degree of importance which, in reality, it by no means merited. My readers have on this point learned the exact truth. Bonaparte visited Etaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkerque, Furnes, Newport, Ostend, and the Isle of Walcheren. In these different ports he obtained the various information requisite, and displayed the patience, the presence of mind, the tact, and the perspicacity that he possessed in an eminent degree.

"We returned to Paris by way of Anvers, Brussels, Lille, and St. Quentin.

"I am at a loss to know where Sir W. Scott obtained his information that the preliminaries of invasion were proceeding with vigour, and that immense preparations were being made: when, in fact, every thing was confined to some common-place official correspondence, and some still less important conversations. Whatever may have been asserted on this subject, never were any serious preparations for the invasion made by either Bonaparte or the Directory. Sir Walter Scott does not flatter the national vanity of England, in thus magnifying a mole-hill into a mountain, and admitting that the bare idea of invasion was a subject of so much alarm to the British government."

"On his arrival at Toulon, to take the command of the army of the east, (l'armée de l'Orient,) Bonaparte learned that the laws inflicting the pain of death upon emigrants continued in full force, and that not long previously, an old man of more than eighty years of age had expiated the offence of emigration by a military execution. Indignant at such horrible barbarity, Bonaparte dictated to me a letter, in the form of a general order, expressive of his detestation of such proceedings, and his determination to visit them in future with exemplary severity. This letter saved the life of an unfortunate man in the predicament above alluded to; and, on that occasion at least, the influence of a powerful name was

nobly exercised. A man named Simon, who had followed the fortunes of his masters by emigrating with them, and who now dreaded the severity of the laws, learned, by some accident, that I was in want of a servant. He addressed himself to me, and frankly avowed his position. He suited me, and I engaged him in my service. He afterwards expressed his apprehensions of being seized on going to the port to embark. Bonaparte, to whom I spoke of him, and who had just signalized his abhorrence of an act of cruelty similar to that which gave rise to Simon's alarm, replied to me in the kindest manner, 'Give him my portfolio to carry, and let him remain near you.' The words 'Bonaparte, General-in-chief of the Army of the East,' were inscribed in large letters of gold upon a handsome green morocco leather portfolio. Whether it was the portfolio, or the circumstance of his being in my service, that saved him, I know not, but at all events he passed without molestation."

"One of the most remarkable amusements of Napoleon during the voyage to Egypt, consisted in appointing three or four persons, after dinner, to maintain a given proposition, and as many to oppose it. These discussions were not without their object. They afforded him opportunities for studying the mental capabilities and resources of those with whom it was his interest to be thoroughly acquainted, in order that on after occasions each might fill the station for which the nature of his talents had best adapted him. Those who have lived in intimacy with Bonaparte were not surprised that after these 'keen encounters' of wit, he uniformly paid a greater deference to those who had skillfully defended an absurd opinion, than to those who had espoused the cause of reason and common sense; and it was not merely superiority of talent that influenced his judgment on this point; for he really preferred the sophist who had argued plausibly in defence of absurdity, to the reasoner who, with equal power, had employed his eloquence in support of a tenable proposition. He himself always named the subject of discussion, and generally contrived to turn it upon questions of religion, of government, or of the art of war. On one occasion he proposed for the subject of argument, the question if the planets are inhabited: on another, the age of the world. At another time he introduced the discussion of the probability of the destruction of the globe which we inhabit, by water or by fire—the truth or fallacy of presentiments—and the interpretation of dreams.

"During the course of a long voyage, it was not to be expected that some casualty should not happen, that some person should not accidentally fall overboard. The latter circumstance frequently happened on board the *Orient*, and afforded proofs of the humanity of the man, who subsequently on the field of battle was so prodigal of the blood of his soldiers, and who was destined to shed that blood in torrents throughout the land to which we were then steering our course. From the moment that any one fell overboard, the general enjoyed no repose till he was saved. He instantly gave orders for the vessel to lie to, evinced the

keenest anxiety till the unfortunate man was taken up, and ordered me to recompense in the handsomest manner the efforts of those who had exerted themselves for his preservation. Whenever amongst his deliverers was found a sailor who for some fault had incurred chastisement, Bonaparte insisted that he should be exempted from his punishment, and that he should moreover receive a present of money. During the course of one very dark night a splashing noise was heard, apparently caused by the fall of some person overboard. Bonaparte instantly gave orders for the vessel to lie to, that the supposed victim might be snatched from a watery grave. The most active exertions were made on all sides, the most minute precautions adopted; and at length, after considerable difficulty, those employed on the occasion succeeded in rescuing—a magnificent quarter of beef, which had well nigh made its escape from the provision store to the bottom of 'the vasty deep.' What was the conduct of Bonaparte? He ordered me to recompense with even more than usual generosity the sailors who had signalled themselves on the occasion. 'It might have been a fellow creature,' observed he, 'and these brave fellows have not the less displayed real courage in their attempt to avert a supposed catastrophe.'

"After a lapse of thirty years, these circumstances are as fresh upon my recollection as if they had occurred but yesterday. Such was the manner in which Bonaparte passed his time on board the *Orient*. It was about that period that he dictated to me the famous proclamation, or general order, which I give unmutated and unchanged.

"*Bonaparte, Member of the National Institute, and General-in-chief on board the Orient, 4th Messidor, year 6th of the Republic.*

"Soldiers,—You are about to attempt a conquest, the effects of which upon civilization, and the commerce of the world, will be incalculable. You are about to strike the most certain and the most fatal blow to England, till the time come when you may be able to annihilate her power altogether.

"We shall have some tiresome marches to endure—we shall have some desperate battles to fight: we shall succeed in our enterprises—fate is for us. In a few days after our landing, the Mameluck Boys shall cease to exist—those boys who favour exclusively the commerce of the English—who load our merchants with oppressive imposts, and lord it over the unfortunate inhabitants of the Nile.

"The people whose laud we are about to enter are Mahometans: their first article of faith is this, 'There is no other God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' Do not contradict their religious belief. Act with regard to them as you have acted with the Jews—with the Italians: treat their *Muphtis* and their *Imans* with the same respect that you have heretofore shown to rabbins and bishops. Regard the mosques—the ceremonies prescribed by the Koran, with the same toleration that you have shown to the convents—to the synagogues—to the religion of Moses and of Jesus Christ.

"The Roman legions of old afforded equal protection to all religions. The habits of the country we are about to enter are different from those of Europe; you will do well to accustom yourselves to them.

"The people with whom we are about to mix, treat women differently from us; but in every country a ravisher is justly considered a monster.

"Pillage can enrich but a handful of individuals;—it dishonours us at the same time that it destroys our resources, and loads us with the enmity of the people whose friendship it is our interest to conciliate.

"The first city we shall enter was built by Alexander; each step we tread will present to our imagination recollections of ancient times, the most interesting, and worthy of exciting the emulation of Frenchmen.

"BONAPARTE."

"Several authors have asserted, that during his sojourn in Egypt, Bonaparte took part in the religious ceremonies of the Mahometans, and in the exterior forms of their worship; but nothing can be more absurd than the assertion that he celebrated the *fêtes* observed on the occasion of the overflowing of the Nile, or of the anniversary of the birth of the prophet. At such *fêtes* nothing unusual took place; the same customs were observed as on ordinary occasions; the Turks invited Bonaparte to be present, and he from complaisance to them, took his place as a mere spectator. But the idea of ordering any particular solemnity never entered into his imagination; he contented himself with outwardly conforming to established customs. He never learned, repeated, or recited any of the prayers of the Koran, as some have ridiculously asserted. We know not on what grounds certain writers have represented him as disposed to admit doctrines so subversive of the interests of society, as those of fatalism, polygamy, and the absurd tenets of the Koran. The Scottish novelist may have thought proper to adorn his tale with the episode of Napoleon on the point of embracing the religion of Islamism; but such embellishments should be rejected from the sober narrative of history. Bonaparte had more serious occupations than the discussion of the theological tenets of the sons of Ismael;—his time was too precious to be wasted in their ridiculous and manifold abolutions. These ceremonies, at which policy alone required his presence, amused him and his companions in arms with the novelty of an oriental spectacle. The tact of Bonaparte enabled him to turn the stupidity of the Mussulmans to the advancement of his own purposes, but he never set foot within a mosque; and whatever may be asserted to the contrary, he never, but on one single occasion, dressed himself in the Mahomedan costume. The whole of the absurd imputations of apostasy that some poetical historians have laboured to establish against him, amounts to this simple fact—that he was present at the festivals to which the green turbans invited him. The religious toleration of Bonaparte was a natural consequence of his philosophic mind.

"Without doubt Bonaparte showed, and with reason, considerable deference to the religion

of the country. Policy required that he should play the Mussulman rather than the rigid Catholic. An experienced conqueror should ever consolidate his triumphs by protecting, by upholding, and even by distinguishing with peculiar favour the religion of a conquered people. Bonaparte has often assured me, that he held it as a principle to consider all religions as established by man, but that he respected them all as powerful auxiliaries to the art of government. I am not, however, prepared to say, that he would not have changed his faith, had the conquest of the East been proposed to him as the price of his apostasy. When we were alone, he himself was the first to laugh at every thing he might previously have said before the grandees of the country, on the subject of Mahomet, Islamism, or the Koran; but he desired that his religious rhapsodies might be repeated, and even translated into harmonious verse, or sounding Arabic prose, in order to conciliate the good will of the natives. The soldiers were highly amused with this farce; and if we recollect the religious complexion of the era at which the French troops entered Egypt, the slightest reflection will suffice to convince us that an harangue on Christianity or on Islamism, pronounced by a Bishop or a Muphti, was to them a matter of equal indifference.

"If Bonaparte ever adopted the tone of the Mahometan religion, it should be recollected that he spoke as a military and political chieftain in a Mahometan country. The safety of his army, the success of his arms, and consequently his own personal glory, depended on his momentary adoption of such a language. In any other country, he would have framed his proclamations, and modelled his harangues on the same principle. In India, Ali would have been his deity;—in Thibet, Dalai-Lama would have been his idol;—in China, Confucius would have been his prophet.

"With respect to the charge of his having adopted the Mahometan costume—it is true that Bonaparte for amusement ordered a Turkish dress to be made for him. He desired me one day to breakfast without waiting for him, intending, as he said, to rise a little later than usual. In about a quarter of an hour afterwards he made his appearance dressed in his new costume. He had scarcely been recognised, when he was received with a universal shout of laughter. He took his seat with gravity and composure, but felt so awkward and so ill at ease in the turban and oriental garb, that he speedily retired to undress himself, and was never afterwards tempted to favour us with a second representation of the masquerade."

M. de Bourrienne draws a lively picture of the sufferings of the French army in Egypt, and of the general discontent that prevailed amongst the troops, almost amounting to open rebellion against the authority of Bonaparte. "Plague, pestilence, and famine" had, it seems, wonderfully cooled the warlike ardour of the Republican heroes. Into what extremes will not over-excitement plunge the creatures who yet boast that reason has stamped them with the image of their Maker, and endowed them with the perfection of moral beauty! Those who had followed the destinies of Napoleon

when the meridian brightness of his star was unsullied by a single cloud—those who had acquired name and opulence from the favour of one whose smile was fortune, and whose praise was fame—even these bade adieu to the enthusiastic feelings which mocked at suffering, while triumph was at hand—which had dared all while the perspective of famine and disease was yet in the distance—and which now were exchanged for the selfish desire of sacrificing to their hopes and their fortunes him to whom they owed hope, fortune, all!—All regretted their momentary apostasy from the altar of self—all renewed their homage to their hideous deity.

"I will here assert, because it is a truth to which the testimony of thousands bears incontestable evidence, that from the instant the French army set foot on the soil of Egypt, disgust, anxiety, and discontent took undivided possession of all. From the moment of the arrival of the troops, the bright illusions of the expedition had faded,—the sad reality alone remained. What bitter lamentations have I not heard from Murat, from Laanes, from Berthier, from Bessières—from all! These incessant, immoderate, and ill-timed complaints often assumed the aspect of open rebellion against the authority of Bonaparte, whom they deeply afflicted, and whom they occasionally betrayed into the expression of severe reproach, and the violence of intemperate sallies. Proud self-sufficiency of human nature! Stoical insensibility to human suffering! Ardent and enthusiastic heroism, that would sacrifice friends, fortune, country, to the dreams of ambition, and the glory of the Republic! How low were you then fallen! How contemptible then appeared those sublime sentiments that exist but in the fancy of the poet, glowing with the fervour of inspiration—or in the reveries of the patriot by his fire-side, encircled with the tranquil pleasures of existence, and a stranger to the privations which, on a foreign and pestilential soil, await the exile from his country and his home! Each now thought of France—of his affections—of his pleasures;—some perhaps—(shall I speak out?)—of the opera!—All found it impossible to reconcile themselves to the idea of a separation from home which seemed destined to be eternal.

"Bonaparte himself was overwhelmed on learning the terrible catastrophe at Aboukir—the burning of our fleet. Spite of the energy of his character, how could he have triumphed over the shock inflicted on him by so many disasters. To the painful sensation caused by the ill-timed complaints and the moral discouragement of his companions in arms, was added the reality of a vast, positive, and irreparable evil. His perspicacity enabled him to calculate at a single glance its fatal consequences. All communication with France was cut off. No other chance of return was left, than one from which the conqueror of Italy turned with horror—with despair;—a disgraceful capitulation with an exasperated foe. No chance was left, (and this blow was to him the most terrible of all) no hope remained of preserving his conquest. At the very moment too when this disastrous blow was struck, he meditated the project of returning to France for the purpose of

demanding reinforcements. Was it to be expected that these united considerations—the present replete with horror—the future with uncertainty and dismay—should not produce on his mind a deep and painful impression? The panegyrist of Napoleon blasphemes his idol, when he would incense his shrine by imputing to him at such a moment a degree of apathy so unnatural. Such eulogy is satire. To be truly great, must the feelings of human nature be divorced?

The following anecdote will serve to convey an idea of the character of the Egyptian chiefs:

"General Kleber sent on board the *Orient* the *cherif* of Alexandria, Sidy-Mahomed el Coraim, arrested by order of Bonaparte, and charged with treason.

"The following sentence was pronounced against him.

"The General-in-chief having obtained proofs of the treason of Sidy-Mahomed el Coraim, whom he had loaded with favours and obligations, decrees as follows:—

"Sidy-Mahomed el Coraim is condemned to pay a contribution of 300,000 francs: in default of payment by him of the said contribution within five days from the publication of the present order, he is condemned to be beheaded."

"Coraim was to repair from Aboukir to Cairo, having demanded and obtained permission to plead in justification against the charge. On his arrival at Cairo, he was again required to pay the 300,000 francs as a justification. This he positively refused. One day signified to him through the medium of Venture, our interpreter, that, if he wished to save his life, he must pay the demand made upon him, in order that his defection might be overlooked. I moreover assured him that the general was determined to make an example. Coraim was a remarkably fine-looking man, and his situation interested me. 'You are rich,' said I to him through Venture, 'therefore make this sacrifice.' 'If,' said he, with a sneer, 'it be my fate to die now, nothing can save me, and my piastres would be sacrificed to no purpose: if it be not my fate to die, why should I make any sacrifice?' He was executed at Cairo, at twelve o'clock at noon, on the 6th of September, 1798: his head was exposed in the streets of the city, with this inscription—

"Coraim, *Cherif* of Alexandria, condemned to death for having betrayed the oath of fidelity sworn by him to the French Republic, and for having engaged in a treasonable correspondence with the Mamelucks whom he served in the capacity of spy.

"This is the punishment reserved for traitors and perjurers."

"Nothing of Coraims's wealth was found after his execution: he had taken his precautions. The example, however, facilitated the collection of the subsidies, and intimidated the other Egyptian *Cresus*, who were not altogether such decided fatalists as Coraim. Three or four millions were speedily raised for the supply of the army."

Massacre of the Prisoners at Jaffa.

"On the arrival of the prisoners, Beauhar-

nois and Croisier received the most severe reprimands. But the mischief was done, and it now became necessary to decide the fate of about four thousand men. The two aids-de-camp alleged in their defence that they had been surrounded by a host of enemies, and that Bonaparte himself had recommended them to use their exertions to assuage the carnage.

"A council was held in the tent of the general-in-chief, to deliberate on the measures proper to be adopted in this emergency. The members remained long in consultation without agreeing upon any final decision.

"The third day arrived, and no feasible measure, how ardently soever desired, could be suggested for the preservation of the unfortunate prisoners. Insubordination and mutiny were making rapid progress throughout the camp;—the evil was hourly increasing—the remedy seemed impossible;—the danger was imminent. The fatal sentence of death was pronounced and executed on the 10th of March. The assertion that the Egyptians were separated from the other prisoners is incorrect; there were no other prisoners.

"Many of the wretched prisoners composing one of the columns that were marched for execution to the sea-side, succeeded in swimming to some rocks whose distance from the shore protected them from the musquetry of the troops. The soldiers grounded their arms upon the sand, and to induce their victims to return, employed the signals of peace and reconciliation in use among the Egyptians. The latter swam towards the shore, which they were destined never to reach with life.

"I confine myself to these details of the dreadful sacrifice which necessity imperiously required, and of which I had the misfortune to be an eye-witness. Other pens than mine have done more ample justice to the fearful narrative, and have spared me the anguish of portraying a scene, the recollection of which, vivid, as when I first beheld it, even at this distant period, paralyzes my faculties. Would to God that a total oblivion of that day of blood rendered me inadequate to trace even this faint sketch of its horrors! All that the imagination can conceive of misery—of despair—and death—must fall ineffably short of the appalling reality.

"On this painful subject I have advanced the truth—the whole truth. I was present at all the discussions—at all the conferences—at all the deliberations. It is needless to state that I had no voice on the occasion. But I owe it to truth to declare, that the result of the debates—the position in which the army was placed—the scarcity of provisions—the exhausted state of our forces in the midst of a country where each individual was a desperate foe—these considerations would have extorted my consent to the general decision, had I possessed a vote on the question. None but those who witnessed that dreadful day, can form a just conception of the horrible necessity in which we were placed.

"In the catalogue of the miseries of war, it ought not to be reckoned one of the least, that it gives birth to circumstances of too frequent occurrence, in which a law, that from age to age has existed amongst the nations of the

earth, decides that private interests must be sacrificed to the general good, and that humanity itself must sometimes be forgotten. Whether such was the dreadful position in which Bonaparte was placed, posterity must judge. For myself, my opinion, or rather my firm conviction, on this point, has long been formed beyond the possibility of change. Nor could the sanction of Napoleon be obtained till the committee on this question had pronounced their decision without a dissentient voice. It is, moreover, but justice to declare, that a reluctant consent was not wrung from Napoleon till matters were at the last extremity; and that of the spectators who witnessed the massacre, none perhaps felt a pang that for bitterness could be compared to his.

"It was after the siege of Jaffa that the plague began to manifest itself with the most intense violence. In the country about Syria, we lost by the contagion from seven to eight hundred men. Sir Walter Scott says that Divine vengeance, in the shape of the plague, pursued us for the massacre. Did it never occur to the romantic historian that Providence might have found it much more simple to prevent the massacre than to revenge it? I must observe, besides, that Kleber's division had imbibed at Damietta the poison of this frightful malady which developed itself and communicated its contagion on the march: it in fact accompanied us into Syria."

"We arrived at Tentoura on the 20th of May. The heat that day was excessive, and produced universal discouragement. Our losses in sick and wounded, since we had quitted Acre, were already considerable. The perspective before us was most gloomy. Scarcely had we arrived at Tentoura, when Bonaparte ordered his tent to be got ready. He summoned me; and, with a degree of preoccupation, the inevitable effect of our situation, he dictated to me an order, that every body should go on foot, and that the horses, mules, and camels should be given to the sick and wounded who still showed signs of life. 'Take that to Berthier.' Scarcely had I returned to the tent when Vigogne, Bonaparte's écuyer, advanced, and, with his hand to his hat—'General, what horse do you reserve for yourself?' In the first movement of anger which this question excited, Bonaparte raised his whip, and struck the luckless écuyer a violent blow in the face, adding in a voice of thunder, 'Let every body go on foot, f—e; myself the first. Do you not know the order? Begone.'

"We slept at Cesarea on the 22d May, and marched the whole of the following night. Towards daybreak a fellow, concealed in a thicket on our left, (the sea was within a few yards of us, on our right), discharged his musket almost in the face of Bonaparte, who had fallen asleep on his horse. I was close to him. The wood was searched, the assassin seized without difficulty, and the order given to execute him on the spot. Four men pushed him towards the sea, which was close to us, and discharged their carbines at him. The four carbines all missed fire—a circumstance that must be attributed to the dampness of the night. The Syrian, profiting by this occurrence, instantly plunged into the sea, and

swam with amazing rapidity and agility to a rock sufficiently remote from his pursuers to prevent any of the troop (who all fired at him as they passed) from killing him. Bonaparte pursued his march, and desired me to wait for Kleber, whose division formed the rear-guard, inform him of what had happened, and recommend him not to miss 'ce drôle.' I presume he must eventually have paid the forfeit of his attempt with his life."

We anticipate that the snite of these memoirs will contain some curious disclosures, and many novel interpretations of events, the origin of which is, to this day, a mystery. From the station which M. de Bourrienne has occupied, we presume that materials at least will not be wanting: his task will be to shape them into form. The historian who would render his labours useful to the world, must narrate events with truth, and be abundantly provided with matter of a nature to excite public curiosity.

From the United Service Journal.

THE RISING OF THE MOON.

From Skiddaw's skirt pale Dian rises slow,
With clouds at first beset that mar her light,
Huge murky forms, on which her beams be-

stow
Requital strange—a pomp that charms the sight;

But soon, upwheeling towards her southern height,

Her orb floats freely on the untarnished blue,
While earth drinks in her radiance with delight,

And golden-tressed stars her course pursue;
Even such the path that patient virtue treads,
Dark at the outset and perplexed to view;
Yet doth the ray her faithful taper sheds,

With hues of heaven that dusky track endue,
And well the unwavering flame her steps shall guide

Home to the blissful sphere where joy and peace abide. I. A. M.

From the Literary Gazette.

CHANGE.

We say that people and that things are changed;
Alas! it is ourselves that change: the heart
Makes all around the mirror of itself.

WHERE are the flowers, the beautiful flowers,
That haunted your homes and your hearts
in the spring?

Where is the sunshine of earlier hours?

Where is the music the birds used to bring?

Where are the flowers?—why, thousands are
springing,

And many fair strangers are sweet on the
air;

And the birds to the sunshine their welcome
are singing—

Look round on our valley, and then question
"Where?"

Alas! my heart's darkness! I own it is summer,
Though little 'tis like what it once used to be:
I have no welcome to give the new comer;
Strangely the summer seems altered to me.
'Tis my spirits are wasted—my hopes that are weary;

These made the gladness and beauty of yore:
To the worn and the withered even sunshine
is dreary,

And the year has its spring, though our own
is no more. L. E. L.

From the Monthly Review.

HISTORY OF RUSSIA AND PETER THE GREAT. By General Count Philip de Ségur. Author of "*The History of Napoleon's Expedition to Russia*." Seco. London: Treutzel and Wartz. 1829.

WERE the history of nations proportionate in interest to the extent of their territory, that of Russia would compete with the most renowned of either ancient or modern times. But in this respect, as in many others, it is with countries as with individuals; it is not always the widest extended power that is contemplated with the greatest curiosity, or which furnishes the most abundant materials for thought. The wars of one barbarous chieftain with another, or the establishment of thrones, which wait not even the usual process of time and fate for their overthrow, are subjects which, generally speaking, add as little to our knowledge of human nature, as they do to our admiration of its qualities. Looking as we do on the early history of nations at too great a distance to discover the true and really effective causes of events, the rapid and blood-stained succession of dynasties is the least important object to be contemplated in our researches. Human society has undergone the changes of the material world from a chaos to a universe of order and beauty. There has been a period in which the rude and unformed masses of which nations were composed, either hung loosely together, or were driven against each other in ruinous confusion. One look at such a scene would be sufficient to satisfy curiosity, and, unless we could watch the change so as to see by what process the chaos became organized, it would be equally sufficient for the purpose of inquiry.

Till within a very few centuries back, the Russian chronicles were those of a people wanting the fierce grandeur of an uncivilized nation, and the multiplying energies of one proceeding towards refinement. The territory which they inhabited was, to a great degree, a wild and sterile wilderness. Their religion was a strange and unimpressive medley of rites, and superstitious opinions, and Christian doctrine. The virtues which belong to a warlike nation, were cultivated by them, but instead of tending, as they have done in other countries, to the establishment of chivalrous or other similar institutions, they appear to have kept their possessors almost stationary in the more than half barbarity of a military despotism. Unlike other nations, therefore, Rus-

sia for many ages presented few or no appearances of progressive improvement; and when it began to hold a place in the aristocracy of states and empires, it owed its respectability, not to its previous and gradual increase of strength and knowledge, but to the superlative genius of a single ruler.

The early history, consequently, of this immense empire, rarely presents any passages of interest. A few pages are sufficient to record almost every thing of importance in the general story of its rise and progress towards its present condition of strength and authority. Here and there we meet with characters of which we should be glad to know more, or with the slight mention of men who seem to have been endowed with talents, which in more enlightened states, would have made them the conspicuous benefactors of their country; but, situated as they were, they could never escape the harassing effects of continual warfare. In one period also, we see civilization ready to spring forth out of some fortunate series of circumstances, and in another, the whole country overwhelmed with returning darkness. Revolutions, in fact, were brought on by all the variety of causes to which such a state of society gives birth, and prevented the permanent foundation of any useful institution; truth had no chance of finding votaries among a people who had no means of persuasion but the sword, and knowledge was of little value in a country where force only was known, and the slowly increasing energies of power were despised. The extent of territory which the empire gradually acquired by the result of conquest, or the union of different states, does not add to the interest of its early history; and the only matter of curiosity is, how such a vast and ill-formed Colossus held so long together. Without arts, or either external or internal means of improvement, it offered the spectacle of an inhabited waste—a desert where men had only ceased from being savage, to become the slaves of an autocrat!

Its efficient preservation it owed to a set of circumstances which operate with almost equal force, whatever be the internal condition of a country—the divisions or weakness of neighbouring states enabling the worst constituted government to preserve itself secure.

The most important circumstance in the early history of Russia, is its connexion with that of the declining empire of the Greeks. The approach which its barbaric rulers frequently made to the walls of Constantinople, was a repetition of the scenes which preceded the downfall of ancient Rome; and it is far more than probable, that if they had possessed a land force as well disciplined for attack as their rude, but adventurous navy, they would have firmly established themselves on the throne of the Eastern emperors. In less than two hundred years they four times attacked Constantinople, sometimes bringing against it a fleet of more than a thousand vessels, and more than once succeeded in compelling the pusillanimous Greeks to bribe them with precious presents to depart the coast. The first of these enterprises occurred, according to Gibbon, about the year 865. On this occasion they took advantage of the ab-

sence of the emperor, and had already gained possession of the port, when he suddenly returned, and having offered up his vows, had the satisfaction of seeing his enemies dispersed by a violent tempest. At this, and for a long subsequent period, the Russians appear to have been little better than half civilized barbarians, and the terror with which they inspired the objects of their attack, was constantly kept up by the fierceness and cruelty with which they fought.

But notwithstanding the many centuries of savage war and internal revolutions which kept back the healthy growth of this vast empire, there were at a comparatively early period of its existence, many favourable appearances in its condition. It was protected against the resentment of its enemies by the nature of its climate and its situation. It had an established traffic with Greece, which supplied it in exchange for its furs, hides, &c., with the necessities and some of the luxuries of more sunny climates; and before the eleventh century, one of its capitals had become adorned with a considerable degree of modern magnificence. The hardy and adventurous disposition of the people also was highly favourable to the establishment of a great empire on the most solid foundations; and as far as valour can carry a nation, they appear to have succeeded in their attempts. Advantages, however, of this kind, to whatever extent they may be possessed, are only of temporary value. The rivalry of the members of a reigning family, a single unsuccessful war, or one feeble monarch, may destroy them all, or throw back the nation which depends upon them for support, into anarchy and barbarism. And this was the case with the country of which we are speaking. While other nations, with far less opportunities of improvement, preceded rapidly in the march of civilization, this stood still for centuries, or almost immediately after making a single step towards a better social system, passed back into its former condition. But we must endeavour to give a brief view of the wide field of inquiry over which its chronicles lead us.

The ancient history of the Russians, is considered as coming down as far as the ninth century. Over this portion of their annals hangs an almost impenetrable cloud of doubt and mystery. They are universally acknowledged to be of Slavonian origin, but little is known of them till their piratical hordes became united under Rurik, one of their chieftains, who established an authority which his descendants maintained for several hundred years. The foundation of this dynasty took place in the year 862, at which early period it is supposed that this prodigious empire, mighty in its very birth, had for its boundaries, the Vistula and the Carpathian mountains on the one side, and the Volga on the other; while its remaining limits were formed by the White sea and the Baltic at one extremity, and the Black sea and the Caspian on the opposite. The spirit which had been breathed into the new monarchy by its founder, was continued by the successor to his authority. Oleg is mentioned by historians as a man of the fiercest dispositions, but of a powerful and de-

termined mind, a real type, as it appears to us, of the modern founder of the empire, and possessed of many of the most requisite qualifications for his situation. The power which this family continued to possess was of the most absolute nature, and the influence which the firm attachment of the people to their leaders had at this time, must have been of the greatest consequence to the establishment of the state. So great was their loyalty, that the common war-cry of the captains was, "Let us die for our prince!" On one occasion, the regent left the country and embraced a new religion, without the slightest convulsion being the result; and on another, when a new code of laws was published, the sovereign dared to say, "Behold your laws, for such is my will." In alluding to the causes which chiefly contributed to the rapid rise of the Russian empire, it is also observed, that their religion, at its commencement, was of a character which strongly tended to nourish the highest of warlike qualities; and though the diffusion of Christianity might afterwards introduce a somewhat milder system of belief, it had little real effect in softening the temper of the people. To the above also may be added the two other important circumstances, that they possessed excellent swords and cutlasses, which were furnished from the iron mines of Sweden, and that their army consisted of well armed infantry.

It would be little interesting to follow the catalogue of kings who reigned through the succeeding centuries, till the monarchy assumed a more settled appearance. No petty African state ever exhibited a more deplorable picture of tyranny, in the princes towards the people, or of cruelty and hatred of princes among each other, than did Russia for many successive generations. The frightful state of anarchy to which the country was thus subjected may be easily conceived, when it is said that during the long period of a hundred and eighty years, that is, from 1054 to 1236, the empire was made the mere prey of the warring members of the family of Rurik. Till the commencement of this era, every thing had appeared to favour the prosperity and rapid improvement of the people. It had begun, as most of the nations who have made any figure in the history of the world, with war, and the exercise of military strength. Before Christianity had given a different appearance to the face of the civilized world, this was the surest and the most direct way for a people to establish themselves in a country. The habit of war taught them the practices most useful for a newly-settled colony, enabled the different members of the community to support hardships, and exercise all the self-denial which their situation might require, and kept both the mind and body in full activity. History, we think, will bear us out in saying, that the nations which have owed their origin to bands of warriors, have been the most firm in their establishment, and remained longest unshaken by the influence of destructive corruptions. Since the introduction of a divine religion, an infinitely more powerful protection is given to the social band, whether it encircle a new colony or an ancient empire. But it was not

thus in times anterior to the free currency of Christianity; and the bold, free and enterprising soldier, was the only founder of states who seemed perfectly qualified for such an undertaking.

But when once the nation was firmly settled, something else was required to secure the permanent happiness of the people. War is a game which must always offer a splendid stake to make men willing long to undergo the hardships and peril it involves, and though they may be satisfied to their very hearts content, while fighting their way for a home, they would be very wretched, or very degraded, if they could long continue their bloody calling, after the first great object was obtained. We see, therefore, that after a few years of settlement, the most warlike tribes gradually lose some of their fierceness of character, and either turn themselves to the cultivation of the necessary and useful arts of life, or, which is the only alternative, either degenerate into downright savageness of character, or become weak and divided, and immediately afterwards, the prey of the first invader who chooses to attack their possessions. The latter was partly the case with Russia. All had been done for it which war could do. The time was come when the occupation of the soldier ought to cease, and to give way to that of the artisan and the labourer; and had the arts of social life been then introduced and cultivated with success—had the natural energies of the people been directed into the proper channel, a glorious peace would have been the consequence, and Europe would have seen the great queen of the North crowned with a diadem, rivalling in splendour those of the East, and in firmness that of a mountain chieftain. But it was not thus. Some reverses of fortune, united with a latent but growing disgust for conflicts, which were carried on by the dark ambition of the monarch, weakened the spirit of the nation, when it had no other principle of activity to move and excite its energies. From 1054, therefore, to 1236, we see nothing but barbarous wars, which had no other effect than that of reducing the nation below its original condition. During this period, also, a dismemberment of the empire took place, which not only diminished its strength, but introduced into its bosom the most destructive evils. After mentioning some of the causes which had promoted the growth of civilization among the Russians, our author thus reflects on their sudden reversion into barbarism.

"But how was it possible to civilize barbarians surrounded by barbarians? Olga was not listened to; her son Sviatoslaf even resisted her. When, on her return, after having been baptized at Byzantium, by Constantine Porphyrogenitus, she endeavoured to convert the young warrior, his reply to her was, 'I cannot singly embrace this new religion; my companions would laugh at me.' A singular remark, which seems to prove that, at all times, ridicule has been the most powerful of anti-religious weapons.

"This weapon was too weak against Vladimir; but he undertook too late his own reformation, and the reformation of others.

"There existed other obstacles to the civilization of the Russians; they are to be found in the antipathy with which the despised Greeks and their new religion inspired the minds of the people, against the arts, the sciences, and the manners introduced by these foreigners.

"We may believe, also, that the generation which was going off the stage, had the selfishness to wish that it might not be so much surpassed by that which was to replace it. Can those who have declined into the vale of years, bear to hear it asserted, that every thing which has occupied their whole life is but ignorance, barbarism, triviality, and clownishness? Are thus to be lost the rights derived from experience, the sole benefit, and that so dearly bought, which remains to the aged?

"Add to this, that, in those barbarous times, the want of a system of tactics, and the nature of the weapons, gave all the advantage to mere physical strength; a circumstance which conferred on the exercises of the body a precedence over those of the mind.

"The various sackings of Kief, also, from the time when the partitions of the empire commenced, destroyed to the very root the entire labours of Olga, of Vladimir, and of Yaroslaf.

"Against a voluntary and general barbarism, the means of instruction are so feeble, that, far from dividing in order to spread them, the prince is compelled to unite them under his protection: it is necessary that he should first call round him the rising generation, that they may come to seek that instruction, which cannot seek them: this is the reason of civilization being so long confined within the limits of a single city.

"Now, we shall see, in this second period of the Russian history, that Kief, taken in 980 by the Varangians of Vladimir, burned in 1015 by those of Yaroslaf, and plundered in 1018 by the Poles, was captured and recaptured by them in 1069 and 1077; and lastly, that, after having passed violently from hand to hand for more than a century, it was completely sacked in 1169, and nearly destroyed in 1201.

"In the downfall of Kief, of that mother of all the Russian cities, would have been comprehended that of civilization, were not the human mind so adapted to the seeds of it, that, when once they are sown there, they become indestructible.

"The Grand-Princedom, however, passed from Kief to Vladimir: the navigation of the Borysthènes, more and more impeded by the Polotzy Tartars, and others, was forgotten. The Grand-Princes thus withdrew from their civilizers, the Greeks; while, on the other hand, the Greeks withdrew from them; repelled by the civil commotions of Russia.

"This is the reason why, about the middle of the twelfth century, (1168) the date of the fall of the second Russian capital, manners became more fierce, or, rather, manners were wholly changed; they were no longer those of Kief, softened by Byzantium, but those of central Russia, still pagan and barbarous, whither the seat of government had recoiled. Judicial combats were then added to the fire and water ordeals; political assassinations and civil wars were multiplied; and to all these elements of

confusion was added a singular order of succession. Thus torn to pieces, the empire was laid open to the Poles, to the Hungarians, and, especially to the Polovtzy Tartars, who assisted the Russian princes to devastate it: at length appeared the Mongol Tartars; split into fractions, the state resisted without concentrating its efforts, and was destroyed.

"Then, while it was plunged in this abyss, and for several ages, the Tartar invasion poured forth on it the profuse stores of its barbarism, its treacheries, and all the vices of slavery. Robbery, 'like a contagious disease, attacked every kind of property.' * Oppression, with its hideous train of hatred, stratagems, dissimulation, gloomy and stern manners, poisonings, mutilations, and horrible executions, established its sway: it extended over the whole country; it penetrated into every heart, which it withered and brutalized during two centuries.

"Such a horrible tyranny rendered legitimate all means of escaping from it; then, every thing was confounded: the distinction of good and evil ceased to exist; crime lost its shame, and punishment its infamy. The very name of honour vanished; fear alone held absolute dominion!

"In the second period, upon which we are now entering, at the commencement of the twelfth century, Vladimir Monomachus, that Christian hero, could yet say, 'Put not even the guilty to death, for the life of a Christian is sacred.' But, at the close of the fourteenth century, when his spirit again revived in the great Dmitry Donskoy, we find that worthy descendant of the Christian hero of the Russians, under the necessity of re-establishing capital punishments. Very soon, the justice of his successors became more ferocious, either from the Tartar manners having become predominant, or from necessity, in order to render punishment commensurate with crime." —p. 51—54.

The only monarchs who, during the above period, deserved to be exempted from the general obloquy of their race, were Vladimir Monomachus, who flourished about the year 1114, and Andrew, who reigned about the year 1157. The former of these princes was far more enlightened than the generality of his contemporaries, and distinguished himself by the establishment of many laws and institutions, which tended greatly to soften the superstitious and savage character of the times. On his deathbed, he assembled his children round him, and gave them advice which proved the greatness of his mind, and the superior intelligence with which he was gifted! The document which contains this address is of so curious a nature that we are tempted to extract it.

"My dear children," said he, "praise God, love men; for it is neither fasting, nor solitude, nor monastic vows, that can give you eternal life, it is beneficence alone.

"Be fathers to the orphan; be yourselves judges for the widow. Put to death neither the innocent nor the guilty, for nothing is more sacred than the life and soul of a Christian.

* "Karamsin."

"Keep not the priests at a distance from you; do good to them, that they may offer up prayers to God for you.

"Violate not the oath which you have sworn on the cross. My brothers said to me, 'Assist us to expel the sons of Rotislaf, and seize upon their provinces, or renounce our alliance.' But I answered, 'I cannot forget that I have kissed the cross.'

"Bear in mind that a man ought to be always employed: look carefully into your domestic concerns, and fly from drunkenness and debauchery.

"Love your wives, but do not suffer them to have any power over you.

"Endeavour constantly to obtain knowledge. Without having quitted his palace, my father spoke five languages; a thing which captivates for us the admiration of foreigners.

"In war, be vigilant; be an example to your vassals: never retire to rest without having posted your guards! never take off your arms while you are within the enemy's reach; and, to avoid ever being surprised, be early on horseback.

"When you travel through your provinces, do not allow your attendants to do the least injury to the inhabitants; entertain always, at your own expense, the master of the house in which you take up your abode.

"If you find yourself affected by some ailment, make three prostrations down to the ground before the Lord; and let the sun never find you in bed. As soon as the first gleam of day appeared, my father, and all the virtuous men by whom he was surrounded, did thus—they glorified the Lord; they then seated themselves to deliberate, or to administer justice to the people, or they went to the chase, and in the middle of the day they slept; which God permits to man, as well as to the beasts and the birds.

"For my part, I accustomed myself to do every thing that I might have ordered my servants to do: night and day, summer and winter, I was perpetually moving about; I wished to see every thing with my own eyes. Never did I abandon the poor or the widow to the oppressions of the powerful. I made it my duty to inspect the churches and the sacred ceremonies of religion, as well as the management of my property, my stables, and the vultures and hawks of my hunting establishment.

"I have made eighty-three campaigns and many expeditions; I concluded nineteen treaties with the Polovtzy; I took captive a hundred of their princes, whom I set free again; and I put two hundred to death by throwing them into rivers.

"No one has ever travelled more rapidly than I have done. Setting out in the morning from Tebernigof, I arrived at Kief before the hour of vespers.

"In my youth, what falls from my horse did I not experience! wounding my feet and my hands, and breaking my head against the trees; but the Lord watched over me.

"In hunting, amidst the thickest forests, how many times have I myself caught wild horses, and bound them together! How many times have I been thrown down by buffaloes,

wounded by the antlers of stags, and trodden under the feet of elks! A furious wild boar rent my sword from my baldrick; my saddle was torn to pieces by a bear; this terrible beast rushed upon my courser, which he threw upon me; but the Lord protected me.

"O my children, fear neither death nor wild beasts; trust in Providence; it far surpasses all human precautions."

The reign of this monarch was followed by others which quickly obliterated the beneficial effects which had followed from his just and humane conduct. But towards the middle of the twelfth century, another benefactor of the nation appeared in the person of Andrew of Snydal, who abandoned Kief, and made Vladimir the capital of the empire. He founded towns, made successful war with his enemies, and introduced many important improvements into every part of the country.

In the year 1237, another era commenced with the subjection of Russia to the Tartars, who retained their authority over it for a period of two hundred and twenty-three years. The success of this invasion, followed from the genius of Jenghis Khan, who was in the complete possession of all those circumstances which give a warring nation such a mighty power over the countries it attacks. But at the conclusion of this period, that is, about the year 1402, Ivan the Third, obtained the supreme and undivided authority over the empire. The dynasty which he established lasted till 1613, and owed its continuance almost entirely to the stern valour with which he fixed his authority over both his subjects and his enemies. He destroyed the power of the princes to whom he was tributary, and Russia thenceforth became free from its degrading subjection to the hordes of its Asiatic invaders. Occasional glimpses of a better order of things appeared during the reign of Ivan, and his successors, but the grossest barbarity still influenced both kings and people; and we find his grandson, Ivan IV., murdering his son, who had sufficient talent to have carried all the views of his grandfather into execution. The character of this man is well fitted for the drama, and the history of his youth, as well as reign, is full of strange incidents. Having been left, at a very early age, under the power of guardians, he became a victim to the most violent persecutions of the ambitious nobles. "His treasury," says our author, "was plundered, his domains encroached upon; masters of his palace, the great boyards, seemed hardly to endure his presence there; they delighted in degrading him. In his clownish brutality, Schuisky was seen to stretch forth his legs, and with the unworthy weight of his feet sully the descendant of so many sovereigns." This, however, was but a small part of the indignity with which they treated him. His orders were uniformly contradicted, his friends persecuted, even to torture, and death, and the expression of the good feelings and softness of heart which formed a portion of his natural disposition, made an occasion for fresh insults. It is no wonder that the temper of Ivan soon became that of a vindictive monster, and he was immediately taught, on the first change of his circumstances, to regard every one around

him as his lawful prey, and justly doomed to suffer his resentment. The tales which are told of his actions can hardly find a parallel in any other history. His favourite occupation was to torture animals, and it was not seldom that he would trample under his horse's hoofs the old people, the women, or children, whom he met in his progress. The change, which was produced in him by the preaching of Sylvester, is too remarkable not to be noticed, and we give M. de Segur's relation of this singular event.

"Amidst this universal disorder, Sylvester, a monk, one of those inspired personages who then travelled Russia, and who, like the Jewish prophets or the dervishes, dared to stand up even against sovereigns, appeared in the presence of the frightened young despot. He approached him, the gospel in his hand, his eye full of menace, his finger raised, and with a solemn voice, he pointed out to him, in the surrounding flames, and blood, and furious cries, and the limbs of his dismembered kinsfolk, the wrath of Heaven, which his passions had at length aroused. To these terrific menaces he added the infallible effect of certain appearances then deemed supernatural; and, thus working on this feeble mind, he became its master.

"Alexis Adascheff seconded Sylvester; they encircled the young tyrant with priests and able boyards; and, assisted by the young and virtuous Anastasis, his first and recently-married bride, they, during thirteen years, made Russia enjoy an unexpected felicity.

"Every thing was now pacified and reduced to order; regularity was introduced into the army; the strelitz, a permanent militia of fusileers, were created; seven thousand Germans were hired and kept up; a more just and equal assessment of the militaryiefs, services, and contingents, was accomplished; all proprietors of estates that required three hundred pounds weight of seed corn, were obliged to furnish a horseman completely armed, or an equivalent in money; a rate of pay for the soldiery was established, and was even doubled, to encourage such of the boyard-followers as should furnish a larger contingent than was imposed by law; and by these means the forces of the empire were so much increased, that they were thenceforth estimated at three hundred thousand men. The presence of the prince with his armies, at once re-established order in them, and stimulated to exertion. Casan was once more reduced; the kingdom of Astracan was conquered; fortresses to keep the Tartars in check were constructed; and eighty thousand Turks, whom Selim II. had sent against Astracan, perished in the deserts by which it was surrounded. Meanwhile, the grand idea of the reign of Peter the Great—that of opening to Russia the commerce of Europe, by conquering the Ingrian and Livonian ports, was almost realized; the Don Cossacks were united with the empire; and the ground-work was laid for the conquest of Siberia of Yermak, one of those nomade people.

"So much for what relates to war; as to the rest, we see the project of enlightening Russia conceived; a hundred and twenty artists requested from Charles the Fifth; the

first printing-office established; Archangel founded; and the north of the empire thrown open to the commerce of Europe.

"At the same time, the abolition of precedence among the nobility was begun to be abolished: the greediness of the clergy, in its monopolizing of all landed property, was restrained; those priests were improved in their morals, and in their observances, which were still deeply imbued with paganism; and the tolerant spirit of Adascheff prohibited the cruelties with which superstition inspired them.

"To crown the whole, the laws were revised in a new code. Till then, justice had been administered by the governors, who paid themselves out of fees levied at their own discretion. In 1556, Adascheff and Sylvester abolished all these fees, caused justice to be gratuitously administered by the oldest and most eminent persons of each place, and, finally, established a general assessment, which was collected by the officers of the Exchequer."—pp. 16—18.

The influence of the sage councils of Ivan's excellent minister, continued but thirteen years, after which he became a prey to the darkest terrors of conscience and superstition, which had only the effect of alternately transporting him with diabolical rage, or the most horrible fear, till he at length fell a victim to his distempered mind.

Fifteen years of the most fearful confusion followed the death of Ivan IV. and with his son and successor, Fëdor, ended the rule of the Rurik dynasty, after it had continued for a period of seven hundred and thirty-six years, and had numbered in its line fifty-two sovereigns. After the termination of the reign of Fëdor, Boris, an ambitious noble, and brother-in-law of the former prince, obtained the command of the nation. He reigned but six years, and they were years of terror and confusion. From this time Russia was sunk in the most deplorable darkness, and continued in that condition till the year 1612, when the different orders of the community, nobles, governors, and clergy, determined on seeking some remedy for the intolerable evils which they suffered. The states accordingly assembled, and their election fell on Mikhail Romanoff, the son of the venerable primate of that name.

The election of this prince formed the commencement of a new era in the Russian empire, and both from his personal character, although he was still very young, and from his descent from a father of such worth, the highest hopes were entertained of the good effects of his reign. His elevation, however, was not obtained without a considerable struggle on the side of his partizans, and when they had succeeded, he was obliged to take the following oath, which argues great prudence and foresight in the men who had the power to raise him to the empire. He swore "that he would protect religion; that he would pardon all that had been done to his father; that he would make no laws, nor alter the old; and that, in important causes, he would decide nothing by himself, but that every thing should be had according to law, and the usual form of trial; that he would not, at his own pleasure, make either war or peace with his neighbours;

and that, to avoid all suits with individuals, he would resign his estates to his family, or incorporate them with the crown domains." M. de Segur sensibly remarks on this oath, that it is, with many others of the same nature, a remarkable proof how naturally averse men are to despotism, when, even in times and places the most favourable to its support, such resistances are opposed to its progress; sometimes, indeed, only as formalities, but at all times indicating the national feeling on the subject.

The most beneficial effects followed from the elevation of Mikhail Romanoff. The evils which had been allowed to exist during the last fifteen years, and those, indeed, of many centuries, began to disappear; the various enemies of the nation, who prowled like wolves round its limits, to seize, on the first opportunity, upon the crown, now saw themselves left without a hope of success, and the empire every where presented a better prospect of becoming speedily settled, and placed in the proper condition for assuming its station among the other countries of Europe. Our author thus reflects upon this commencement of the Romanoff dynasty:

"Behold, then, the dynasty of barbaric origin, of divine right, of the right of conquest, the inheritor of Tartar manners and violence; behold it replaced by a dynasty which a nation, purified by misfortune, chose freely from among all that it possessed that was most patriotic, most virtuous, most sacred, and bearing the least resemblance to the tyrants who were recently its oppressors.

"In fact, the source of this dynasty was pure. It was from the very heart of the nation that it sprang. What imports it, that an obscure Prussian, who settled in Russia about 1350, was the head of this family, and that thus the primary root of this second dynasty was foreign? For two centuries had it not been covered by Russian earth and native laurels?

"In Mikhail Romanoff, Russia chose a name which was lustrous with two hundred and fifty years of conspicuousness; the descendant of the Cleremetefs, a family equally beloved and illustrious; the son of that martyr of the country, who again endured for it heroic sufferings; lastly, one allied to the Ruriks, who is said to have been designated as his successor by the last Prince of that dynasty. The persecution of the Romanoffs by the regicide Boris, gave weight to this popular report: the hatred of the usurper pointed out this family to the love of the nation.

"What could be more natural than that, disgusted with tyranny, that nation should, in Mikhail, have chosen one of its victims; that, weary of all kinds of war, it should have proclaimed the son of a minister of peace; that in a liberating revolution, for which it was indebted particularly to its priests, it should be the offspring of a priest, the pupil of a convent, whom it selected for its sovereign! For here, every thing was in unison; the interests of various classes, the love of the people, patriotism,

* "Navikof, Levesque, Leclerc, &c."

† "Nephew of the mother of Fëdor, the last czar of that dynasty."

the want of repose, and the hope of a mild and pacific reign.

"Another great citizen, the vauvode Pajarsky, rose, it is true, to an equal elevation with the primate Romanoff: there might have been room for hesitating which of them deserved the preference; but it was the general himself who elected the son of the primate, either from disinterestedness, or from the deference which the Russians then felt for those families which had long been more conspicuous than others, or from respect for the character of the martyr, and docility to the influence of the priests, who must, of course, prefer the son of a priest, in the hope of reigning through his father.

"The virtues of the primate Romanoff were, therefore, the deeply-seated roots of that dynasty; they penetrated into the hearts of the Russians; they bore their fruit; and, as it often happens, the solid cause of entering upon possession, became that of its duration.

"In reality, either from ability, or from the force of circumstances, or from the influence of origin, the first descendants of that victim of tyranny, that martyr of independence,* seems to have inherited the virtues of their ancestor. Their government, down to the period of Peter the Great, had somewhat of strength, of virtue, and of that mildness which is natural to strength.

"Revolts again broke out; they were suppressed; and, for the first time, during a long series of years, the justice of the prince was not an act of vengeance.

"European military officers were invited; but the great effort which they directed against Smolensk was frustrated by the national jealousy, and Mikhail was obliged to renounce the glory of arms.

"Moderation, a love of peace, resignation even, and yet the creation of a more regular warrior army, which restored internal tranquillity, and prepared the way for indispensable conquests; this is the share of merit which, in the establishment of this dynasty, must be assigned to the first of its princes.†

"That of the second is, to have been a formidable warrior, who recovered from Poland, Smolensk, Kief, and the major part of the provinces which had been wrested from Russia, and endeavoured to give more regularity to his army: to have been a legislator, who strove to ameliorate his codes; a ruler, who knew how to discover and repair his faults; who invited foreign arts, founded manufactures, caused to be worked the copper and iron mines, which are the riches of the Russian soil, and constructed the two first Russian vessels, the sight of which inspired the genius of his third son, Peter the Great. To have been also a moderate conqueror, who manifested respect for his nation, by calling his States-general to decide on great questions of public interest; and, lastly, to have been a clement and reli-

gious prince. We see him faithful to his pledged word, even when given to the robber Stenka Raxin, a revolted Cossack, the devastator of the south-east of Russia, the Pugatchef of that age."—pp. 229—231.

Mikhail was succeeded, after a reign of thirty-two years, by his son, Alexis, a man of great energy, but amiable character, and whose moderation towards his enemies was equal to his valour; he reigned thirty-one years, and left his crown to his son, Fedor, a prince of feeble mind and constitution, who, at his death, left the empire to be successively under the rule of his brothers and his sister. Ivan, the second son of Alexis, was of too imbecile a constitution to be permitted to rule, and Peter, the first, was chosen by the nobles to supply his place. The consequences of this, however, were the most serious disturbances. The ambitious Sophia, hoping to retain the authority in her own hands, could she get Ivan placed on the throne, promoted a powerful opposition to the elevation of the young prince, and it was with difficulty that Peter was preserved from destruction. But it was owing, as it would seem, to these circumstances, that the man who was shortly to have such influence over the Russian empire, became so well qualified for his station. Obligated to be kept at a distance from the court, and brought up amid danger, and in comparative hardship, Peter early acquired the habits of self-denial, and of determined daring, which were necessary to his situation. Never, perhaps, did a great man owe more of his greatness to education, or to the manner in which his youth was trained, than this celebrated monarch. The anecdotes which are told of his early years, are among the most interesting which history contains. Thus, on one occasion, after having been made acquainted with some of the sciences, on being informed of the barbarism of his nation, he cried over the miseries which it then suffered. Nothing, in fact, was able to subdue the genius with which nature had endowed him, and the means which were taken to keep him in obscurity failing of their intended aim, only served to strengthen him, and urge him forward in his career. Notwithstanding all the arts of his sister, Sophia, he was secretly preparing himself for assuming the authority, which, from the condition of Ivan, he had a right to enjoy; and which, had it not been for an usurping ambition, he would have already possessed.

But at length his talents obtained the complete ascendancy. Sophia was thrown from her illegal elevation, and, in 1689, Peter began his useful and illustrious reign. The first occurrence with which it was marked, served, like the education of his youth, to mature and strengthen his mind. His war with the Turks supplied him with an experience which other men would not have acquired in a period twice the length of its continuance, and the manner in which he turned every circumstance to his improvement, laid the foundation of much of that practical wisdom for which he was distinguished. It was during this war that he became so strongly convinced of the absolute necessity of a naval force, and at the siege of Asoph, he formed the resolution of making the

* See Leclerc, page 73."

† "Mikhail, from 1613 to 1645. Alexei, his son, from 1645 to 1676. Fedor, the eldest son of Alexei, from 1676 to 1689. Sophia, Ivan, and Peter, from 1689 to 1689. Peter and Ivan till 1696. Peter alone, till 1725."

possession of one a principal object of his exertions.

It was not, however, the determination only which was thus taken, for which he deserves the praise of consummate ability. The manner which he chose for putting it into execution, and the personal fatigue which he thereby imposed upon himself, are still more worthy of admiration. Resolving to see, with his own eyes, the prodigies which he had been informed science and civilization had effected in other countries, he departed on his memorable journey of observation, in 1697, and visited, as is well known, all the most celebrated states of Europe. The perseverance with which he pursued his journey, was an admirable instance of what a king, truly bent upon the reformation of his country, will undergo; and the history of fabulous antiquity can hardly present a nobler spectacle than this young northern monarch proceeding from one kingdom to another, conversing at one time with their rulers, and at another with the humblest peasants, and turning from no obstacle which either labour or patience could overcome.

Not content with merely witnessing himself the objects of his inquiry, or of gaining the knowledge which was to civilize the country of his birth, he adopted that other admirable measure, of sending four hundred young Russians to be educated in the most enlightened states, while he carried back with him seven hundred foreigners, to diffuse by their example, the most useful arts and sciences through his empire. Much as has already been said upon these noble instances of wisdom which Peter displayed, it is a subject of which reflection can scarcely grow tired. Under every view which we take of it, it is alike worthy of the deepest interest. Considered in its political tendencies, it was one of the finest strokes of policy which ever entered into the mind of the most enlightened statesman. Regarded in a moral point of view, it was one of the most striking instances of greatness of character which there is on record; for Peter was a man of the most violent passions, unaccustomed to the splendour of refined courts and cities, and of an age at which pleasure is most powerfully alluring; but temptation no more than difficulty, stopped him on his route, and half-barbarian as he was, he conquered where philosophy could hardly have kept its footing.

In a nation situated like Russia, at the period of which we are speaking, and for many centuries previous to it, the despotic authority of a man of high genius, and interested in its improvement, was an object to be devoutly desired. The evils which existed would have been eradicated long before, had the most powerful of the warlike monarchs been possessed of Peter's inclination for science, or had those who were more inclined to peace, enjoyed his firmness and resolution. Bad, therefore, as his despotic disposition was in itself, it was of the greatest benefit to the country, and it was owing to the firm hand with which he grasped his sceptre, that Russia now exists as an important part of civilized Europe. * M. de Segur's remarks on this subject are well worthy of being perused.

"And what other instrument than despotism

could he use among a people treble slaves, by the conquest under the first Russians, by the domination of the Tartars, and by the concentration of power which released them from the Tartar yoke; a people among whom children were the slaves of their fathers, and wives of their husbands; where, in a word, all were at once masters and slaves: two situations, one of which is amply sufficient to pervert human beings!

"In that country, then the abode of barbarism, even those who had the largest share of learning, had no other mode of reckoning than by strings of balls; their priests, Greeks by religion, were ignorant of Greek and Latin, scarcely knew how to read, and wallowed in perpetual drunkenness; a typographical correction made in the clumsy editions of their Bible, was looked upon by them as a horrible sacrilege; they were a people truly idolatrous, by their excessive adoration of the saints, each individual having the image of his own, which his fellow-countrymen could not pray to without being prosecuted and sentenced to damages, for having stolen favours from an image which another had ruined himself to enrich and adorn.

"They were men, a great part of whom were so thoroughly brutified by wretchedness, as to believe that heaven was not made for them, but only for their princes and boyards; for those very grandees who, nevertheless, were publicly scourged for theft, without their being degraded, without believing their rank to be disgraced, either by the shame of the crime, or the shame of the punishment.

"They were, in a word, the same people of whom, by a single nod, the Ivans had transported thousands of proprietors from the south to the north, and from the north to the south, of their empire; who, without a murmur, had suffered bears to be let loose upon them, for diversion, in the streets of the capital; whose nobles returned thanks to the prince, when at a banquet, he beat or mutilated them for his sport. A barbarous country, where, in the numerous butcheries of pretended state criminals, the grand princes and his courtiers themselves played the part of executioners upon the principal conspirators; a government so ill-constructed and absurd, that civil and military functions were confounded in the same hands; a national mass so misshapen and so unhealthy, that it was scarcely able to repulse a remnant of Tartars; and which, had it continued in the state that Peter found it in, Charles XII. would, perhaps, have conquered as easily as Siberia had been conquered by itself, and America by Europe.

"And yet, nobles, priests, people, every one, even to the first wife and son of the reformer, clung to these boorish manners, and to this benighted ignorance; obstinately determined to live over again the life of their fathers; perpetually recommencing instead of making progress.

"The nobles who had been discontented since the time of Ivan IV., and especially since the destruction, by Fædor, of their exclusive titles to the ranks and places held by their ancestors, refused to obey; they abhorred the new system which Peter sought to introduce,

where it was necessary to begin by obeying, where every thing required to be learned, and where rank depended on merit.

"The priests, superstitious from their calling, fanatical from ignorance, from interest, and from the pride inspired by their influence over a people still more ignorant than themselves; the priests, whose patriarchal throne, since the accession of the second race, had stood so close to the regal throne; they, beforehand, poured forth their maledictions upon all innovation, and especially when brought from countries where a dreaded sect was triumphant. By them, the first printing-office, which Alexis endeavoured to establish, had been burned. Thus did they repel all improvements, as abominable acts of sacrilege; and to this they were prompted either by a fanatical spirit, or by the instinct of immutability, which in fact, is indispensable to the existence of all power that is built upon error and superstition.

"As to the people, the example of the two other classes, and the influence which they exercised over them, were sufficient to harden them in their barbarous manners; even independent of the force or habit, which operated powerfully on all classes, and which is generally strong in proportion to the worthlessness of the custom from which it has originated.

"But Peter had formed a correct estimate of the three elements on which he wished to act: he knew that the state, such as his genius conceived it, was entirely concentrated in himself. He was aware that the clergy were not likely to become a dangerous power. It is true, that, having constantly increased their numbers and their privileges since the time of Vladimir the Great," we find them, in 1700, the persons first consulted on all important affairs, exercising the right of sentencing to death without appeal, and possessing one half of the property of the empire. Yet, notwithstanding all this, traditionary feelings, interest, and weakness, had always retained them in obedience.

"The causes of this constant submission to the head of the government have always been assigned; the most prominent cause has been stated to be, the obligation which the priests were under of being married,—a custom which introduced into their corporations the most heterogeneous part; which weakened the corporate spirit, by the mixture of contrary interests with it; which linked them with civil life by rendering them as much citizens as priests; and lastly, which occasioned them to be less respected by their flocks, in consequence of their too near approach to the multitude in point of situation."—pp. 250—253.

It may be easily understood, even from this short passage, what was the state of the society of which Peter was the ruling member, and how difficult a task it must have been to introduce order, where every thing so strongly favoured the continuance of anarchy. The means which Peter employed were those which the most absolute tyranny suggested, and they were successful in introducing a reformation which a few years before would have been con-

sidered very far distant. But, necessary as it was to rule with sternness, to be in appearance, and in the absoluteness of his command, a despot, this retrieves nothing of the obloquy which attaches to his name for the cruelty which tarnished the glory of his best and noblest actions.

The remaining history of Russia, is too well known to need our alluding to any of its details, and we cannot do better than permit our author to give the observations with which he terminates the history of Peter:—

"Historians of the nineteenth century, while we detest the violent acts of this prince, why should we be astonished at his despotism? Who was there who could then teach him, that to be truly liberal or moral is the same thing? But of what consequence is it, that he was ignorant that morality calls for the establishment of liberty, as being the best possible means of securing the general welfare? All that he did for that welfare, or, in other words, for the glory, the instruction, and the prosperity of his empire, was it not beneficial to that liberty, of which neither himself nor his people were yet worthy? Thus, without being aware of it, Peter the Great did more for liberty than all the dreams of liberalism have since fancied that he ought to have done! His people are indebted to him for their first and most difficult step towards their future emancipation. What matters, then, his abhorrence to the word, when he laboured so much for the thing? Since despotism was necessary there, how could he better employ it?

"If he carried matters too far, if he often deemed it just to inflict on his enemies all the evil which they wished to him, and to treat his country like a conquest in order to conquer it to civilization; in a word, if he overcame in his Russians their barbarous manners by dint of the barbarism which still remained in himself; the fault must be attributed to his education, to the age in which he lived, and to the circumstance of a degree of power being requisite here which has never been found to exist in man without being pushed to excess.

"It was in this hyperborean land, where a freezing temperature is adverse to social intercourse, by confining each individual within his own limits; in these humid and cold regions, where every kind of strength and superiority seems as though it ought to exert itself only to escape from them, to conquer a milder climate under a distant sky; it was here that this citizen despot, so familiar, so accessible, so enamoured of truth—full of the pride of noble actions, and endowed with admirable sagacity, with boundless zeal, and sleepless activity, devoted himself, in order to transform this barbarous and desolating nature into an enlightened and productive nature.

"Let thanks be paid to him, since he changed into a source of light that source of ignorance, whence the barbarism of the middle age had flowed in torrents over the face of Europe, ingulphing the civilization of ancient times. Never again will burst forth from those countries the Attilas, the Hermanics, the scourges of God and of mankind! Pe-

* "About the year 1000."

ter the Great has called forth there the lustre of the Scheremetefs, the Apraxins, the Mentzikofs, the Tolstoys, the Schavaloofs, the Ostermanns, the Romianzofs, and the numerous band of other names, till then unknown, but of which, since that epoch, the European aristocracy has been proud.

"In that great creation, as at the period of that of the world, we seem to behold all these men of Russian civilization included in one man! they seem as though they sprung from him, to civilize the empire with that unity, that order, that concordant motion, which manifests one common origin! He himself discerned, trained, or guided them. For, like the major part of the greatest men, he knew how to choose those who were suitable to his purpose; like them, too, he persisted in his choice, and in his friendships; either from the tenacity which is natural to all noble hearts in their feelings as well as in their projects, or, rather, from the correctness of their first glance, their superior genius being able instantly to recognise and to draw to them these subordinate geniuses! For what great man has ever yet been seen unsurrounded by great talents? as though, in virtue of an universal law, similar minds had a tendency to unite in the moral order of things, as atoms of the same nature have in the physical order."—pp. 430—432.

The Count de Segur's volume is compiled with ability, from the most respectable writers on the History of Russia. It is written in a pleasant and unaffected style, and contains all the information which a general reader would desire to possess respecting the foundation and progress of the great northern empire.

From the Westminster Review.

LONDON WEEKLY NEWSPAPERS.

In the last number of the Westminster Review an account was given of the Daily Newspaper Press. In noticing the Weekly Press, we shall confine ourselves to those publications which bear the name of Sunday Papers, and to the Literary Papers, which appear on Saturday. The Sunday Papers now published are the Atlas, Advertiser, Age, Bell's Messenger, John Bull, Catholic Journal, Despatch, Examiner, Englishman, Life in London, News, Observer, Sunday Times, Sphinx, Spectator, Weekly Times, Weekly Free Press, and Weekly Courier. Most of these papers have two distinct publications—one on Saturday afternoon for country circulation, the other on Sunday morning; and some have a third publication on the Monday, with the markets of that day. Until lately, we believe all the Sunday papers had Saturday and Sunday editions; but an arbitrary interference of the Stamp-commissioners, or rather of the Stamp-solicitor, has induced the proprietors of some of the papers to discontinue their Sunday edition, unless extraordinary news arrives on Saturday evening or Sunday morning. The Stamp-solicitor now requires a double duty upon the advertisements which appear in the two editions; so that if a

weekly paper, bearing the date of Sunday, and publishing an edition in the morning of that day, sends away any portion on the Saturday night, the government receives upon every advertisement a duty of 7s., instead of 3s. 6d. Now as some of the Sunday newspapers of even large circulation do not send one-eighth part of their number into the country on Saturday, and as the transmission of any papers on that day is a great accommodation to distant readers, there being no post on Sunday, the oppressiveness of this regulation will be immediately seen. As it now stands, a newspaper containing sixty advertisements must either pay to the government for permission to add a single line to the edition printed on Saturday afternoon (and what newspaper bearing the date of Sunday can succeed if it contain no intelligence of a later date than Saturday morning?) the sum of ten guineas weekly, in addition to the ten guineas already paid upon the same advertisements, or confine its publication entirely to one day. If, indeed, in this, as in some other countries, where as much true religion, but less of the mockery of observance prevails, the proprietors of Sunday newspapers could send away their copies by the post on Sunday afternoon, there would be no reason for their publishing any portion on Saturday; but as they have not such facility, it is a great hardship upon them to be compelled to appear on the Sunday with no more news than they had on the Saturday, or to abandon their Saturday edition altogether. This regulation is a great detriment to the property of newspaper proprietors, and a great impediment to the enjoyment of newspaper-readers. The denial of the services of the Post-office on Sunday is in itself alone a great hardship. If there were a post on Sunday, intelligence of many hours later date might of course be spread over the country, than can be forwarded on Saturday; and, instead of paying a further tax to government, Sunday newspapers really would appear entitled to some remission of that which is fixed by law, to counterbalance the inconvenience; but that a newspaper containing one hundred advertisements (and there are three or four Sunday newspapers in which the number in each is always greater than this) should have a further arbitrary imposition laid upon it of nearly twenty pounds, appears nothing less than a violation of the rights of property. For a portion of the evil, ingenuity has provided a remedy. The puritanical regard for the sacredness of the day, which interdicts the ringing of a postman's bell, or the postman's knock at the door within the bills of mortality on a Sunday, does not extend beyond those boundaries. At a distance of ten or eleven miles from the metropolis, the Post-office duty goes on as on other days, without any striking demonstrations of the evil effects of such violations of the Sabbath, and letters are sent and received as during the other parts of the week. If a newspaper proprietor desire to send into the country on Sunday a quantity of newspapers—no matter how large, he has only to forward them by a messenger to the first post-offices without the bills of mortality, such as Barnet, St. Alban's, Kingston, &c.; and there, at any time before 8 o'clock in the evening, his

papers are taken in, and they are on the same evening duly forwarded. But the transmission of newspapers in this way is too expensive to be resorted to as an ordinary practice. The power of so sending them, however, should teach a useful lesson to the authorities who create this difficulty, and then tax those who use the only remedy open to them of obviating in some degree the inconvenience.

Of the Sunday newspapers now printed, very few are of ancient standing. The oldest, was the Sunday Monitor, which has at length disappeared, and the next in date is, we believe, Bell's Weekly Messenger, a paper which has been more fortunate than the Sunday Monitor, although it is probably much less valuable than it was, when there were so few able competitors to contend against. This paper was started by Mr. John Bell, a gentleman who has had much to do with newspaper speculation. The Weekly Messenger must at one time have had a very extensive circulation; it is still a very respectable, and probably a profitable paper, but its profits must have been encroached on, since the period when the industry and exertion which gave it a name, were almost limited to that one establishment. The comparatively trifling risk at which a Sunday newspaper can be set up, and the success which attends some of the speculations in this way, will always bring fresh competitors into the field, and compel the conductors of established papers, to incur new expenditure, to prevent injury to their property by the exertions of their rivals. To set up a daily paper, it is necessary to have excellent premises, a good stock in trade in the way of types and machinery, and an able corps of editors, reporters, &c. In a daily paper, whatever may be the talent of the conductors, there must, for a great length of time, be a loss of from 100*l.* to 120*l.* weekly, if the extraordinary expenditure necessary to propitiate success, be not neglected: a Sunday newspaper may be started at a day's notice, without the outlay of one shilling for type, as it can, with no considerable inconvenience, be printed by contract, which could not be done with a daily paper, and without an engagement of any kind, to which a termination could not be put in a single hour. The actual expenditure of a good weekly paper, may be brought within 20*l.*, and there have been instances of the returns yielding, within the first year, a profit of three to four thousand pounds. Such instances are indeed rare, but they are of sufficient frequency to lure on speculators who begin newspapers as some men purchase a lottery-ticket. The John Bull was one of these extraordinary instances of good fortune. This paper was started during the late Queen's trial, with little more preliminary announcement than a few advertisements and a prospectus, copies of which were distributed in the streets of the metropolis. So cleverly was this prospectus written, that thousands of those to whom it was given, fancied that a good sound radical reform newspaper was about to make its appearance. The title, too, kept up the delusion. The demand for the first number was very great, indeed, but such was the rage of some of the purchasers, even among the newsmen, who do not generally care much about the politics

of a newspaper, that whole quires of papers were publicly burnt. The object, however, had been attained: publicity, without which no new undertaking can succeed, had been given to the John Bull, and in less than a month, the proprietors of that paper, not only had no losses to pay, but they are said to have shared a handsome profit. Who these proprietors were, has not transpired in such a way as to enable us to speak with confidence. Whoever they were, they contrived to keep their own secret, and were content to prefer the profits of their speculation to the honour which could result from the open association of their names with the concern in question. Unfortunately for the interests of justice, the law permits the proprietors of newspapers to shelter themselves from the consequences to which they would be exposed, if their names were made public. Before a newspaper can be started, it is necessary, according to the provisions of an act of parliament, that the name of one proprietor, at least, should be entered at the Stamp-office, and also the names of the printer and publisher. The proprietor so registered, swears to the property of the paper being vested in him, and no further inquiry is made. Let us imagine that this registered proprietor, is a mere man of straw, who has no real property in the paper, but who may be a person employed as publisher or printer, or in some other way, with an increased salary by way of compensation, for the risk that he incurs of imprisonment for the offence of libel. The paper which is so entered at the Stamp-office, may contain a hundred libels against private character, and no prosecution may be instituted against the nominal offender, from the repugnance which is naturally felt against punishing a hired agent, when it is impossible to detect the real slanderer. It is not so much that compassion is felt for the willing instrument of obloquy and wrong, but that the blow of indignation cannot reach the really guilty. And it must have been observed, that the purest and the noblest minds, are the last to resent the attacks of the press, however gross and violent. Borne aloft by the buoyancy and dignity of their characters, they are more indifferent than others to the black streams of calumny which roll beneath them. To such an extent has this system of entering nominal proprietors been carried, that instances are known of the property of a newspaper standing in the names of females, whose places of residence are unknown, and who have not an interest to the extent of a shilling, in the property which they have sworn belonged to them.

Of the circulation of the Sunday newspapers now published, we have no details which can be so far relied upon, as to enable us to speak with complete confidence as to particular establishments. In round numbers, however, we can assert, that there are printed on Saturday and Sunday, of the papers called Sunday papers, not less than 110,000 copies, without including the numbers printed in two or three establishments on the Monday. The sums paid to the government by these papers in the way of stamps, duties on the advertisements, and excise duty on the paper, exceeds 92,000*l.* per annum. Yet this sum, large as it is, does not

satisfy the new stamp-solicitor; for he has given notice, that he will charge an advertisement duty of 3s. 6d. upon every paragraph, announcing an intended meeting or dinner at any house, although the proprietor of the paper merely inserts the paragraph in the way of news, and charges nothing himself for the insertion. The editor of Bell's Life in London, a paper which is said to print 22,000 copies weekly, and which therefore must pay a large sum in the way of stamp-duty, states, that the charge has been really made upon him, and that he has no means of resisting it. Indeed, in these cases, the will of the stamp-solicitor is the only law. He has the commissioners on his side, and an attempt at resistance, would end in an expensive discomfiture.

Of the Sunday newspapers which now appear, more than four-fifths are liberal—only three, the John Bull, the Age, and the Old Soldier,* are downright ultra in the true old meaning of the term; and it appears from the most authentic account of the respective circulation of these papers, that can be obtained, that as far as mere numbers go, the purchasers of liberal papers are, compared with the purchasers of anti-liberal papers, as nine and a half to one. When it is considered that the Sunday newspapers circulate chiefly among the middling and lower orders, this fact will be taken as one of great interest, and at this moment of great importance. The anti-Catholics may assemble in the open air, and by bringing to them all that is ignorant and disreputable in society, may assume an appearance as to numbers—they may get up their petitions, and by the influence of hot-headed magistrates, and fanatic clergymen, procure the signatures of paupers in work-houses, patients in hospitals and lunatic asylums, and children at charity schools, but what becomes of their boasted numerical majority even among the lower classes, if we refer to those who are able to read and to judge for themselves, when we find the liberal Sunday papers of the metropolis, circulating in the country in such an enormous proportion in favour of liberalism, reform, and religious freedom. It will be said, perhaps, that this is only the case in London; certainly the lower orders of the metropolis are better informed than those of some parts of England where priesthood and magistracy have kept them in ignorance; but that in the country generally, there is a vast preponderance on the side of liberality, may be judged of from the fact, that of the 250 papers, or thereabouts, printed out of London, the proportion of liberal papers is as four to one at least over those of an opposite character. This calculation was made very lately, when the provincial press was less liberal than it has since become. Perhaps we might with great safety now take the number of papers, as four and a half to one; and if we take into consideration the number of copies circulated

by each, which is of course the only fair criterion, the proportion will not be very much under the average of that of the metropolis. How much are the present ministry, and the friends of Catholic emancipation, indebted to the London and provincial press, for the success which has crowned their labours! But for the newspapers they might have laboured in vain for ever. A great deal of ignorance prevailed in the mass of the people, and, sad to say, many of the educated and influential persons in the country, seemed more disposed to perpetuate the ignorance of the multitude, than to give them the benefits of knowledge, and the advantages of discussion. The schoolmaster however got abroad—newspapers multiplied in number, and rose in talent—the public mind was gradually prepared for a change, and when the change came, instead of the loud cries and clamours of "No Popery" mobs, we had only the passionate outpourings of a few discomfited Brunswickers.

Many of the Sunday papers are conducted with a degree of talent, which would surprise the proprietors of the Sunday newspapers of the last century. If we would have excellent and scientific criticisms on the drama and music of the day, we have only to turn to the pages of the Spectator, the Examiner, and the Atlas, and we shall there find articles which would not disgrace the pens of the first writers of the age. We may find talent and brilliancy, also, in the ranks of the anti-liberals. The John Bull and the Age are not without their piquant wit and brilliancy, operating we doubt not as a stimulant to the exercise of sound principles and arguments in the friends of liberty.—Altogether the Sunday press is highly respectable, and from its influence over the middling and lower classes, is of mighty importance.

The mechanical improvements of the last few years in the Sunday newspaper press have more than kept pace with those of general arrangement: they are now for the most part of very large size, are printed with excellent type, and, from the use of machines* for print-

* The following notice of machines for printing appears in an early number of the Mechanics' Register:

"Previous to the introduction of machines into the business of printing, the press department was one of great labour and difficulty, and the number of copies of a newspaper which could be printed within the hour, seldom exceeded seven hundred and fifty, even with extraordinary exertion. The consequence was, that in newspaper offices where the circulation was extensive, it was found necessary in order to get the paper published in time, to compose two or more copies, so, that by going to press at the same time, the demands of the public might be complied with; thus occasioning an enormous increase of expenditure both in the compositors' and press departments. In a newspaper circulating seven or eight thousand copies, this expense annually could not have been less than 2,000*l.*, all of which has been saved by the introduction of machines, which are worked by steam or hand. We are informed by one of the proprietors of the Constitu-

* The Old Soldier has disappeared since the above was written, so that there are only two real anti-liberal Sunday papers—the Age and the John Bull; on the Catholic question, however, we are sorry to say, Bell's Weekly Messenger is on the intolerant side.

ing, are delivered at a very early hour on the morning of Sunday to the newsmen, with full reports of the proceedings in the law and police courts of the preceding day. To what an extent competition is carried amongst them, will appear by a glance at the number of the Atlas, to which we have referred at the head of this article. This periodical was started about three years ago, and from the first has been printed upon a much larger sized sheet of paper than had ever before been used for newspaper purposes. The novelty of the plan with the real facilities which it gave to its projectors of supplying not only all the news of the week, but also a great portion of literary matter, secured for it a fair share of public favour, although its price (one shilling) was beyond the charge ever before made for a newspaper. Looking, however, at the size, and considering the quantity of original and expensive matter which the paper contained, under the able management of its original editor, surprise has often been excited that it should have answered the views of those who started it. Its having so answered, is a satisfactory proof of the extent to which the reading public will encourage good periodical publications. But, if the size of the Atlas in its ordinary form be colossal, what must be said of the number of Sunday, March 22d, which was of double the usual size, thus making it in length 5 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and in breadth nearly 4 feet.

We have already stated that the double sheet system was introduced by the Times newspaper as an evasion (and a very laudable one) of the extra stamp duty for a supplementary sheet. It certainly is rather hard upon the proprietor of a newspaper, that when there is a press of matter he may not be allowed to print an extra sheet at his own expense of paper and labour for gratuitous distribution to his subscribers, without paying to government an extra stamp-duty for every sheet so printed, and it is gratifying to find that this tyrannical and absurd tax can be thus evaded. We say tyrannical, because it is an arbitrary interference with the enterprising spirit of newspaper proprietors; and absurd, because, by encouraging rather than repressing the use of such supplements, the government would derive a large addition to the revenue from the excise duty on the greater consumption of paper. The present plan, although attended with great additional expenditure, and increased labour, with much loss of time (for in working a double sheet it has to be folded and passed twice through the machine) still effects a large saving. It is not, therefore, improbable that the government may interfere and get an act passed for limiting the size of the sheet under one stamp. This would be very much in the usual spirit of legislation in such mat-

ters, and we are not surprised to find that such an interposition is expected.

When the first double sheet of the Times newspaper was published, some very curious and amusing calculations were made of the quantity of matter contained in it. We may extend these calculations to the enlarged number of the Atlas, of March 22d, and we shall find that it contains in quantity as much as would fill two good octavo volumes, or indeed three, as they are spun out in the modern way with whole fields of margin; and that there is as much solid type in No. 149 of the Atlas, as in all the daily newspapers (eleven in number) of one day in Paris. If the contrast between the Atlas and the French newspapers of the present day, large as they now are, compared with what they were a few months ago, be curious, how would a number of the "Daily Journal" of one hundred years ago—then an improved and enlarged paper, appear by the side of the Atlas? In size, two of the columns of the Atlas are more than equal to the whole of the "Daily Journal" of that period, and in matter one column of the ninety-six, which the Atlas of March 22d exhibits, is more than equal to the whole of that paper. The quantity of paper used by the Atlas on the 22d inst. when, as we ought previously to have stated, its enlarged form was given for the purpose of furnishing to the public a very full report of the debates in Parliament on the Catholic question, is stated to have been 30 reams, and to have weighed 4,260 lbs, the number of copies printed being taken at about 15,000, which would pay a duty to government, of 60*l.*; whilst the stamp-duty would be about 200*l.* Looking at the size of the sheet, and supposing the number printed to have been as stated, we shall see that if the sheets were placed lengthwise together, they would extend over more than 15 miles of ground.*

The number of persons employed upon the Sunday newspaper press in London, on the Friday and Saturday, is at least four hundred, without taking into the calculation the news-venders and the persons engaged by them. In a former paper on this subject, the total number of persons employed upon the London and provincial press, was stated to be two thousand seven hundred, but in that total also, the news-venders and their servants were not included. We have not the means at present of ascertaining with positive correctness the number of persons engaged in the sale of newspapers in the metropolis, but the answers to the inquiries which we have made on the subject seem to warrant a statement, that, upon the whole of the newspaper press in Great Britain and Ireland, there are not employed as news-venders and agents, including the servants, less than two thousand, so that we have a total of nearly five thousand persons obtaining a subsistence from the newspaper press alone. The prevailing opinion in the trade is, that the number is much greater, but we have

tionnel Paris paper, that their annual saving from the use of a machine is more than 80,000 francs (between 3 and 4,000*l.* sterling), at which we are not surprised when we consider that the number of the *Constitutionnel* is about twenty thousand copies daily, and that to get it out in time, it was necessary to compose eight duplicates."

* Various statements are made as to the number of copies of the Atlas sold on the 22d of March. The lowest statement is 14,000, the highest 30,000.

reason to think that we are not far distant from fact in this calculation.

It has been already stated that the number of copies of Sunday newspapers printed weekly is about one hundred and ten thousand. This is given as a fair average. In times of excitement the number is of course greater, as it is lower in the subsequent periods of depression.

A question has often arisen whether the sale of Sunday newspapers, as compared with that of daily papers, affords any criterion by which we could judge of the demand for information, and the comparative means of purchase among the people. It is very difficult to draw the line in the falling-off of the sale of daily newspapers, and the use of Sunday papers, between the want of interest and the want of means. At the close of the late war, the public, who appeared to have been satiated with news, and to imagine that a time of peace could never furnish sufficient incident to keep up the interest of a daily paper, evinced a pretty general indifference to news; and many persons with whom the purchase of a daily paper proceeded from mere excitement, discontinued their subscriptions, and contented themselves with reading the news once a week instead of once in every twenty-four hours, but this was only for a time; within the last four or five years there has been a good demand for daily papers, without any material decrease in the sale of Sunday papers; and we are able to assert that the number of readers has very considerably increased within the last six years. We are prepared to hear this statement denied, but as our assertion is made upon data which we know to be correct we will first see how the case stands as to the daily press.

Within the last ten years, of all the newspapers in circulation, the British Press is the only newspaper which has been actually discontinued without a successor being found for it, and the Representative having been incorporated with the New Times, now the Morning Journal—all its readers of course were not lost. Among the Evening newspapers we have had at different times new competitors for public favour—as the True Briton, Evening Chronicle, Nation and Argus; all of these were discontinued after having each acquired a certain circulation without causing a corresponding decrease to the papers already established. It is a well-known fact that all these papers together, although they had some hundreds of subscribers, did not injure the Evening papers against which they were set up, to the extent of one-hundredth part of their circulation; and, when the intruders died, their subscribers were bequeathed to the surviving papers, by which more than one-half have been retained, thus showing at once a decided increase of what are called new readers. The Statesman, when it was discontinued, had a circulation of several hundreds, which were transferred to, and for the greater part retained by, the Globe; and there is now in the field one more Evening newspaper than the usual average. It would not be safe, perhaps, to assert, that collectively the six Evening newspapers published in London, circulate more copies than were ever circulated by Evening papers; for during the late war, when the excitement was very great, the

number of copies printed was occasionally enormous; but that was in a mere fever of curiosity, and the sale of newspapers under such circumstances proved nothing as to the progress of intellect. Men read newspapers then for accounts of battles and sieges—they read them now for improvement. It is no longer possible to keep up the excitement which was created by the war, and the columns of newspapers are filled with more useful and instructive matter. But we will say, that at no time during the peace, and in the absence of peculiarly exciting causes, has the sale of newspapers been so great as within the last two or three years. Still confining our remarks to the Evening papers, we notice the Sun, which, from a circulation of little more than 350, has risen to nearly 2,000; to the British Traveller, which may be said to supply the place of the Statesman, with a circulation of double its number; and to the Standard, which, although not two years old, now circulates at least 1,500 copies. The Courier has indeed gone down considerably, but the Globe has added within three years to its former circulation more than 1,000 copies; and the Star, a paper now hardly known, has not for many years had a circulation upon which it was possible to lose any thing considerable. What does all this prove, but that whatever may be the means of purchase, there is a great increase of readers—that the schoolmaster is indeed abroad, and that man has become more of a reasoning animal? We are not prepared to say exactly how this increase of readers has taken place, but a portion of it may fairly be attributed to the establishment of the little coffee houses or shops in which most of the daily papers are taken. Throughout the country, the number of places of this description being very great, it must have caused a considerable demand for newspapers. The working classes, who frequent them, cared little when they met at public houses, for newspapers; their object then was, to smoke and to drink, but now no man, or no man who can read (and how few are there of those who go to coffee-shops who cannot read), thinks of calling for his cup of coffee without at the same time asking for a newspaper. The change which the establishment of these places of public resort has effected in the habits and manner of thinking of the working population is great and satisfactory. One has only to notice the vast difference between the artisans of the metropolis and those of the country towns in which there are no coffee-shops, to be convinced that it is to the frequent reading of newspapers, and to the verbal discussion which they naturally produce, that we are greatly indebted for the marked intellectual improvement of the metropolitan multitude. Nothing serves so much to perpetuate ignorance and prejudice as the being limited to a small circle of acquaintance, or the reading of those newspapers only in which appeals are made to the weak and malevolent passions. Why was it that at the late election for Oxford three-fourths of the parsons voted for Sir H. Inglis, and three-fourths of the barristers and men of the world voted for Mr. Peel? The answer is plain. The parsons, generally speaking, never leave the circle of their own parishioners, they seldom read any newspaper but

those which their fathers read before them, and the consequence is, that they have no opportunity, even if they had the inclination, for rubbing off the rust of prejudice, and acquiring liberal ideas. So is it with the multitude. As long as they in their hours of recreation passed their time only in public houses, where newspapers in the present day are comparatively scarce articles, and where any thing but reading was thought of, they remained in the "bliss of ignorance," which the aristocrats of the present day say is the natural lot of the poor and industrious; but when coffee-shops were opened, a new charm presented itself. They read and reasoned; and thus it is, that although much prejudice and much ignorance still prevail, there is already such an improvement as must gratify every friend to liberality and to freedom of discussion. In pursuing the argument, that the number of newspapers now printed is greater than it ever was, except during particular periods of excitement, we will mention, as the result of careful inquiry, that the total number of copies of the six Evening newspapers now published, which is about 11,000 daily, is at least 1,000 more than it used to be; and if we reckon that every newspaper is read by thirty persons, a very fair calculation, considering how great a portion of the circulation of newspapers goes into reading-rooms and coffee-rooms, and other public places, we shall have an increase of thirty thousand new readers of Evening papers alone; and if we continue the speculation as to the Morning papers, we shall find the increase still more evident.

There are now published seven Morning Newspapers. The Times, the Morning Herald, the Morning Chronicle, the Morning Journal, the Morning Post, the Morning Advertiser, and the Public Ledger. The number of copies of these papers daily printed is about 28,000—which, in the absence of positive data, but drawing our conclusions from the best information that we have been able to obtain, is at least 5,000 more than it was seven years ago, on an average, and leaving out of view the number thrown off to meet any occasional demand—this will be easily shown. The Times is higher in circulation than it used to be; the Morning Herald, from a circulation of less than 1,500 copies, has risen, we believe, to between 7,000 and 8,000; the Morning Chronicle is, according to the published statement of its owner, very much higher in number than formerly; the Morning Post, although probably lower than it was seven years ago, is not so to the extent of many hundreds; the Public Ledger never was a high paper, and can have lost but little; the Morning Advertiser is as well, or better off than it used to be; and the only sensible falling-off within the seven years is in the Morning Journal; which, notwithstanding the junction of the Representative with it, when it bore the title of the New Times, has never been very successful, since it ceased to be the Day, or rather since the best days of "The Day;" for towards the latter part of the period, during which it bore that title, it was a very unprofitable speculation.* The only daily

morning paper which has sunk within the last seven years, with the exception of the Representative, which was little better than still-born, was the British Press: a paper which never averaged a circulation of 1,000 copies.

We cannot, therefore, err much, if we take the increase of daily papers at 5,000, which, on the same supposition of each copy being read by thirty persons, would give us a hundred and fifty thousand new readers; and these, added to the new readers of Evening Papers, will give a total of a hundred and eighty thousand. But it is in the circulation of Sunday newspapers that we shall find a marked improvement. It is impossible not to admit that we have here an increase of 10,000 copies, and consequently an increased number of readers to the extent of three hundred thousand; thus giving a grand total of nearly half a million, without reckoning the Provincial Papers. We hope on a future occasion to prove these statements by official returns—we shall be much deceived if they do not more than corroborate them.

On looking over the list of the newspapers printed, we cannot but be forcibly struck with their number, as compared with the population. The total number of copies of newspapers printed in Great Britain during the week, is nearly 500,000. The Population Returns in 1821 were about twenty-two millions, and for the sake of a comparative number we will suppose the population to have now increased to twenty-five millions. Now a weekly circulation of 500,000 papers will give a daily average of more than seventy thousand,* which would be in the proportion of one newspaper to every three hundred and fifty-seven persons: or if we deduct the number sent to the East and West Indies, to America, and to other parts of the world, to about one newspaper to every four hundred, in which are of course included children and others who cannot read. This is an

paper has appeared under its present title and management, it has been regularly rising in circulation.

* Since the above was written, we have examined the official stamp returns of 1821, by which we find that the total number of newspaper stamps issued in that year, was 24,779,786, which would give a daily average of nearly 68,000. It would appear from this statement, that if our calculation of the number of stamps now issued be correct, the increase at this time is at the rate of 750,000 per annum, and the number of new readers would be between 40 and 50,000; but we have not the slightest doubt, that in the absence of any official returns for 1822, and in our anxiety to avoid every appearance of exaggeration, we have underrated the circulation of the Provincial newspapers. According to a statement published in 1824, the circulation of Provincial newspapers at that time (and it is certainly not less now) was so much more extensive than the amount assumed by us, that taking the circulation of 1824 as a criterion, the entire number of newspaper copies printed in Great Britain, in 1822, would give an increase over the year 1821, of considerably more than one million copies.

* We are given to understand that since this

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astonishing number, and is exceeded in no part of the globe, except the United States of America, where the proportion in favour of the reading population is much greater; but there the proprietors of newspapers have not enormous taxes to pay as they have here, and the cost of a newspaper is very trifling. If from the gross number printed we deduct those which are sent out of the country before they are read, and allow that throughout Great Britain every copy of a newspaper is read by only twenty-five persons (and perhaps it would not be fair to take a higher average for the whole kingdom, for many of the Provincial Newspapers are not read by more than seven or eight persons), we shall find that of the gross population, about one-eighteenth part are readers of newspapers. This, of course, is speculation, because it is hardly possible to calculate with certainty as to the number of readers in particular parts of the kingdom; but if we take the number at one-twentieth, we shall certainly be under the mark, and this is no slight demonstration of the "March of Intellect." To how great an extent this might be carried in the publication and transmission of newspapers had their conductors greater facilities, it is not easy to say—undoubtedly the advantages to society would be very considerable.

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The next question that presents itself is this.—What is the proportion of liberal ideas diffused throughout the country by this kind of reading? This question is not difficult of solution. We have already mentioned the proportion of liberal papers to those of a contrary tendency, and any man who chooses to take the trouble of calculating the number of readers may soon come at the result. It may be mentioned, however, as an illustrative fact, that the Sunday newspaper (Bell's Life in London), which has the largest circulation, and which, from its nature, may be supposed to circulate among the very lowest part of the population, is, and ever has been, a decidedly liberal publication. The number of copies which this paper averaged weekly, for a long period, and we have not heard that it has much fallen, was 22,000. Although intended for circulation among sporting characters, and adapted for the reading of the lower orders, there have appeared in this paper some masterly articles on general politics; and it is no slight proof of the improved taste of the lower orders, that they have appreciated such productions.

The literary papers published on Saturday are the Literary Gazette and the London Weekly Review. The first named of these papers possesses, and has possessed for several years, a very large share of public patronage.

The conductors of this work generally abstain from every thing that has a political tendency; but, on the few occasions, when this abstinence has been departed from, we have observed rather a tory than a liberal bias.—The profits arising from this publication are said to be nearly £5,000 a year. The number of copies circulated must therefore be very great. The London Weekly Review is of much more recent date, but it has an increasing circulation. This paper also, generally avoids political discussion. A third literary

paper, the Athenæum, which is published on Wednesday, has taken a very different course. Although professedly devoted to literature, most of the reviews in the Athenæum have a strong tendency towards liberalism, and the whole work bears an air of independence. The Athenæum, however, cannot be deemed a successful work. Its prospects were very bright at starting, but it has never recovered the serious injury inflicted on it by the determination to print two numbers a week.

We shall now conclude this part of the subject. It was intended to give in the same paper an Account of the Provincial and Foreign Newspaper Press respecting which, some valuable and authentic statistical information has been obtained, but it is absolutely necessary to defer it until another number.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SONGS OF THE AFFECTIONS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The Charmed Picture.

Oh! that those lips had language!—Life hath pass'd
With me but roughly since I saw thee last.

THESE eyes are charm'd—thine earnest eyes,
Thou Image of the Dead!
A spell within this sweetness lies,
A virtue thence is shed.

Of in their meek blue light enshrined,
A blessing seems to be;
And sometimes there, my wayward mind
A still reproach can see.

And sometimes Pity—soft and deep,
And quivering through a tear;
Ev'n as if Love in Heaven could weep,
For Grief left drooping here.

And oh! my spirit needs that balm,
Needs it midst fitful mirth,
And in the night-hour's haunted calm,
And by the lonely hearth.

Look on me thus, when hollow Praise
Hath made the weary pine,
For one true tone of other days,
One glance of love like thine!

Look on me thus, when sudden glee
Bears my quick heart along,
On wings that struggle to be free
As bursts of skylark song.

In vain, in vain!—too soon are felt
The wounds they cannot flee;
Better in child-like tears to melt,
Pouring my soul on thee!

Sweet face, that o'er my childhood shone,
Whence is thy power of change,
Thou, ever shadowing back my own,
The rapid and the strange?

Whence are they charm'd—those earnest
eyes?—

I know the mystery well!
In my own trembling bosom lies
The Spirit of the Spell.

Of Memory, Conscience, Love, 'tis born—
 Oh! change no longer Thou!
 For ever be the blessing worn
 On thy pure thoughtful brow!

The Dreaming Child.

Ales! what kind of grief should thy years know?
 Thy brow and cheek are smooth as waters are
 When no breath troubles them.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

AND is there sadness in thy dream, my Boy?—
 What should the cloud be made of?—blessed
 child!

Thy spirit, borne upon a breeze of joy,
 All day hath ranged through sunshine, clear
 yet mild:

And now thou tremblest?—Wherefore?—in
 thy soul

There lies no Past, no Future. Thou hast
 heard

The sound of presage from the distance roll,
 Thy breast bears traces of no arrowy word:

From thee no Love hath gone: thy mind's
 young eye

Hath look'd not into Death's, and thence be-
 come

A questioner of mute Eternity.

A weary searcher for a viewless home:

Nor hath thy sense been quicken'd into pain,
 By feverish watching for some step beloved;—
 Free are thy thoughts, an ever-changeful
 train,
 Glancing like dewdrops, and as lightly moved.

Yet now, on billows of strange Passion toss'd,
 How art thou wilder'd in the cave of Sleep!
 My gentle child! midst what dim phantoms
 lost,

Thus in mysterious anguish dost thou weep?

Awake! they sadden me—those early tears,
 First gushings of the strong dark River's flow,
 That must o'ersweep thy soul with coming
 years—

Th' unfathomable flood of human wo!

Awful to watch, ev'n rolling through a dream,
 Forcing wild spray-drops but from Childhood's
 eyes!

Wake, wake! as yet thy life's transparent
 stream
 Should wear the tide of none but summer
 skies.

Come from the shadow of those realms un-
 known,

Where now thy thoughts dismay'd and dark-
 ling rove,

Come to the kindly region all thine own,
 The Home still bright for thee with guardian
 Love!

Happy, fair child! that yet a Mother's voice
 Can win thee back from visionary strife!—
 Oh! shall my Soul, thus waken'd to rejoice,
 Start from the dream-like Wilderness of Life?

From the United Service Journal.

BATTLE OF ALGIERS.

BY AN OFFICER ENGAGED.

THE Leander, fitted for the flag of Rear-Admiral Milne, was at Spithead, in June, 1816, when Lord Exmouth arrived with a squadron from the Mediterranean, where a dispute had arisen between the Dey of Algiers and his Lordship, in consequence of a massacre that took place at Bona, on the persons of foreigners, then under the protection of the British flag.

When the particulars were made known to Government, Lord Exmouth was ordered to return to Algiers, and to demand, in the name of the Prince Regent, instant reparation for the insult offered to England. The squadron being still on the war establishment, the crews were discharged, and another expedition was ordered to be equipped with all possible despatch. The Leander instantly offered her services, and she soon had the satisfaction to hear, that they were graciously accepted, and never was greater joy expressed throughout her crew, than when her Captain (Chetham) announced the determination of the Admiralty, that she was to complete to the war complement; an extra lieutenant (Monk) was appointed, a rendezvous for volunteers opened on the point at Portsmouth, and in ten days she was ready for sea, with 480 men on board.

Portsmouth, during this time, looked like itself in war. All sorts of persons came forward to enter; ploughmen, watermen, and a whole band of itinerant musicians; some were taken, raw as they seemed to be, and others were rejected; certain it is, however, that two or three of our volunteers never had been at sea before. A zeal now showed itself from the captain to the boy seldom witnessed; duty, however incredible it may appear, actually became a pleasure, such was the excitement produced by the prospect of active service.

The flag of Rear-Admiral Milne was at length hoisted, and the Leander sailed for Plymouth, where she anchored in two days, and joined part of the squadron intended for the same service: the Queen Charlotte, bearing the flag of Lord Exmouth, soon appeared, and on the 29th of July, the expedition sailed from England with a fine easterly breeze. Now began the preparations for action; the people were exercised at the guns twice a day (Sunday excepted), blank cartridges were occasionally fired, and the Marines practised with ball at a mark. Tubs were placed in different parts of the decks to hold an additional quantity of shot, double breechings fitted to the carronades, and spare breechings hung up over each long gun; midshipmen were stationed at the hatchways to preserve regularity in the supply of powder; preventer braces and toggles fitted to the lower yards, which were slung in chains; tucklines were fitted to the topsails to haul them snugly up, and casks were lashed along the decks with water to refresh the men.

The expedition arrived in Gibraltar in eleven days, when it was joined by a Dutch squadron of five frigates and a corvette, under the command of Vice-Admiral Von Capellan; five gun-

boats were fitted out and manned by the ships of the line, and two transports were hired to attend with ammunition, &c. All lumber and bulkheads, were landed at the dock-yard; the ships were completed with water, and in all points ready for sea by the 13th of August. The Rear-Admiral shifted his flag into the *Imprégnable*, and on the 14th the combined expedition sailed for Algiers. The *Leander* was ordered to take a transport in tow, and keep on the Admiral's weather-beam, and the Dutchmen kept to windward of all. We were met by an easterly wind two days after leaving Gibraltar, and on the third day we were joined by the *Prometheus*, from Algiers, whither she had been despatched to bring away the British Consul; the Dey, however, was apprized of the expedition and detained him, as well as two boats' crews of the *Prometheus*, but the Consul's wife and daughter escaped, and got safely on board.

The foul wind prevented the squadron making much way, but the time was employed to advantage in constant exercise at the guns, and the men were brought as near to perfection as they could be; in handling them each man knew his own duty, as well as that of the captain of the gun, fireman, boarder, powder-man, rammer, &c. Each took his turn to the several duties, and continued changing up to the 27th. A chain-cable was brought through the starboard-cabin-window, on the main-deck, and bent to the bower-anchor forward, ready to bring the ship up by the stern, and a hepen-cable in the same way on the other side; the flying jib-booms were rigged in, to allow the ships to anchor near each other round the mole; in short, every precaution which the most seaman-like views could think of were taken to insure success: lastly, were the preparations of the surgeon, who had been long employed making conveniences for those who were doomed to require his assistance. Fearful as it was to see the lengths of bandages which he and his assistants were getting ready for wounded limbs, we could not but feel a satisfaction in the confidence which all justly placed in his skill and attention; for no man could, nor did with more success, exert himself, when the day of need arrived.

On Sunday, the 25th of August, the expedition had a fine breeze, and made great progress with a flowing sheet; divine service was performed, and on that occasion, when offering up prayers to the Almighty, by many for the last time, at public worship, feelings of the most satisfactory nature originated, which can never be forgotten by those who felt them; they gave a cool confidence when going into action, which the stranger to religious sentiments can never possess.

The coast of Africa was seen on Monday, and as the day dawned on Tuesday, the 27th, Algiers appeared about ten miles off. The morning was beautifully fine, with a haze which foretold the coming heat: as the morning advanced, the breeze failed us, but at nine o'clock we had neared the town to within about five miles; the long line of batteries were distinctly seen, with the red flag flying in all directions, and the masts of the shipping showed above the walls of the mole. The *Severn*, with a flag

of truce flying, was detached with the terms of the Prince Regent, and this was a most anxious period, for we were in the dark as to the feelings of the Dey, whether the offered terms were such as he could consistently accept, or that left him no alternative but resistance. During this state of suspense, our people were as usual exercised at the guns, the boats hoisted out, and prepared for service by signal, and at noon we were ready for action.

The ship's company were piped to dinner, and at one o'clock the captain and officers sat down to theirs in the gun-room, the principal dish of which was a substantial sea pie; wine was pledged in a bumper to a successful attack, and a general expression of hope for an unsuccessful negotiation. At this time, the officer of the watch reported to the captain, that the Admiral had made the general telegraph "Are you ready?" Chatham immediately directed that our answer "ready" should be shown, and at the same moment the like signal was flying at the mast-heads of the entire squadron. The mess now broke up, each individual of it quietly making arrangements with the other in the event of accident, and we had scarcely reached the deck, when the signal to "bear up" was out, the Commander-in-chief leading the way, with a fine steady breeze blowing on the land. We ran in on the Admiral's larboard-beam, keeping within two cables' length of him, the long guns were loaded with round and grape, the carronades with grape only; our sail was reduced to the topsails, and top-gallant sails, the mainsail furled, and the boats dropped astern in tow. The ships were now steering to their appointed stations, and the gun-boats showing their eagerness, by a crowd of sail, to get alongside the batteries. As we drew towards the shore, the Algerines were observed loading their guns, and a vast number of spectators were assembled on the beach, idly gazing at the approach of the squadron, seemingly quite unconscious of what was about to happen. Far different were appearances at the mouth of the mole as it opened; the row-boats, fully manned, were lying on their oars, quite prepared for the attack, and we fully expected they would attempt to board should an opportunity offer; each boat had a flag hanging over the stern. A frigate was moored across the mouth of the mole, and a small brig was at anchor outside of her.

At fifteen minutes before three P. M. the *Queen Charlotte* came to an anchor by the stern, at the distance of sixty yards from the beach, and, as was ascertained by measurement, ninety yards from the muzzles of the guns of the mole batteries, unmolested, and with all the quietude of a friendly harbour; her flag flew at the main, and the colours at the peak; her starboard broadside flanked the whole range of batteries from the mole head to the lighthouse; her topsail yards (as were those of the whole squadron,) remained aloft, to be more secure from fire, and the sails brought snugly to the yards by headlines previously fitted; the top-gallant sails and small sails only were furled, so that we had no man unnecessarily exposed aloft.

The *Leander*, following the motions of the Admiral, was brought up with two anchors by

the stern, let go on his larboard beam, veered away, until she obtained a position nearly a-head of him, then let go an anchor under foot, open by this to a battery on the starboard side at the bottom of the mole, and to the fish-market battery on the larboard side. At this moment Lord Exmouth was seen waving his hat on the poop to the idlers on the beach to get out of the way, then a loud cheer was heard, and the whole of the *Queen Charlotte's* tremendous broadside was thrown into the batteries abreast of her; this measure was promptly taken, as the smoke of a gun was observed to issue from some part of the enemy's work, so that the sound of the British guns was heard almost in the same instant with that to which the smoke belonged. The cheers of the *Queen Charlotte* were loudly echoed by those of the *Leander*, and the contents of her starboard broadside as quickly followed, carrying destruction into the groups of row-boats; as the smoke opened, the fragments of boats were seen floating, their crews swimming and scrambling, as many as escaped the shot, to the shore; another broadside annihilated them. The enemy was not slack in returning this warm salute, for almost before the shot escaped from our guns, a man standing on the fore-castle bits, hauling on the topsail buntlines, received a musket bullet in his left arm, which broke the bone, and commenced the labours in the cockpit. The action became general as soon as the ships had occupied their positions, and we were engaged with the batteries on either side; so close were we, that the enemy were distinctly seen loading their guns above us. After a few broadsides, we brought our starboard broadside to bear on the fish-market, and our larboard side then hooked to seaward. The rocket-boats were now throwing rockets over our ships into the mole, the effects of which, were occasionally seen on the shipping on our larboard bow. The Dutch flag was to be seen flying at the fore of the Dutch Admiral, who, with his squadron, were engaging the batteries to the eastward of the mole. The fresh breeze which brought us in was gradually driven away by the cannonade, and the smoke of our guns so hung about us, that we were obliged to wait until it cleared; for the men took deliberate and certain aims, training their guns until they were fully satisfied of their precision. But our enemies gave us no reason to suppose that they were idle; so great was the havoc which they made amongst us, that the surgeon in his report stated, that sixty-five men were brought to him wounded after the first and second broadsides. Poor Baxter, the sub-altern of marines, who had been presiding at the mess-table just half an hour before in all the vigour of health, was shot through the head by a musket bullet, while he was leaning on the hammock-rails, looking towards the shore. The captain of marines, (Wilson,) in a later stage of the business, fell by a double-headed shot, which carried away both his legs: the marines were at the great guns, so that their officers had but little to do, and no doubt Baxter was picked off. A very fine boy, Sturt, a midshipman at the gangway quarters, came running past severely wounded by a musket

bullet likewise, and another Mid. Hanwell, at the same quarters, fell, shot in the spine, in the same way.

About four o'clock, a boat, with an officer, came with orders from the admiral to cease firing, as an attempt to destroy the Algerine frigates was about to be made. Accordingly, three boats pushed into the mole, running the gauntlet in gallant style; they boarded the outermost frigate, which was found deserted by her crew, and in a few minutes she was in a blaze; in doing this the boats' crew suffered severely. The smoke of our last broadside had scarcely left us, when the Algerines renewed their fire of musketry upon our decks; fortunately the men were lying down by the guns, and the officers alone were marks for them, but one midshipman was their only victim at this time. The masts began to suffer in all parts, splinters were falling from them, and shreds of canvass from the sails came down upon us in great quantities: traces, bow-lines, and other running gear, suffered equally; the shrouds, fore and aft, got cut up so quickly, that the rigging men attempted in vain to knot them, and were at last forced to leave the rigging to its fate.

When the boats returned, we recommenced our fire with renewed vigour; occasionally a flag-staff was knocked down, a fact which was always announced with a cheer, each captain of a gun believing himself to be the faithful marksman. The Algerine squadron now began, as it were, to follow the motions of the outer frigate; the rockets had taken effect, and they all burned merrily together. A hot shot, about this time, struck a powder-box, on which was sitting a powder-boy; he poor fellow, was blown up, and another near him was dreadfully scorched.

Through the intervals of smoke, the sad devastation in the enemy's works was made visible; the whole of the mole head, near the *Queen Charlotte*, was a ruin, and the guns were consequently silenced; but we were not so fortunate with the fish-market; the guns there still annoyed us, and ours seemed to make no impression. A battery in the upper angle of the town was also untouched, and we were so much under it, that the shot actually came through our decks, without touching the bulwarks, and we could not elevate our guns sufficiently to check them.

As the sun was setting behind the town, the whole of the shipping in the mole were in flames; their cables burned through, left them at the mercy of every breeze: the outermost frigate threatened the *Queen Charlotte* with a similar fate, but a breeze sent her clear on towards the *Leander*; a most intense heat came from her, and we expected every moment to be in contact; the flames were burning with great power at the mast heads, and the loose fire was flying about in such a way that there seemed little chance of our escaping, but we checked her progress towards us, by firing into her, and in the act of hauling out, we were rejoiced to see a welcome sea-breeze alter the direction of the flames aloft, the same sea-breeze soon reached her hull, and we had the satisfaction in a few minutes to see her touch the shore to which she belonged.

The guns were now so much heated by the incessant fire kept up, that we were forced to reduce the cartridges nearly one-half, as well as to wait their cooling before reloading; the men, too, were so reduced at some guns, that they required the assistance of the others to work them; the aftermost gun on the gangway had only two men left untouched. Between seven and eight o'clock, the fire of the enemy's guns had sensibly diminished, and their people were running in crowds from the demolished works to the great gate of the city; they were distinctly seen in all their movements by the light of their burning navy and arsenal. The battery in the upper angle of the town, which was too high to fire upon, kept up a galling fire, and another farther to the eastward was still at work. To bring our broadside to bear on it, a hawser was run out to the Severn, on our larboard bow, the ship was swung to the proper bearing, and we soon checked them. At 45 minutes past nine, the squadron began to haul out, some making sail, and taking advantage of a light air off the land, while others were towing and warping: the only sail which we had fit to set, was the main-topmast stay-sail, and this was of too stout canvass to feel the breeze; the boats of our own ship were unable to move her, after a kedge-anchor, which was run out to the length of the stream-cable, had come home; thus we were left, dependant either on a breeze or the assistance of the squadron. An officer was sent to tell the admiral our situation, but the boat was sunk from under the crew, who were picked up by another; a second boat was more successful, and the admiral ordered all the boats he could collect to our assistance. At this time the Severn, near us, had caught the breeze, and was moving steadily out; a hawser was made fast to her mizen-chains, secured to its bare end, which had just sufficient length to reach the painter of the headmost boat, towing; by this means the *Leander's* head was checked round, and we had again the gratification to see her following the others of the squadron. The small portion of our sails were set to assist our progress, but without the help of the Severn there we should have remained; our mizen-topmast fell into the main-top, shot through. When the Algerines saw us retiring they returned to the guns which they had previously abandoned, and again commenced a fire on the boats, which made the water literally in a foam; this fire was returned by our quarter guns, but with very little effect. As we left the land, the breeze increased, the Severn cast off her tow, and our boats returned on board: at 25 minutes past eleven we fired our last gun, and the cannonade was succeeded by a storm of thunder and lightning.

At midnight we anchored within three miles of the scene of action; the report of a gun on shore was still heard at intervals, but all was soon quiet, except the shipping in the mole, which continued to burn, keeping all around brilliantly illuminated. We now attempted to furl sails, but the men were so thoroughly stiffened by the short period of inaction since the firing ceased, that they stuck almost powerless to the yards; after great exertion, the gaskets were somehow passed round the yards, and

the labours of the day ended; grog was served out, and the hammocks piped down, but few had the inclination to hang them up.

Soon after daylight we mustered at quarters, and found that 16 officers and men were killed, and 120 wounded; the three lower masts badly wounded, every spar wounded, except the sparker-boom; the shrouds cut in all parts, leaving the masts unsupported, which would have fallen had there been the least motion; the running gear entirely cut to pieces; the boats *all* shot through; the bulwarks riddled with grape and musketry; 96 round-shot in the starboard side, some of them between wind and water; the guns were all uninjured to any extent, and remained, the only part of the *Leander*, efficient.

At nine o'clock, Capt. Mitchell came on board from Lord Exmouth, to thank Capt. Chatham for the position taken up by the *Leander*, and for the able support she had given him throughout the day.

The town had a very different appearance this morning to that which it presented the day before. Instead of clean white walls, decorated with flags, and a mole well filled with shipping, there was but the ruins of a town; a few houses in the upper part remained untouched, but lower down it was one undistinguishable mass; smoke rising from the fragments of the ships destroyed was seen in many directions, and the wrecks of boats and larger vessels were drifting about unclaimed by either party.

The ship's company were again at work, clearing decks, unbending sails, and making every preparation to renew the action; but at noon we had the satisfaction to hear that the Dey had accepted the terms which were offered him the day before; at the same time that this information was conveyed to the squadron, a general order was issued to offer up "public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the signal victory obtained by the arms of England."

On this day the bodies of our departed shipmates were ranged on gratings along the upper-deck for interment; the Captain read the funeral service in the presence of the whole crew assembled round, and when he came to the passage, "we commit their bodies to the deep," the remains of officers and men were launched into the ocean, within three miles of the spot where they met their fate. The wounded were made as comfortable as a ship could make them; they were placed in cots, hung up on the main-deck, occupying the whole space between the main-mast and cabin windows, and they received from the officers all the fresh stock which they possessed.

On the 31st of August, Adm. Milne rehoisted his flag in the *Leander*, and sailed the following day for England with despatches; but her passage to Gibraltar was so tedious, on account of her being under jury top-masts and yards, that he shifted his flag to the *Glasgow*, and proceeded in her, leaving us to make the best of our way. At the end of September we arrived at Spithead.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE RUINED HOUSE.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

"Oh! 'tis the heart that magnifies this life,
Making a truth and beauty of its own."
Wordsworth.

"Birth has gladdened it; Death has sanctified it."
Guineer at Truth.

No dower of storied song is thine,
O desolate abode!
Forth from thy gates no glittering line
Of lance and spear hath flow'd:
Banners of Knighthood have not flung
Proud drapery o'er thy walls,
Nor bugle-notes to battle rung
Through thy resounding halls.

Nor have rich bowers of Pleasance here
By courtly hands been dress'd,
For princes, from the chase of deer,
Under green leaves to rest:
Only some rose, yet lingering bright
Beside thy casements lone,
Tells where the Spirit of Delight
Hath dwelt, and now is gone.

Yet minstrel-tale of harp and sword,
And sovereign Beauty's lot,
House of quench'd light and silent board!
For me thou needest not.
It is enough to know that here,
Where thoughtfully I stand,
Sorrow and Love, and Hope and Fear,
Have link'd one kindred band.

Thou bindest me with mighty spells!
—A solemnizing breath,
A presence all around thee dwells
Of human life and death.
I need but pluck yon garden-flower
From where the wild weeds rise,
To wake, with strange and sudden power,
A thousand sympathies!

Thou hast heard many sounds, thou hearth,
Deserted now by all!
Voices at eve here met in mirth,
Which eve may ne'er recall.
Youth's buoyant step, and Woman's tone
And Childhood's laughing glee,
And song, and prayer, have well been known,
Hearth of the Dead! to thee.

Thou hast heard blessings fondly pour'd
Upon the infant head,
As if in every fervent word
The living soul were shed:
Thou hast seen partings—such as bear
The bloom from Life away—
Alas! for Love in changeful air,
Where nought beloved can stay!

Here, by the restless bed of Pain,
The vigil hath been kept,
Till sunrise, bright with Hope in vain,
Burst forth on eyes that wept:
Here hath been felt the hush, the gloom,
The breathless influence shed
Through the dim dwelling, from the room
Wherein reposed the dead.

The seat left void, the missing face,
Have here been mark'd and mourn'd:
And Time hath fill'd the vacant place,
And gladness hath return'd:
Till from the narrowing household chain
The links dropp'd, one by one;
And homeward hither o'er the main
Came the Spring-birds alone.

Is there not cause then—cause for thought,
Fix'd eye, and lingering tread,
Where, with their thousand mysteries fraught,
Ev'n lowliest hearts have bled?
Where, in its ever-haunting thirst
For draughts of purer day,
Man's soul, with fitful strength, hath burst
The clouds that wrapt its way?

Holy to human nature seems
The long-forsaken spot!
To deep affections, tender dreams,
Hopes of a brighter lot!
Therefore in silent reverence here,
Hearth of the Dead! I stand,
Where Joy and Sorrow, Smile and Tear,
Have link'd one kindred band.

From the Monthly Magazine.

INSCRIPTION IN A GARDEN AT ALTONA.

[From the German of Bonstetten.]

WHEN on my bed of woe I lay,
With friends all weeping by,
And felt life ebbing day by day,
And felt I dared not die—
I prayed for life; yet had I known
The bitter days to come,
How had I shunned the thankless boon,
And joyed to meet the tomb!

A throb, a sigh, and I had slept,
Forgiving and forgiven;
No more for love or hope had wept,
But waked to joy and heaven:
But now I live to stand alone
Upon a stormy shore,
And see each tie of life undone,
The loved return no more!

My teacher is in yonder flower—
It charms the heart and eye;
Then comes the gale, then comes the shower,
Its hues, its perfumes die.
There speaks my fate; in vain, in vain,
With pride, hope, love, we burn;
The heart will never bloom again,
Life's spring will ne'er return!

Yet, ye who live on Beauty's smile,
On Glory's splendours gaze,
Who build in pride the regal pile,
Or toil for human praise,—
Remember that a nobler clime
Awaits the immortal's wing,
Where life is hallowed, grand, sublime,
And man is more than king!

From the Monthly Review.

THE HISTORY OF THE HEBREW COMMONWEALTH, from the earliest Times, to the Destruction of Jerusalem, A.D. 72. Translated from the German of John Jahn, D.D. Formerly Professor of the Oriental Languages, of Biblical Antiquities, &c. &c., in the University of Vienna. With a Continuation to the time of Adrian. 2 vols. London: Hurst, Chance, & Co. 1829.

THIS very able work of Professor Jahn, one of the most learned of continental biblical scholars, has long been a desideratum in the English language. We possess many admirable treatises on Jewish antiquities, but no compact, and at the same time general history of the Israelitish commonwealth. In presenting, therefore, the excellent work of Dr. Jahn to the English reader, Mr. Stowe* has performed a very acceptable service, and deserves considerable praise, both for undertaking so laborious a task, and for the creditable manner in which he has executed it. The low state of biblical learning in this country—the almost entire absence of that spirit of research which is so essential to its pursuit—the want of a sufficient idea of its importance, both in writers and readers—these circumstances render the occasional importation of foreign productions, on this branch of study, of great value, and we shall always hail the appearance of such with satisfaction.

The study of Jewish history requires more qualifications than an inquiry into the progress, or fate, of other nations; but it is by no means so confined in its interest as is commonly supposed. The professional reader pursues it out of necessity, but there are few branches of knowledge from which the general scholar may receive more profit or satisfaction. Owing its establishment to a set of circumstances which strike the imagination with awe, the Hebrew commonwealth is the most remarkable object which we meet with in the dim fields of antiquity. It towers amid perished generations and ruined empires, like a mighty pillar, of which the traveller in the wilderness of time, must never lose sight—a monument, engraven with characters and emblems, which require to be read and interpreted, before we can be fully sure of the path before us. Though originating in a divine dispensation, the Jewish nation has not been separate from others in its general history. The seed from which it sprung was sacred, but it was sown in an earthly soil, and sprung forth among a heathen people. It was watered and nurtured with dews from above, but it grew up among the wild thorns and briars, that spoke of the land in which it flourished being cursed. When its branches began to extend, and to put forth blossoms and bear fruit, it was taken up, and

transplanted into another land, but not one in which it was to bloom solitarily, and multiply itself, with no hand but that of its Divine Planter to prune it. A great and glorious tree, under the shadow of which the strange land of its nursery grew dark, it was borne back again to its native soil, but neither was it there to stand alone, nor to be seen rising uninjured in its strength and beauty towards heaven. "The bear out of the wood did waste it,"—at one time blight threatened its branches, —at another, rottenness its roots. The hedge which had been planted round it was broken down; there were noises in the mountains of destroying enemies; and no eye could rest upon its awful and towering majesty, without discovering that there was a wondrous and strong mystery in its nature, which the other things of the earth felt and acknowledged.

The Jewish history is, indeed, the very core of ancient records. The father of the nation is the most renowned character of antiquity, and is revered by the follower of Mahomet, by the Persian and the Hindoo, as well as by the believers in the sacred books of his descendants. He appears, from universal report, to have been one of the most powerful men of his times, and the brief account which remains of his life and actions, throws no little light upon the state of the world at the period in which he lived. The traditions which exist respecting him, serve to confirm the relations of the inspired history, and to convince us of the important part he acted in the affairs of that early age. Little less remarkable are the circumstances attending his immediate offspring, traces of whose history are to be discovered in the records of the most ancient people. The restless Arab, unstable as the drifting sand of his deserts, can never be mistaken for the descendant of any other than the reckless son of Isaac. Of the other grandson of Abraham, several accounts remain in ancient and heathen historians, and his migration into Egypt, though with a comparatively small number of followers, is spoken of as an event worthy of general note.

It is pretty evident, therefore, that from the very earliest times, and long before it was enlarged into a nation, the chosen family was, from a variety of circumstances, of great importance in the quarter of the world in which it arose, and which was at that period the sole cradle of power, intelligence and civilization. On the Abrahamic race being settled in Egypt, a new era was commenced in its history, which thenceforward was closely united with those of the then most powerful nations of the earth.

Some idea may be formed of the condition of Egypt at this period, from the circumstances which are related respecting the first establishment of the children of Jacob in its remote province of Goshen. The hatred of the natives to pastoral occupations, the high veneration in which the priesthood was then held, the richness and fertility of the country, and a variety of minor circumstances relating to the nature of the government of the nation, are to be understood from the notices given of them in the Mosaic records, and they all tend to show in a clearer light the connexion which the

* This gentleman is an American; his name and designation as a student of the Andover Theological Seminary, which appear in the American edition of the work, are omitted in the London copy, while from the language of the reviewer, it might be inferred that the translation was the production of an Englishman.—ED. MUSEUM.

Jewish history has with that of the most important portions of the ancient world. But if this be true in its earlier divisions, it is infinitely more so as the stream of the narrative increases, and proceeds on in its mysterious course. On the establishment of a new dynasty on the throne of the Pharaohs, the consequence of the Israelites was more distinctly seen. An invasion having been made by some strange people, under Salatis their leader, the ancient government was overthrown, the captain of the foreign host was made king, and a new order of things immediately introduced.* According to a variety of testimonies, it was not only the children of Israel who suffered from this change. The native inhabitants of the country were oppressed, and driven to so great an extremity of distress, that they determined on forsaking their houses and seeking refuge in a foreign land. Independent of the singular manner in which Providence thus brought about the removal of the chosen race to their destined habitations, there are circumstances sufficiently curious in this part of the Jewish annals, to show their value as a portion of general history. The alterations which take place in nations are easier to be understood from collateral effects than from their immediate results, and thus the change which the invasion of Salatis produced in the state of the newly established descendants of Abraham, proves of what importance it must have been to the country and people at large. It being rarely the case that an usurper troubles what is new and foreign in a nation, till he have almost totally overthrown what has been long established.

But the Jewish history was to this period, an under-current in the history of the world, and only began to run in a channel of its own from the appearance of the great Hebrew legislator before the monarch of Mizraim. From that time it became the record of a distinct people—a people united together for a political as well as religious purpose, and led, and represented, by solemnly appointed chiefs. The memory of their fathers had, from the earliest period of their residence in the country, impressed them with a sense of their future destiny—the miracles with which their great leader astounded their enemies, filled them with a still firmer assurance of deliverance. They now felt that the hour was come, when they were to be no longer under bondage—when the promises which had been left them as a sacred patrimony, were to be fulfilled, and that they were to go forth, a congregation of chosen people, to be a nation among nations.

The publication of an established code of laws gave at once a fixed and regular form to the Hebrew polity. Unlike others, the Jewish people had their government, the statutes and ordinances by which its most minute departments were to be managed, perfected at its very commencement. Before they were settled in the country where it was destined to operate, it had attained the completeness of centuries, and one which is only gained in other governments after a long series of struggles and civil commotions. This, a strong

evidence of its divine origin, must have given the Israelites, independent of the miraculous assistance afforded them, a prodigious advantage over the surrounding nations. In the midst of the contests which they carried on, they remained bound by the regular duties of their sacred citizenship: the reason for which they warred was constantly presented to their minds in such a manner as to prevent their becoming licentious, and the progress they made in obtaining possession of the conquered land, was consequently followed by none of those evils which usually attend such events. As each barrier was broken down, and the land cleared of its polluted inhabitants, they settled themselves in its various divisions, and presented the appearance, as was in fact the case, of a mighty family taking possession of the homes which were their birth-right.

The power and consequence of which the descendants of Abraham thus became masters, gave them a high rank among the nations of that remote antiquity. There is reason to suppose that several of the circumstances which shortly occurred, are alluded to in the fables with which the heathen mythologists have obscured the page of history. But the most interesting subject which the narrative affords for our reflection, is the comparative state of civilization, or political strength, then enjoyed by this and the other great divisions of mankind. Egypt, it is well known, was far advanced in the knowledge of the arts, and in many of the sciences most serviceable to the improvement of society. It is also commonly believed that the Jupiter of the Greeks lived about the same time, and acquired his reputation by the building of cities, promulgating laws, and introducing the general institutions of civil life. The government of Crete, which was also established under Minos not long after, and is reported to have been modelled according to a perfect form of justice, speaks in the same manner of the progress which the different nations were about this period making in knowledge and civilization. The subject is one to which we can here only barely allude, but it is fraught with interest, and is too seldom considered in the light in which it is most really worth being regarded attentively.

The common source of these yet infant nations was Egypt, and they all alike drew their acquaintance with civility from her ancient stores of knowledge. The legislator of the Israelites has left in his writings a record, that he was skilled in all their learning, intimating thereby its extent and value. That the founders of the Grecian states derived theirs from the same fountain, is the common report of history; and it becomes, therefore, a most curious and important inquiry, what were the different results produced by, to human appearances, nearly the same causes? for if it should seem that nothing more was effected by the Hebrews than by the other emigrants from Egypt, there would be good reason to doubt the miraculous part of their story; while, on the other hand, should it appear that the circumstances attending their establishment in the country which they sought, the system of laws which they adopted, and the whole form of the polity under which they

* Josephus.—Schuckford.

lived—should it be seen that all these were in a high degree superior to any thing of the kind which existed among their fellow exiles from the same common country, there can be no reasonable doubt entertained of the existence of some invisible and powerful agency, as the prime mover in their affairs. But that there was this superiority in the laws, circumstances, and polity of the Israelites, may be made manifest in the clearest manner, and deserves the very serious attention of the antiquary as well as theologian.

The remarkable nature of the Hebrew constitution, has occupied the minds of many of the most eminent scholars, nor do we know a subject of higher interest, considered either in relation to the history of the ancient world, or in itself. Established throughout on the principle of preserving the worship of the one Almighty Creator, pure and unmixed, it was at the same time admirably adapted to secure the liberty and well-being of the people. A form of government could indeed hardly be devised, in which there should be greater securities against the encroachments of power. Even in its most mysterious portions, it was based on procedures which favoured the freedom of the people. The extraordinary man who had become possessed of sufficient power to lead them forth, in despite of the resistance of a great monarch, enjoyed only a very limited authority. Every tribe had its representative, without whose aid, armed as he was with miracles, he could not control them. In his intercourse with the omnipotent ruler under whom he acted, he was, strictly speaking, the representative of the people—having no suit of his own to prefer—bringing back no message which could serve to aggrandize him with new and individual power, and so constantly preserving the character of a mediator, that it could never be forgotten to what a limited degree he was endowed with the authority of a leader. There is also another point which deserves to be considered, and that with attention. Besides providing by the very principles of its constitution for preserving the purity of a true religion, the Hebrew polity had an especial view to the general enlightenment of the people. No one could be the subject of its laws without being instructed in the most important branches of then existing knowledge. There was what might be termed a learned class, who were freed from the ordinary toils of life, and more particularly devoted to study; but the lowest in rank, and the least wealthy among the Israelites, was obliged to spend a portion of his attention on acquiring the science which existed in his nation. The religious rites which he had to perform, and even the duties of domestic life, imposed upon him this necessity, and it would have been impossible for him to continue a member of the community without possessing, and to a certain degree communicating, the elements of knowledge.

When this circumstance is considered, we have before us a very striking proof of the remarkable distinction which prevailed between this singular people and other nations, and of the great superiority which they must have in many respects enjoyed. That they did not

reap the full profit of their advantages is well known, but with all the drawbacks of their frequent and obstinate rebellions, society in Palestine must have exhibited many marks of civilization and refinement, at a much earlier period than they existed anywhere else. Wherever a system of pure Theism prevails, the sublimest principles of knowledge are necessarily somewhere preserved. In ancient times this foundation-stone of truth—this well, in fact, in which she lies hidden—was in most nations known only to sages and philosophers. Among the Hebrews it was taught as the first lesson of childhood—it was the essential principle of all religion—the source of all confidence and hope, and could only be obscured by the direct overthrow of the commonwealth itself. The justest views of equity, and the reciprocal duties of man to man, were also in the same manner promulgated among the Israelites by the institutions of their government. The clear and admirable code of laws which they possessed, set before them at one view, the whole system of human morality. No doubt, or obscurity existed in the ethical chart which was thus hung up in the sight of the community. The inward sense of justice taught them it was founded on truth, and the firmness with which they were generally devoted to the faith of their ancestors, afforded them sufficient confidence in its sacred origin, to make them consider obedience necessary.

Not to pursue the subject any farther, it may be understood from these few remarks, that it presents many points of interest to the general scholar, and that it is not the exclusive property of the theologian. Much talent and erudition has already been employed upon it, there is still ample room for their employment, and we hope one day to find the interest of the literary world strongly excited by the materials which it offers for profitable investigation. We shall now endeavour to give a few illustrations of what we have above said, from the very excellent work before us, which we strongly recommend to the attention of our readers. The following is an account of the office of Judges, who began to be appointed on the death of Joshua.

“From what has already been said respecting the judges and their achievements, we can ascertain, with a tolerable degree of certainty, the nature of their office. Most of them indeed had been at the head of armies, and delivered their country from foreign oppression; Eli and Samuel, however, were not military men; Deborah was judge before she planned the war against Jabin; and of Jair, Ibzan, Elon, and Abdon, it is at least uncertain whether they ever held any military command. Judges are mentioned in the Mosaic law in connexion with the high priest, as arbiters of civil controversies, without any allusion to war. In like manner the judges who were appointed over Tyre after king Baal, were certainly not military officers, for the city at that time was tributary to Babylon. The command of the army, therefore, can scarcely be considered as the peculiar destination of these magistrates. But as in ancient times the duties of a judge were reckoned among the first and most important duties of a ruler, so the He-

brow judges seem to have been appointed for the general administration of public affairs, and the command of armies fell to them as the supreme executive officers. In many cases, it is true, military achievements were the means by which men elevated themselves to the rank of judges; but our inquiry is, not how the office was obtained, but for what purpose it was instituted. It may, however, be proper to recollect, that Jephthah, Eli, and Samuel, and, for aught that appears, Jair, Elon, Ibzan, and Abdon, were raised to this office by the free unsolicited choice of the people.

"The office of these judges or regents was held during life, but it was not hereditary; neither could they appoint their successors. This arrangement was attended with this one disadvantage, that at the death of a judge the supreme executive authority ceased; perhaps, however, it was more than counterbalanced by its preventing a degenerate heir or successor from giving to idolatry the support of his influence. Their authority was limited by the law alone; and in doubtful cases they were directed to the sacred lot of Urim and Thummim. They were not obliged in common cases to ask advice of the ordinary rulers; it was sufficient if these did not remonstrate against the measures of the judge. In important emergencies, however, they convoked a general assembly of the rulers, over which they presided and exerted a powerful influence. They could issue orders, but not enact laws; they could neither levy taxes, nor appoint officers, except perhaps in the army. Their authority extended only over those tribes by whom they had been elected or acknowledged; for, as we have before remarked, several of the judges presided over separate tribes. There was no salary attached to their office, nor was there any income appropriated to them, unless it might be a larger share in the spoils, and those presents which were made them as testimonials of respect. They bore no external marks of dignity, and maintained no retinue of courtiers, though some of them were very opulent. They were not only simple in their manners, moderate in their desires, and free from avarice and ambition, but noble and magnanimous men, who felt that whatever they did for their country was above all reward, and could not be recompensed; who desired merely to promote the public good, and who chose rather to deserve well of their country, than to be enriched by its wealth. This exalted patriotism, like every thing else connected with politics in the theocratical state of the Hebrews, was partly of a religious character; and those regents always conducted themselves as the officers of God; in all their enterprises they relied upon Him, and their only care was, that their countrymen should acknowledge the authority of Jehovah, their invisible king. Still they were not without faults, neither are they so represented by their historians; they relate, on the contrary, with the utmost frankness, the great sins of which some of them were guilty. They were not merely deliverers of the state from a foreign yoke, but destroyers of idolatry, foes of pagan vices, promoters of the knowledge of God, of religion, and of morality; restorers of theocracy in the minds of the Hebrews, and

powerful instruments of divine Providence in the promotion of the great design of preserving the Hebrew constitution, and, by that means, of rescuing the true religion from destruction."—vol. i. pp. 86—88.

The institution of this office contributed greatly to the preservation of the commonwealth. There was no opportunity for the celebrated men who enjoyed it to make use of their authority to injure the people. They were appointed only in times of difficulty, and when the object of their appointment was completed, their influence ceased.

The noblest instances of heroism and self-devotion were evinced by these heroes of Israel; and it would well repay the trouble of reflection, to compare their characters with that of other distinguished men in similar situations. The condition of the Hebrews in the time of the Judges, is thus described.

"By comparing the periods during which the Hebrews were oppressed by their enemies, with those in which they were independent and governed by their own constitution, it is apparent that the nation in general experienced much more prosperity than adversity in the time of the judges. Their dominion continued four hundred and fifty years, but the whole time of foreign oppression amounts only to one hundred and eleven years, scarcely a fourth part of that period. Even during these one hundred and eleven years, the whole nation was seldom under the yoke at the same time, but for the most part separate tribes only were held in servitude; nor were their oppressions always very severe; and all the calamities terminated in the advantage and glory of the people, so soon as they abolished idolatry and returned to their king, Jehovah. Neither was the nation in such a state of anarchy at this time, as has been generally supposed. There were regular judicial tribunals at which justice could be obtained; and when there was no supreme regent, the public welfare was provided for by the ordinary rulers. These rulers, it is true, were jealous of each other, and their jealousies not unfrequently broke out into civil war; but the union of the state was never entirely destroyed. They were not always provided with arms; but yet, when united under their king, Jehovah, they gained splendid victories. They were not sufficiently careful to suppress idolatry; but they never suffered it to become universally predominant. The sacred tabernacle was never entirely deserted and shut up, nor was it ever polluted by the rites of heathen superstition.

"These times would certainly not be considered so turbulent and barbarous, much less would they be taken, contrary to the clearest evidence, and to the analogy of all history, for a heroic age, if they were viewed without the prejudices of a preconceived hypothesis. It must never be forgotten that the Book of Judges is by no means a complete history. This no impartial inquirer can ever deny. It is, in a manner, a mere register of diseases, from which, however, we have no right to conclude that there were no healthy men, much less that there were no healthy seasons; when the book itself, for the most part, mentions only a few tribes in which the epidemic pre-

ailed, and notices long periods during which it had universally ceased. Whatever may be the result of more accurate investigation, it remains undeniable that the condition of the Hebrews during this period, perfectly corresponds, throughout, to the sanctions of the law; and they were always prosperous when they complied with the conditions on which prosperity was promised them; it remains undeniable that the government of God was clearly manifested not only to the Hebrews, but to their heathen neighbours; that the fulfilling of the promises and threatenings of the law were so many sensible proofs of the universal dominion of the divine king of the Hebrews; and, consequently, that all the various fortunes of that nation were so many means of preserving the knowledge of God on the earth. The Hebrews had no sufficient reason to desire a change in their constitution; all required was, that they should observe the conditions on which national prosperity was promised them.

"The great causes of the frequent interruptions in the welfare of the Hebrew state were: 1. The effeminacy and cowardice of the people; and 2. The disunion and jealousy of the tribes, who never assisted each other with the requisite zeal and alacrity. But as this effeminacy arose from the vices of idolatry, and their cowardice from a want of confidence in Jehovah; so, the disunion and jealousy of the tribes, though selfishness was the immediate cause, resulted from a disposition to neglect their divine king, and not to consider themselves as the united and only people of Jehovah. This disposition, if it did not originate from, was at least very much heightened by the multiplication of deities. Thus both these causes of their misfortunes owed their origin to idolatry, that great source of all their calamities, so often mentioned in the sanctions of the law. Thus the people, by increasing their gods, enervated themselves; and prepared for themselves those sufferings and chastisements, by which they were again to be brought back to their king Jehovah."—vol. i. pp. 88—90.

A tolerably full account is given of contemporary events in other countries, and the history is pursued with great learning through its successive periods to the destruction of Jerusalem, when the Jews ceased to hold a place among other nations, and saw the vast mysterious fabric of their religious polity crumbled into dust. Its end was answerable to its beginning. Its destruction was equally demonstrative of the presence of a superhuman power as its establishment; and the pillar of the thunder cloud and of the red wrath which hung over the mouldering towers and citadels of the sacred city, was raised like the column of protecting mercy, in old times, by the same eternal and presiding monarch.

The history is continued in the work before us, to the reign of Adrian; the second part being a translation from Basnage's *Histoire des Juifs*. The condition of this ill-fated people, after the destruction of their city, may be understood from the number of revolts which were continually occurring. Among these, that of Barchochebas was the most remarkable, and the singular method by which he chose to pursue his designs, is deserving of notice.

"Coziba, or Barchochebas, assumed the character of Messiah with greater splendour than any other pretender to this dignity. He was a robber, as were the others, and wished to enrich himself by pillage, and to acquire an influence among his countrymen by opposition to the Romans. Some authors have thought that there were two impostors of this name, the grandfather and grandson; and the Jews thus relate their history. 'Coziba the first was elected king fifty-two years after the destruction of the former temple, and died in Bithur, the capital of his dominions, situated near Jerusalem. His son, called the Red, succeeded him, and the throne was afterwards filled by his grandson Romulus or Coziba, whom the Jews acknowledged as their Messiah. When the Emperor Adrian was informed of their proceedings, he marched against them with a powerful army, stormed Bithur, and slew a great number of Jews, in the seventy-third year from the destruction of the temple.' Then the reigns of the three Cozibas lasted but twenty-one years, though some writers extend this term, because they place the elder Coziba under Domitian. The Ancient Jewish Chronicle allows but two years and a half to the Cozibas; but probably it only speaks of the grandson, who was slain by his followers because he could not completely personate the Messiah and distinguish criminals by their smell. The Talmud relates the same thing.

"This account is a fabrication so badly put together, that it is astonishing able commentators should be found among Christians, who maintain its correctness. 1. They are unfortunate in supposing two Cozibas, or Barchochebas, for the greater part of the Jews acknowledge but one, and they are correct. 2. The rebellion of the Jews towards the close of Trajan's reign was excited by a man named Andrew, not Barchochebas, and he made no pretensions to the Messiahship. Besides, his insurrection was in Egypt, whereas that of Coziba was in Judea. 3. They display an ignorance of the genealogy of Trajan, for they relate that he sent Adrian, his sister's son, against the Jews of Egypt. But Ulpia, the grandmother of Adrian, was Trajan's aunt, and therefore these princes were only cousins. 4. The critics are also in an error as to the length of Coziba's reign (twenty-one years), the duration of the war against him, and the successors and heirs to his throne and property; for he was the last of his race, and his war was soon ended, as we shall see in the sequel. 5. They place his death in the seventy-third year from the destruction of the temple, whereas Adrian, who in the eighteenth year of his reign closed the war by the storm of Bithur and death of Coziba, died before A. D. 141. This chronological error plainly shows that the whole account is false. The author of the Jewish Chronicle is more correct than his commentators, for he allows but two years and a half to the reign of Coziba, and speaks of him only as an impostor. 6. Finally, the Jews relate a fable that savours of rabbinic conceit, when they tell us that Coziba was put to the test by being required to distinguish criminals from others. Is there the least probability, that the Jews would test the Messiah by his powers of smell-

ing? I can admit but one Barchochebas, who lived under Adrian, and brought many dreadful calamities on his countrymen.

"This Coziba, endeavouring to persuade the Jews that he was their Messiah, furthered his design by changing his name, and calling himself the son of the star, or Barchochebas, to spread a belief that he was the star seen by Balaam in his vision, Num. xxiv. 17. He proclaimed himself a light from heaven, sent to succour the people, and to deliver them from the oppression of the Romans. To confirm his assertions, he made fire issue from his mouth when he spoke; at least St. Jerome relates that he made the people believe this, by means of lighted tow. He chose a precursor with a character like his own, and thus materially furthered his purposes.

"Coziba selected for this dignity Akiba, who was supposed to be a descendant from Sisera, commander-in-chief under Jabin king of Tyre, by a Jewish mother. He passed forty years of his life as a shepherd, guarding the flocks of a rich citizen of Jerusalem named Calba Chuya. His master's daughter fell in love with him, and urged him to apply himself to study, because she did not wish a shepherd to be her husband. They were secretly married, and Akiba left her, and spent about twelve years at a college. When he returned to his wife, twelve thousand disciples followed him; but his wife advised him to go back to his college, and he complied. At the close of the next twelve years he went again to his wife with twenty-four thousand disciples. She came before him with her dress torn and disordered; for her father in his rage, at her marriage, had disinherited her. But when he saw Akiba, he knelt before him, and gave him a large amount of property, though in violation of an oath which he had taken.

"We have no mention of the location of the college whence Akiba drew his disciples. Their immense number surprises us; and our wonder is increased when we learn that these twenty-four thousand followers all died between the Passover and Pentecost, that no one should have any advantage over another, and that they were buried, together with Akiba and his wife, at the foot of a hill near Tiberias. Akiba continued to instruct his followers, and he wrote two works, one of which is cabalistic, and called *Jetsirah*, and must be distinguished from the book, with the same title, attributed to Abraham. He was so wise a man that he could give a reason for the use of the most insignificant letter in the law; and it is boldly asserted, that God revealed more to him than to Moses. The *Mishna* and *Talmud* contain a thousand maxims, which the rabbins attribute to him, and believe to inculcate the most profound wisdom. Indeed, a whole volume would not contain the wonderful things which he did and said. The Deity permitted Akiba to enter paradise with doctor Asia, to whom his sister was betrothed. Thus the rabbins praise this man, who brought desolation on his country, and aided an impostor who pretended to the Messiahship."—vol. ii. pp. 238—241.

Never did the world present such a singularly constituted race as were the Jews just previous to, and immediately after, the destruction

of their city. It was not the depth of ruin into which they were plunged, the mere consequences, however dire, of resistance to a superior force, which made the horror of their condition so deep and dreadful. There was a mystery and supernatural darkness in the character of their minds. False prophesying, necromancy, imposture in all its death-working energy, obscured and poisoned the very air about them. Nature and revelation were alike clothed in darkness. A mortal sickness and phrenzy attacked all that spoke or thought of faith, or freedom, and men looked every instant either for the dead to rise from the graves, or a conqueror to descend from heaven. There was no cool spot, no green shelter in this arid wilderness of human thought, to which the fevered wretch could flee—none but that which he had learnt to avoid as perdition, and which his phrenzied imagination had heaped round with the burning ashes of his lost home. The louder, therefore, the false prophet lifted up his voice, the better was he received. The more daring the gloss of the scribe, the more acceptable was it to the reader of the law. Never was truth so simultaneously banished from a whole people—never was a people so completely under the influence of a wild and self-renewing superstition. Famine, pestilence, and all the horrors for which the sword of war makes a path, have worked their full work on other lands. The darkest page of one history is in these things the parallel of the darkest in another. Judea stands alone in the moral awfulness of her later doom.

"However uninteresting our history may be in other respects, it presents one fact which excites our admiration. We refer to the preservation of the Jews as a distinct nation, notwithstanding all the miseries which they have endured for seventeen hundred years. The religions of other nations have depended on temporal prosperity for their duration; they have triumphed under the protection of conquerors, and have fallen and given place to others under a succession of weak monarchs. Paganism once overspread the known world, even where it now no longer exists. The Christian church, glorious in her martyrs, has survived the persecutions of her enemies, though she cannot soon heal the wounds which they have inflicted. But Judaism, hated and persecuted for seventeen centuries, has not merely escaped destruction; but it has always been powerful and flourishing. Kings have employed the severity of laws and the hands of the executioner to eradicate it, and a seditious populace have injured it by their massacres more than kings. Sovereigns and their subjects, Pagans, Christians, Mohammedans, opposed to each other in every thing else, have formed a common design to annihilate this nation; but without success. The bush of Moses has always continued burning and never been consumed. The expulsion of the Jews from the great cities of kingdoms, has only scattered them through the world. They have lived from age to age in wretchedness, and shed their blood freely in persecution; they have continued to our day in spite of the disgrace and hatred which have every where clung to them, while the greatest empires have fallen and been almost forgotten.

"After the destruction of Jerusalem, the wretchedness of the Jews was peculiar in its nature. During their other captivities, God always fixed a time when he would break the yoke of their tyrants and restore them to liberty and the Holy Land. Their longest captivity was that of Egypt, which lasted but a few centuries. They returned from Babylon at the end of seventy years, and the persecution of Antiochus ceased after three years and ten days. But God has not foretold by his prophets the length of their present sufferings, although the evangelists inform us that they are to be restored. God consoled them under former misfortunes, by raising up heroes and inspired men. Ezekiel prophesied at Babylon, and Daniel foretold the advent of the Messiah. The Maccabees too supported the glory of the Jews against the kings of Syria; but from the destruction of Jerusalem, false Messiahs only have appeared, and rendered the yoke which they wished to break the more burdensome. The succession of prophets has ceased, and there is no one to mark out the time when the Jews shall regain their liberty. Formerly, when God delivered over his people to the heathen, he preserved the body of the nation in one place; as for instance, the Jews were assembled in the valley of Goshen previous to leaving Egypt. Cyrus had no difficulty in uniting the tribes of Judah and Benjamin, when he restored them to their country. A part of the nation lived in the same villages, and the Israelites cultivated the banks of both branches of the Chaboras. But after the destruction of Jerusalem, and during the war of Adrian, the Jewish nation, weakened by horrid massacres, were scattered through every province of the empire. This dispersion continues to the present day, and a remnant of the ten tribes can now hardly be found in the east, where formerly they were numerous and powerful."—vol. ii. pp. 260—271.

The following very remarkable speech of one of the rabbis, merits being quoted as an accompaniment to the foregoing:—

"A rabbi, who instructed the king of Cozar, wishing to explain the cause of the miseries which afflicted the Jews, maintained that they bore the penalty of the sins of mankind. 'My nation,' said he, 'is to the world what the heart is to the human body. As the heart suffers from weakness of constitution, copiousness of the juices, bad digestion, and the passions, so the Jews are punished for the sins of mankind. As the veins discharge themselves into the heart, so every nation burden the Jews with their crimes, who become the more sinful by an intercourse with pagans, as David predicted: "they were mingled among the heathen, and learned their works." While the Jews are oppressed and wretched, the world enjoys a profound peace. But as an abscess does not form itself in the heart, so guilt belongs to the heathen and not to the Jew. Calamities will one day re-establish the law, and effect the object of God in preserving the Jews; that is, the separation of the chaff from the wheat.' In a word, the Jews look upon themselves as the cause of happiness to every creature; as the heart of mankind, which, though it may be diseased, is still the source of life and activity

to all the members. Thus the Jews, in spite of their afflictions and calamities, consider themselves as exalted above every other people, to be the favourites of heaven. They represent God as prescribing for two sick men, one of whom is incurable and the other may be healed. The first is permitted to indulge in wine and delicacies, which are forbidden to the second, lest they should increase his fever and destroy his life. The sick man whose case is hopeless is intended for the Gentiles and Christians, who are permitted to enjoy worldly pleasures and prosperity: but the Jew is confined to a regular diet, lest he should become corrupt and be condemned. It is thus that they gloss over their calamities, instead of confessing their own guilt."

The account given of the Jewish people in the remainder of the volume, carries their history down to the time of their utter dispersion. But we have said enough of the character of the work to evince our high opinion of its merit and usefulness. No biblical student should be without it, unless he can afford, which few can, the purchase of many expensive books, and it will be readily understood, from the nature of the extracts we have given, that it may be read with interest and profit by the general inquirer into the character and situation of the nations of antiquity.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MURDERER'S LAST NIGHT.

"LET him, to whom experience hath been allotted, think it a duty to impart it. We know not of how long a growth goodness is; nor how slow an approach, even a protracted culture makes towards perfection. A life of holiness may end in an apostle. As a tree that hath felt all the winds of heaven, strikes root in that direction whence they oftenest blow, so goodness must have known vicissitude, to know when to resist and when to bend. To know ourselves is to have endured much and long. We must trace and limn out the map of our whole nature to be sure where it is desert, and where it is fruitful—to know the 'stony ground,'—to discover which needeth the plough, and which doth not. That piety, which is built on ignorance, holds up the shield where the arrow comes not; and sleeps unmaimed when the enemy is at the gate. It dismounts to pursue the Parthian; and would dig a deep trench around the tents of the Nomades. It is long ere we root out the weaknesses of our nature, or know the art to preserve the virtue we have attained. For goodness by quereariness may unwittingly be changed from its own essence, as he who knoweth not the vintage shall make vinegar of wine. When we have stubbed up and consumed the first growth of our sinfulness, there ariseth a second crop from the ashes of that which was destroyed. Even, as 'the flax and the barley were smitten; for the barley was in the ear, and the flax was balled: but the wheat and the rye were not smitten, for they were not grown up;' so will self-satisfaction arise,

after worldly pride and vanity have been withered up. Let him who has found inward peace content himself that he has arrived at the Pillars of Hercules, beyond which there is no safe way. That self-integrity which deems itself immaculate is dangerous. Well hath it been said, 'make no suppletories to thyself when thou art disgraced or slighted, by pleasing thyself with the supposition that thou didst deserve praise—neither do thou get thyself a private theatre and flatterers, in whose vain noises and fantastic praises thou mayst keep up thy good opinion of thyself.' Be the act never so good, yet if it be performed rather with reference to him who does than to that which is done, there is a taint in it for which Eve is hardly answerable. It is but as a fair tower which the builder has set on an unknown quicksand, and which the floods shall damage or carry away. Oh! whosoever thou art that readest this, forget not these words, but grave them as on marble, and in golden letters. 'While the altar sends up a holy flame, have a care thou dost not suffer the birds to come and carry away the sacrifice—and let not that which began well end in thine own praise or temporal satisfaction, or a sin.'"

Until my twenty-seventh year I resided in the small cathedral town of C—r in which I was born. My parents—especially my mother—were of a serious cast. She had been educated as a Quaker, but following her own notions as to religion, she in the latter part of her life became attached to the tenets of that sect known by the name of Moravians, and last of all to those which, when held in connexion with the ritual of the church of England, are termed "Evangelical;" or, in dissent from it, "Methodistical."

She was warm and fanciful in her devotional practice; for which the belief as to the palpable and plenary influence of the Holy Spirit upon the human mind, in which she was bred, may help to account. Of these aspirations I, an ardent and sensitive boy, soon learned to partake. My mind was never naturally prone to vice; and my imagination, though forward, was pure. I was brought up by my excellent parents in the practice of virtue; and I loved it. With an outward conduct thus guaranteeing inward persuasions—with professions borne out by an unquestioned and pure, if not altogether unostentatious piety of behaviour, what wonder that I soon became a distinguished votary of the peculiar principles to which I had attached myself. It is difficult for a young man to know himself looked up to—be the cause what it may—without his feelings and his conduct being affected by such homage. Nature had endowed me, if not with eloquence, at least with considerable fluency of speech; and as my natural diffidence—which at first was great—wore away, whether by extempore prayer or seasonable exhortation, the effects I produced exceeded those, the fruits of zeal, of those about me. I became admired as one more than usually gifted, and was gradually exalted into a leader. The occasional tendency to gloom and nervous irritability to which my temperament inclined me, was yet

only marked enough to throw no unbecoming seriousness and gravity into the features of so young an apostle. It was strange to see persons of all ages and both sexes admiring at the innate seriousness of so early a preacher, and owning the sometimes really fervid earnestness of my appeals, my warnings or my denunciations. I began more and more to feel myself in a station above that of my fellows, and that I had now a character to sustain before the eyes of men. Young as I was, could it well have been otherwise? Let me however speak the truth. Spiritual pride at last crept upon me. Devotion by insensible degrees became tainted with self, and the image of God was, I fear, sometimes forgotten for that of his frail and unworthy creature. True it was, I still, without slackening, spoke comfort to the ear of suffering or repentant sin—I still exhorted the weak and strengthened the strong. I still warned the besotted in corruption that the fruits of vice, blossom as she will, are but like those of the shores of the Dead Sea, seeming gay, but only emptiness and bitter ashes. But, alas! the bearer of the blessed message spoke as if the worm that bore, could add grace to the tidings he conveyed to his fellow worm. I was got upon a precipice, but knew it not—that of self-worship and conceit; the worst creature-idolatry. It was bitterly revealed to me at last.

About the year 1790, at the Assizes for the county of which the town of C—r is the county town, was tried and convicted a wretch guilty of one of the most horrible murders upon record. He was a young man, probably, (for he knew not his own years) of about twenty-two years of age. One of those wandering and unsettled creatures, who seem to be driven from place to place, they know not why. Without home; without name; without companion; without sympathy; without sense. Heartless, friendless, idealless, almost soulless! and so ignorant, as not even to seem to know whether he had ever heard of a Redeemer, or seen his written Word. It was on a stormy Christmas eve, when he begged shelter in the hut of an old man, whose office it was to regulate the transit of conveyances upon the road of a great mining establishment in the neighbourhood. The old man had received him, and shared with him his humble cheer, and his humble bed; for on that night the wind blew, and the sleet drove, after a manner that would have made it a crime to have turned a stranger dog to the door. The next day the poor old creature was found dead in his hut—his brains beaten out with an old iron implement which he used—and his little furniture rifled and in confusion. The wretch had murdered him for the supposed hoard of a few shillings. The snow, from which he afforded his murderer shelter, had drifted in at the door, which the miscreant, when he fled, had left open, and was frozen red with the blood of his victim. But it betrayed a footstep hard frozen in the snow, and blood,—and the nails of the murderer's shoe were counted, even as his days were soon to be. He was taken a few days after with a handkerchief of the old man's upon his neck. So blind is blood-guiltiness.

Up to the hour of condemnation, he remained reckless as the wind—unrepenting as the flint—venomous as the blind-worm. With that deep and horrible cunning which is so often united to unprincipled ignorance, he had almost involved in his fate another vagrant with whom he had chanced to consort, and to whom he had disposed of some of the blood-bought spoils. The circumstantial evidence was so involved and interwoven, that the jury, after long and obvious hesitation as to the latter, found both guilty; and the terrible sentence of death, within forty-eight hours, was passed upon both. The culprit bore it without much outward emotion; but when taken from the dock, his companion, infuriated by despair and grief, found means to level a violent blow at the head of his miserable and selfish betrayer, which long deprived the wretch of sense and motion, and, for some time, was thought to have anticipated the executioner. Would it had done so! But let me do my duty as I ought—let me repress the horror which one scene of this dreadful drama never fails to throw over my spirit—that I may tell my story as a man—and my confession at least be clear. When the felon awoke out of the death-like trance into which this assault had thrown him, his hardihood was gone; and he was reconveyed to the cell, in which he was destined agonizingly to struggle out his last hideous and distorted hours, in a state of abject horror which cannot be described. He who felt nothing—knew nothing—had now his eyes opened with terrible clearness to one object—the livid phantasma of a strangling death. All the rest was convulsive despair and darkness. Thought shudders at it—but let me go on.

The worthy clergyman, whose particular duty it was to smooth and soften, and, if possible, illuminate the last dark hours of the dying wretch, was not unwilling to admit the voluntary aid of those whom religious predispositions and natural commiseration excited to share with him in the work of piety. The task was in truth a hard one. The poor wretch for the sake of the excitement which such intercourse naturally afforded him, and which momentarily relieved his sick and fainting spirit, groined out half articulate expressions of acquiescence in the appeals that were made to him; but the relief was physical merely. The grasp of the friendly hand made waver, for a moment, the heavy shadow of death which hung upon him—and he grasped it. The voice breathing mercy and comfort in his ear, stilled for a second the horrid echo of doom—and he listened to it. It was as the drowning man gasps at the bubble of air which he draws down with him in sinking—or as a few drops of rain to him at the stake, around whom the fire is kindled and hot. This, alas! we saw not as we ought to have done—but when the sinking wretch, at the word “mercy,” laid his head upon our shoulder and groaned, we, sanguine in enthusiasm, deemed it deep repentance. When his brow seemed smooth for a space, at the sound of Eternal Life, we thought him as “a brand snatched from the burning.” In the forward pride (for pride it was) of human perfectibility, we took

him—him the murderer—as it were under our tutelage and protection. We prayed with him—we read to him—we watched with him—we blessed his miserable sleeps—and met his more wretched awakenings. In the presumption of our pity, we would cleanse that white, in the world's eye, which God had, for inscrutable purposes, ordained should seem to the last, murky as hell. We would paint visibly upon him the outward and visible sign of sin washed away, and mercy found. That that intended triumph may not have helped to add or to retain one feather's weight in the balance against him, let me humbly hope and trust. That I was a cause, and a great one, of this unhappy delusion, let me not deny. God forgive me, if I thought sometimes less of the soul to be saved than of him who deemed he might be one of the humble instruments of grace. It is but too true that I fain would have danced, like David, before the Ark. Within and without was I assailed by those snares which, made of pride, are seen in the disguise of charity. The aspirations of my friends, the eyes of mine enemies, the wishes of the good, and the sneers of the mistrustful, were about me, and upon me; and I undertook to pass with the murderer—*his last night—such a last!*—but let me compose myself.

It was about the hour of ten, on a gusty and somewhat raw evening of September, that I was locked up alone with the murderer. It was the evening of the Sabbath. Some rain had fallen, and the sun had not been long set without doors: but for the last hour and a half the dungeon had been dark, and illuminated only by a single taper. The clergyman of the prison, and some of my religious friends, had sat with us until the hour of locking up, when, at the suggestion of the gaoler, they departed. I must confess their “good night,” and the sound of the heavy door, which the gaoler locked after him, when he went to accompany them to the outer gate of the gaol, sounded heavily on my heart. I felt a sudden shrink within me, as their steps quickly ceased to be heard upon the stone stairs—and when the distant prison door was finally closed, I watched the last echo. I had for a moment forgotten my companion. When I turned round, he was sitting on the side of his low pallet, towards the head of it, supporting his head by his elbow against the wall, apparently in a state of half stupor. He was motionless, excepting a sort of convulsive movement, between sprawling and clutching of the fingers of the right hand, which was extended on his knee. His shrunk cheeks exhibited a deadly ashen paleness, with a slight tinge of yellow, the effect of confinement. His eyes were glossy and sunken, and seemed in part to have lost the power of gazing. They were turned with an unmeaning and vacant stare upon the window, where the last red streak of day was faintly visible, which they seemed vainly endeavouring to watch. The sense of my own situation now recoiled strongly upon me; and the sight of the wretch sitting stiffened in quiet agony, (for it was no better,) affected me with a faint sickness. I felt that an effort was necessary,

and with some difficulty, addressed a few cheering and consolatory phrases to the miserable creature I had undertaken to support. My words might not—but I fear my *tone* was too much in unison with his feelings, such as they were. His answer was a few inarticulate mutterings, between which, the spasmodic twitchings of his fingers became more apparent than before. A noise at the door seemed decidedly to rouse him; and as he turned his head with a sudden effort, I felt relieved to see the gaoler enter. He was used to such scenes; and with an air of commiseration, but in a tone which lacked none of the firmness with which he habitually spoke, he asked the unhappy man some question of his welfare, and seemed satisfied with the head-shake and inarticulately muttered replies of the again drooping wretch, as if they were expected, and of course. Having directed the turnkey to place some wine and slight refreshments on the table, and to trim the light, he told me in a whisper, that my friends would be at the prison, with the clergyman, at the hour of six; and bidding the miserable convict and myself, after a cheering word or two, "good-night," he departed—the door was closed—and the murderer and I were finally left together.

It was now past the hour of ten o'clock; and it became my solemn duty to take heed, that the last few hours of the dying sinner passed not, without such comfort to his struggling soul as human help might hold out. After reading to him some passages of the gospel, the most apposite to his trying state, and some desultory and unconnected conversation,—for the poor creature at times seemed to be unable, under his load of horror, to keep his ideas connected further than as they dwelt upon his own nearing and unavoidable execution,—I prevailed upon him to join in prayer. He at this time appeared to be either so much exhausted, or labouring under so much lassitude from fear and want of rest, that I found it necessary to take his arm and turn him upon his knees by the pallet-side. The hour was an awful one. No sound was heard save an occasional ejaculation between a sigh and a smothered groan from the wretched felon. The candle burned dimly; and as I turned I saw, though I scarcely noticed it at the moment, a dim insect of the moth species, fluttering hurriedly round it, the sound of whose wings mournfully filled up the pauses of myself and my companion. When the nerves are strained to their uttermost, by such trifling circumstances are we affected. *Here*, (thought I,) there has been no light, at such an hour, for many years; and yet here is one whose office it seems to be to watch it! My spirit felt the necessity of some exertion; and with an energy, for which a few minutes before I had hardly dared to hope, I poured out my soul in prayer. I besought mercy upon the blood-stained creature who was grovelling beside me—I asked that repentance and peace might be vouchsafed him—I begged, for our Redeemer's sake, that his last moments might know that untasted rapture of sin forgiven; and a cleansed soul, which faith alone can bring to fallen man—I conjured him to help and aid me to call upon the name of Christ; and—I

bade him put off life and forget it, and to trust in that name alone—I interceded that his latter agony might be soothed, and that the leave-taking of body and soul might be in quietness and peace. But he shook and shivered, and nature clung to the miserable straw of existence which yet floated upon the wide and dismal current of oblivion, and he groaned heavily and muttered, "No, no, no!" as if the very idea of death was unbearable, even for a moment; and "to die," even to him that must, were a thing impossible, and not to be thought of or named. And as I wrestled with the adversary that had dominion over him, he buried his shrunk and convulsed features in the covering of his miserable pallet; while his fingers twisted and writhed about, like so many scathed snakes, and his low, sick moans, made the very dungeon darker.

When I lifted him from his kneeling position, he obeyed my movement like a tired child, and again sat on the low pallet, in a state of motionless and unresisting torpor. The damp sweat stood on my own forehead, though not so cold as on his; and I poured myself out a small portion of wine, to ward off the exhaustion which I began to feel unusually strong upon me. I prevailed upon the poor wretch to swallow a little with me; and, as I broke a bit of bread, I thought, and spoke to him, of that last repast of Him who came to call sinners to repentance; and methought his eye grew lighter than it was. The sinking frame, exhausted and worn down by anxiety, confinement, and the poor allowance of a felon's gaol, drew a short respite from the cordial; and he listened to my words with something of self-collectedness—albeit slight tremblings might still be seen to run along his nerves at intervals; and his features collapsed, ever and anon, into that momentary vacuity of wildness which the touch of despair never fails to give. I endeavoured to improve the occasion. I exhorted him, for his soul's sake, and the relief of that which needed it too much, to make a full and unreserved confession, not only to God, who needed it not, but to man, who did. I besought him, for the good of all, and as he valued his soul's health, to detail the particulars of his crime, but *his eye fell*. That dark enemy, who takes care to leave in the heart just hope enough to keep despair alive, tongue-tied him; and he would not—even now—at the eleventh hour—give up the vain imagination, that the case of his companion might yet be confounded with his, to the escape of both—and vain it was. It had not been felt advisable, so far to make him acquainted with the truth, that this had already been sifted and decided; and I judged this to be the time. Again and again I urged confession upon him. I put it to him that this act of justice might now be done for its own sake, and for that of the cleansing from spot of his stained spirit. I told him, finally, that it could no longer prejudice him in this world, where his fate was written and sealed, for that his companion was *reprieved*. I knew not what I did. Whether the tone of my voice, untutored in such business, had raised a momentary hope, I know not—but the revulsion was dreadful. He stared with a vacant look of sudden horror—a look which those who never

saw cannot conceive, and which—(the remembrance is enough)—I hope never to see again—and twisting round, rolled upon his pallet with a stifled moan that seemed tearing him in pieces. As he lay, moaning and writhing backwards and forwards, the convulsions of his legs, the twisting of his fingers, and the shiverings that ran through his frame were terrible.

To attempt to rouse him seemed only to increase their violence—as if the very sound of the human voice was, under his dreadful circumstances, intolerable, as renewing the sense of reality to a reason already clouding, and upon the verge of temporary delirium. He was the picture of despair. As he turned his face to one side, I saw that a few, but very few hot tears had been forced from his glassy and blood-shot eyes; and in his writhings he had scratched one cheek against his iron bedstead, the red discoloration of which contrasted sadly with the deathly pallidness of hue, which his visage now showed: during his struggles, one shoe had come off, and lay unheeded on the damp stone-floor. The demon was triumphant within him; and when he groaned, the sound seemed scarcely that of a human being, so much had horror changed it. I kneeled over him,—but in vain. He heard nothing—he felt nothing—he knew nothing, but that extremity of prostration to which a moment's respite would be Dives' drop of water—and yet in such circumstances, any thing but a mercy. He could not bear, for a moment, to think upon his own death—a moment's respite would only have added new strength to the agony—He might be dead; but could not “die;” and in the storm of my agitation and pity, I prayed to the Almighty to relieve him at once from sufferings which seemed too horrible even to be contemplated.

How long this tempest of despair continued, I do not know. All that I can recall is, that after almost losing my own recollection under the agitation of the scene, I suddenly perceived that his moans were less loud and continuous, and that I ventured to look at him, which I had not done for some space. Nature had become exhausted, and he was sinking gradually into a stupor, which seemed something between sleep and fainting. This relief did not continue long—and as soon as I saw him begin to revive again to a sense of his situation, I made a strong effort, and lifting him up, seated him again on the pallet, and, pouring out a small quantity of wine, gave it him to drink, not without a forlorn hope that even wine might be permitted to afford him some little strength to bear what remained of his misery, and collect his ideas for his last hour. After a long pause of returning recollection, the poor creature got down a little of the cordial, and as I sat by him and supported him, I began to hope that his spirits calmed. He held the glass and sipped occasionally, and appeared in some sort to listen, and to answer to the words of consolation I felt collected enough to offer. At this moment the low and distant sound of a clock was heard, distinctly striking one. The ear of despair is quick;—and as he heard it, he shuddered, and in spite of a strong effort to suppress his emotion, the glass had nearly fallen from his hand. A severe nervous restlessness now

rapidly grew upon him, and he eagerly drank up one or two small portions of wine, with which I supplied him. His fate was now evidently brought one degree nearer to him. He kept his gaze intently and unceasingly turned to the window of the dungeon. His muttered replies were incoherent or unintelligible, and his sunk and weakened eye strained painfully on the grated window, as if he momentarily expected to see the first streak of the dawn of that morning, which to him was to be night. His nervous agitation gradually became horrible, and his motions stronger. He seemed not to have resolution enough to rise from his seat and go to the window, and yet to have an overpowering wish or impulse to do so. The lowest sound startled him—but with this terrible irritation, his muscular power, before debilitated, seemed to revive, and his action, which was drooping and languid, became quick and angular. I began to be seized with an undefined sense of fear and alarm. In vain I combated it; it grew upon me; and I had almost risen from my seat to try to make myself heard, and obtain, if possible, assistance. The loneliness of the gaol, however, rendered this, even, if attempted, almost desperate—the sense of duty, the dread of ridicule, came across me, and chained me to my seat by the miserable criminal, whose state was becoming every minute more dreadful and extraordinary.

Let us not scorn or distrust our obscurest misgivings, for we are strangely constituted; and though the evidence for such conclusions often be in a manner unknown to ourselves, they are not the less veritable and just. Exhausted by the wearing excitement and anxiety of my situation, I had for a moment sunk into that confused absence of mind with which those who have been in similar circumstances cannot be unacquainted, when my miserable companion, with a convulsive shudder, grasped my arm suddenly. I was for a few seconds unaware of the cause of this emotion and movement, when a low, indistinct sound caught my ear. It was the rumbling of a cart, mingled with two or three suppressed voices; and the cart appeared to be leaving the gate of the dismal building in which we were. It rolled slowly and heavily, as if cumbrously laden, under the paved gate-way; and after a few minutes, all was silent. The agonized wretch understood its import better than I did. A gust of the wildest despair came suddenly over him. He clutched with his hands whatever met his grasp. His knees worked. His frame became agitated with one continued movement, swaying backwards and forwards, almost to falling;—and his inarticulate complaints became terrific. I attempted to steady him by an exertion of strength—I spoke kindly to him, but he writhed in my grasp like an adder, and as an adder was deaf: grief and fear had horrible possession. Myself, almost in a state of desperation—for the sight was pitiful. I at last endeavoured to awe him into a momentary quiescence, and strongly bade him at last to *die like a man*; but the word “Death” had to him only the effect it may be supposed to have upon a mere animal nature and understanding—how could it have any other? He tried to

bear it, and could not, and uttering a stifled noise, between a yell and a moan, he grasped his own neck; his face assumed a dark red colour, and he fell into a state of stifled convulsion.

When despair had wrought with him, I lifted him with difficulty from the floor on which he had fallen. His relaxed features had the hue of death, and his parched lips, from a livid blue, became of an ashy whiteness. In appearance he was dying; and in the agitation of the moment I poured a considerable portion of the wine which had been left with us into a glass, and, after wetting his temples, held it to his lips. He made an effort to swallow, and again revived to consciousness; and holding the vessel firmly in his hands, got down with difficulty and at intervals, the entire draught. When he found it totally exhausted, the glass fell from his hands; but he seized and held one of mine with a grasp so firm and iron-like that the contrast startled me. He seemed to be involved in a confused whirl of sensations. He stared round the cell with a wildness of purpose that was appalling; and after a time, I began to see with deep remorse, that the wine I had unguardedly given was, as is always the case, adding keenness to his agony and strength to his despair. He half rose once or twice and listened; all was silent—when, after the pause of a minute or two, a sudden fit of desperation seemed to seize upon him. He rushed to the window, and hurriedly surveying the grates, wrenched at them with a strength demoniac and superhuman, till the iron bars shook in their embeddings.

From this period my recollections are vague and indistinct. I remember strongly remonstrating with the poor creature, and being pushed away by hands which were now bleeding profusely with the intense efforts of his awful delirium. I remember attempting to stop him, and hanging upon him, until the insane wretch clutched me by the throat, and a struggle ensued, during which I suppose I must at length have fainted or become insensible; for the contest was long, and, while consciousness remained, terrible and appalling. My fainting, I presume, saved my life, for the felon was in that state of maniacal desperation which nothing but a perfect unresistingness could have evaded.

After this, the first sensation I can recall is that of awakening out of that state of stupor into which exhaustion and agitation had thrown me. Shall I ever forget it? The anxiety of some of my friends had brought them early to the goal; and the unusual noises which had been heard by some of its miserable inmates occasioned, I believe, the door of the cell in which we were, to be unlocked before the intended hour. Keenly do I recollect the struggling again into painful consciousness, the sudden sense of cheering daylight, the sound of friendly voices, the changed room, and the strange looks of all around me. The passage was terrible to me: but I had yet more to undergo. I was recovered just in time to witness the poor wretch, whose prop and consolation I had undertaken to be, carried exhausted and in nerveless horror, to the ignominious tree—his head drooping on his breast, his eyes open

ing mechanically at intervals, and only kept from fainting and utter insensibility by the unused and fresh morning air, which breathed in his face as if in cruel mockery. I looked once, but looked no more.—Let me hasten to conclude. I was ill for many weeks, and after recovering from a nervous fever, was ordered by my physicians into the country. This was the first blessing and relief I experienced, for the idea of society was now terrible to me. I was secluded for many months. Time, however, who ameliorates all things, at length softened and wore away the sharper parts of these impressions, but to this hour I dare not dwell upon the events of that awful night. If I dream of them, although the horrors fall far short of the appalling reality, yet for the next sun I am discomposed, and can only seek for rest from that Almighty Power, who, in his inscrutable providence, thought fit I should read a lesson so hideous, but—so salutary.—Reader, farewell.

[The excellent relater of the foregoing extraordinary narrative has now been dead for some years. In giving it to the public, I am only carrying into effect his own more than once expressed wish and intention. In attempting to do this, I have adhered as closely as possible to the strong and impressive language in which it was narrated to me. Should there be any breast to which this singular key is fitted, it will not have been given in vain.—T. D.]

From the Literary Gazette.

MAHOMETANISM UNVEILED: an Inquiry, in which that Arch-Heresy, its Diffusion and Continuance, are examined on a new Principle, tending to confirm the Evidences, and aid the Propagation, of the Christian Faith. By the Rev. Charles Forster, B. D. Chancellor of Ardfert, and Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Limerick. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1829. J. Duncan.

It is the remark of Gibbon, respecting the article "Mahomet" in Bayle's Dictionary, that the writer "has shown how indifferently wit and philosophy supply the place of genuine information." Yet the Mahomet of Bayle and of Voltaire, of Moreri and of Prideaux—the Saracen's head of a clumsy limner—has hitherto passed for a veritable likeness of the Arabian heresiarch. Sale, the learned translator of the Koran, was, we believe, the first Christian writer who gave any thing like a fair or competent view of the character of Mahomet and the religion which he taught. In his Introduction he has exposed many of Prideaux's inaccuracies, and has shown how grossly the credulity of the Christian world has been abused by the legendary tales respecting the Prophet of Mecca. Even Sale, however, and Gibbon himself, have failed to do justice to the subject. The latter, through his ignorance of the oriental languages, was incapable of drawing his information from the primary sources; and while he justly censures Bayle, he has caught not a little of his spirit. The most popular account of Mahometanism in our lan-

guage is contained in the Bampton Lectures of White, which, by the elegance of their composition, deserve the celebrity they have obtained. If to this praise be added the commendation due to upright and pious intentions, it is, however, the utmost that can be awarded to the writer, who was a brilliant advocate, but neither a philosophic thinker nor a sound reasoner.

Such a work as the present was much wanted. Apart from the particular theory of the author, it places the phenomenon of Mahometanism before us in its true light. It shows that its approximation to Christianity is very much closer than has usually been imagined; and that the wide diffusion and permanent dominion of this heresy are not to be satisfactorily accounted for by the secondary causes usually assigned as a solution of the problem. The candour and discrimination which are evident in the preliminary statement of the subject of inquiry must produce a very favourable impression on the reader. In the following paragraphs the real difficulty of the case is broadly and succinctly stated.

"The splendid success of Mahomet, and the unparalleled rapidity and extent of the propagation of his religion, is the favourite argument of Mahometans themselves in vindication of their creed. Mahometanism, however, possesses an argument in its favour of far greater weight than any which can be drawn from the character of its original promulgation. I speak of its *permanence*; a feature of this extraordinary superstition which has never been accounted for, and which none but the prejudiced or unreflecting can pretend to contemplate without interest. Reasonable explanations have been offered of its other chief phenomena. An intelligible cause has been assigned for the first establishment of a religion, which is alleged to have founded itself in an artful accommodation to existing systems of belief, and to have addressed itself to the prejudices and passions of mankind: satisfactory grounds have been advanced for the successful progress of a faith which silenced opposition by force, and seconded its pretensions with the sword: but no sufficient account has yet been given or attempted of that character of permanence, which the lapse of twelve centuries has impressed upon Mahometanism. If its duration were commensurate merely with that of the empire to which it gave birth; if its spiritual sway could be measured, in after ages, by the rise and fall of its temporal power, much of the difficulty would be removed. The case, however, admits of no such relief. The whole facts of it, on the contrary, go to demonstrate that the creed of Mahomet possesses an inherent spiritual influence, wholly distinct and separable from its secular domination; and that it is not more remarkable for its despotism over the fortunes, than for its absolute dominion in the minds, of men. The completeness of its mental domination is one of the most noted and best ascertained facts in the early history of Mahometanism. It is legible in the high enthusiasm which characterized the first Moslems, from the near friends of the prophet to his meanest followers, from the leaders of the Saracen armies to the servile refuse of the camp. But the point which now claims attention, is the durability of that first

impression, the permanence of this mental subjection. To determine this point in the affirmative, it will not be enough to consider the effects of Mahometanism upon the mind, in countries where it is dominant as connected with the state; for here it may be contended that the fanatical spirit of the religion is fostered from the motives of policy, and factitiously sustained by its alliance with the temporal power. Its genuine and undoubted influence can be seen only in a state of society where its votaries are unshackled by the restraints imposed by a Mahometan government; and where, consequently, neither policy nor personal interest can be supposed to operate. Such a state of society happens to obtain in a quarter of the world where Mahometanism has existed in an unestablished and insulated form, since the times of the first Saracen conquests. In their progress westward, through the deserts of Africa, the primitive Moslems left behind them the seeds of colonies, which continue to the present day thinly sprinkled over that vast wilderness; the Bedoween being naturally attracted and detained by the suitableness of the region to his desultory and predatory habits, and by the similarity of the soil and climate to those from which he had recently emerged. These roving tribes have preserved the purity of their race, with hereditary jealousy, from admixture with the native Africans; and holding little or no intercourse with foreigners, beyond the bare interchange of a few necessary commodities with the Moorish states, they present at this day the most genuine portrait extant of the character of their forefathers, the first Moslems. In the great desert of Africa, accordingly, there is a singular opportunity afforded of estimating the influence of Mahometanism, apart from its original and ordinary alliance with political domination. The result establishes, in the fullest extent, the fact of its permanent dominion over the human mind. The Arabs of the western desert graphically exemplify in the nineteenth century the recorded spirit of the Saracen conquerors in the seventh. The same high enthusiasm and anti-social zeal are strikingly visible, both in their intercourse among themselves, and in their carriage towards strangers. The perpetual maintenance of their independence is still their glory and boast; and they guard with a zealous and unceasing vigilance the traditions and the faith of their Arabian ancestors. Copies of the Koran, written on skins, are carefully preserved, and constantly studied, in each family; and the calamities of shipwreck have recently afforded an opportunity of ascertaining the fanatical avidity with which its lessons are imbibed, and the opinions entertained by these sons of Ishmael respecting the character and situation of Christians. 'The heads of their discourse concerning us,' says a shipwrecked mariner, who learned the conversation of this savage people through the medium of a negro interpreter, 'was, that we were a poor, miserable, degraded race of mortals, doomed to the everlasting punishment of hell-fire after death, and, in this life, fit only for the company of dogs.' If he forgets only the intervals of time and place, this language at once transports the reader among 'the companions' of the false

prophet: its genuine fanaticism might have fallen from the lips of the fiery Kaled, or the ferocious Derar."

Another feature of Mahometanism, scarcely less remarkable than the permanence and completeness of its mental domination, is its power to change alike the creeds and characters of the nations it has subjected to its yoke, and those of its conquerors.

"Under the former aspect, its prompt and effectual extirpation of the idolatry of Arabia, and the unparalleled revolution of mind and manners which the action of the new religion produced among its tribes, were but preludes and precursors to succeeding triumphs, in every clime where Paganism flourished, over Paganism in its best and in its most degrading forms. The rude idolatry of Scythia or of Inner Africa, and the refined and venerable superstition of the Persian Magi, alike fell prostrate before the law of the Koran; while the new converts, bound together as brethren by this common tie, forgot their personal prejudices, and national antipathies, as they fought side by side for the propagation of their adopted faith. But the memorable achievements of the followers of Mahomet in subverting idol creeds, sink into insignificance in comparison with another triumph of Mahometanism, the almost utter subversion of Christianity in the East. This divine religion, which originally won its lowly and peaceful way in triumphant opposition to the utmost violence of political power, bowed itself to the dust, in the very regions whence it first emanated, and where for centuries it had most flourished, almost without a struggle, under the sword and law of Mahomet. The strange and startling anomaly, which thus eclipsed the sun of Christendom, and which has left it, at the expiration of twelve hundred years, 'shorn of half its beams,' remains to the present hour unparalleled and unexplained. Every conquering faith beside has merged eventually in the Christian; but the banner of the cross itself has been seen to succumb before the victorious progress of the crescent. Nor is the power of Mahometanism more remarkable, in its influence, as conquering, to subvert, than in its efficacy, as conquered, to absorb, the religions with which it has come in contact. For irrefragable vouchers of this characteristic, the reader needs only be referred to the history of the Turks and Tartars. The successive invasions of the Saracen empire by these Pagan hordes, during the eventful period of its decline, terminated uniformly in the conversion of the barbarian conquerors. The Gaznavide and Seljukian sultans, who shook, and the successors of Genghis Khan, who overthrew the throne of the Caliphs, vied with one another in their adoption of the Mahometan faith. And the fourteenth century invites the philosophical historian to survey, in the career of the celebrated Tamerlane, the singular spectacle of a Tartar proselyte penetrating into India for its avowed purpose of bowing that vast peninsula to the yoke of the Koran. The enthusiastic zeal of this conqueror for the propagation of the Mahometan religion, thus founded eventually, in India, the Mahometan empire of the Great Mogul."

No prejudice has more extensively prevailed than that which imputes to the Mahometan religion an inherent hostility to the advancement of knowledge, and which confounds all the Mahometan nations under a sweeping censure as illiterate *ultra*-Gothic barbarians. "Every hearer," says White, "whose mind has ever glowed with the love of learning, or melted with the feelings of humanity, must recoil with horror from the savage and brutal barbarity of those caliphs who, not content with discouraging a spirit of inquiry among their subjects, effaced every vestige of the knowledge of former ages, and waged unnatural war against the mind, as well as the arms of their species." In this appalling description, who can detect any traces of the religion and the people which, during six long centuries of European darkness, preserved and propagated the light of knowledge through the world,—the first revivers of philosophy and science,—the link between the literature of Greece and that of modern Europe? Yet so it is, Mr. Forster remarks, that a sweeping induction is formed from the solitary and ill-authenticated fanaticism of Omar, while Mahometanism is denied all benefit from the example of Almanon and his illustrious successors, and from the conspicuous place held by the Arabs in the history of letters. "The penetrating and enterprising genius of the Saracens is unaccountably lost sight of, and the eye seems to become exclusively fixed upon those barbarians of Mahometanism, the Turks." So completely, indeed, has this been the case, that the word Turk has come to be used as a synonyme for Moslem. A curious proof of this is supplied by the language of our venerable liturgy. In the collect for Good Friday, the church offers up its supplications on behalf of *Turks, Jews, and infidels*,—evidently comprising under those appellations the Mahometan, Jewish, and Pagan world. It could never have been intended to exclude the Persians, the Moors, the Arabs, and the Moguls, from the intercessions of the pious.

In the present inquiry, Christianity and Mahometanism are viewed as "the providential results of a two-fold promise made by God to Abraham in behalf of his sons Isaac and Ishmael; by which promise a prophetic blessing was annexed to the posterity of each; which blessings again linked the fortunes of their descendants with the providential history and government of the whole human race." Of the arguments by which this novel and somewhat startling hypothesis is supported, we cannot attempt even an abstract; but the leading heads of the inquiry are indicated in the following paragraph:—

"The inquiry will embrace the descent of the Arabs from Ishmael; the religion and customs of the ante-Mahometan Arabs; the lights afforded by prophecy respecting Mahomet and his followers; the historical, moral, doctrinal, and ritual parallels between Judaism and Mahometanism, and between Christianity and Mahometanism; a comparison of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments with the Koran; of the Jewish and Christian with the Mahometan sects and heresies; the contemporaneous rise and analogy of Popery and Mahometanism; the

providential object and effects of the Crusades; and a comparative view of Christianity and Mahometanism in their influences on national character and civilization; on industry, manufactures, and commerce; and on the progress of arts, sciences, philosophy, and literature."

The learning, research, and great ability, with which this extensive inquiry is pursued, render these volumes a highly valuable addition to English literature, and entitle the author to take his rank with our Turners and Hallams, our Southseys and Lingards. Among other valuable materials and rare articles to which he has had access, he has availed himself of the *Adversaria* and unpublished manuscripts of the learned Sale. To the theological student the work will be an important acquisition; while the variety of topics which it embraces of an historical and literary kind, will render it not less interesting to the general reader. It has occupied, Mr. Forster informs us, the thoughts and studies of nine years;—in this age of *facile* and rapid production, when literary vegetation springs up with tropical luxuriance, a long and tedious term. But bamboos are not oaks. The quality and durability of productions are generally proportioned to the slowness of their growth. This work will live and last.

From the *Oriental Herald*.

LORD WILLIAM BENTINCK.

WHEN Lord William Bentinck arrived off the Chaundpaul Ghaut, it was about a quarter before six in the evening. Immediately on landing, he stepped into a palanquin, and pushed on for the Government House, followed by such of the great officers of Government, Secretaries, &c., as had assembled there to do him honour,—helmet, skelter, some on foot, and others in such conveyances as they could, under so unexpected and rapid a movement, get access to; the rain falling all the while. It was of course intended that he should land and be escorted to the Government House, under all such honours as are usual on similar occasions; but he, either disliking that kind of thing, or not liking to wait till *all was ready*, stepped on shore, and proceeded to the Government House in the above very unceremonious manner; creating, as you may suppose, a somewhat amusingly ridiculous scene, altogether of a new description in Calcutta, *i. e.* of a Governor-General flying from the honours intended to be showered upon him. Near the Government House he passed the state carriages that were going to Chaundpaul Ghaut for him; and by the time he had got into it, the troops from the fort that were to have formed a street from the latter to the former, had reached the landing-place. The Members of Council, Judges of the Supreme Court, and other great officers, received him at the Government House, where the ceremony of being sworn in was in due form gone through. A list of the General Staff of the Governor-General, comprising aids-de-camp, &c., was

then handed to him, in blank, together with a corresponding one, containing the names of those who held these offices up to that moment. His Lordship not appearing to understand the matter rightly, it was explained to him that such was the usual course, and that the first act of authority was always the nomination of such personal staff, which should be published, together with his Lordship's accession to the Government, *instantly*. He coolly replied, that he should look about him before he made any appointments; that he was not prepared for any thing of the kind just then. And thus, in defiance of all former usage, to the scandal of all, and they say, much to the vexation of many, he actually entered on the duties of his government without a single aide-de-camp or officer on his personal staff to assist him in discharging them. After some days, one gentleman, Captain Caldwell, who had been on the staff of the three preceding Governors-General, was nominated; some time after, a second; and I believe he now has in all, four aids-de-camp, instead of about a dozen, who, under different denominations of honorary, extra, &c., gave splendour and effect to the administration of his predecessor, the Honourable W. Butterworth Bayley, Esq. How the government was to go on, or how the dignity of the Viceroy was to be maintained, under a state of things so unprecedented, people here professed themselves quite unable to comprehend: the thing, however, has taken its course; the world has gone on much as usual; and many do not hesitate to say, that we have been nearly, if not perhaps quite as well, governed since his Lordship came, as we were before.

Lord and Lady Bentinck went to the cathedral the Sunday after their arrival; and a few days subsequent to that, his Lordship held a public levee, and her Ladyship a drawing-room; and all this to our great wonder and amusement, without the aids of aids-de-camp: but enough on this important head. Fortunately, we have survived the shock occasioned to our Eastern feelings by this great change; and, if I am not mistaken or misinformed, other and greater changes, not less inimical to local usage and prejudices, are in contemplation, and may be expected gradually to develop themselves.

The first appointment made by Lord William Bentinck, was that of Mr. Merridge to the same office in his household which that gentleman had held in Lord Amherst's, *i. e.* of unofficial private and confidential secretary, comptroller of his private and domestic expenses, &c. &c. This young man is country born, the son of a pilot; and being well-educated, of good natural talents and sound principles, he somehow got access in the early part of his life to Sir John Malcolm, who saw and duly appreciated his worth. Sir John's confidence he appears to have obtained in a very high degree. On Lord Amherst's coming to India, Mr. Merridge accompanied him; and, during his residence here, notwithstanding the invidious and disgraceful attempts that were made through Mr. Lushington, at the instance of many of the civil servants, to oust him from his seat at his Lordship's table, he kept it with great credit

to himself, and much to the gratification of every feeling and honest mind. Besides this situation, worth 600 rupees per month, he held that of clerk to the Stationary Committee, worth about as much more. On Lord Amherst's leaving India, he naturally felt anxious to do something which should make up to Mr. Merridge for the loss of the former of these places; and the office of secretary to the Lottery Committee, worth 1000 rupees per month, being vacant at the time, he endeavoured to prevail on his council to bestow it on Mr. Merridge. But no; the dignity of the civil service would be compromised by such proceeding; it had been held by a civil servant before, and must now be conferred on another. Lord Amherst was *thwarted in council* in this almost the last act of his government. Poor Merridge was put aside as *unworthy*. The first act of Lord Bentinck's government was to show that he thought Merridge worthy of his confidence. This matter caused almost as much alarm and consternation as that of the aids-de-camp had done before. People knew not what to make of it, or how to account for the new governor's proceedings, till they came to recollect that Lord Amherst and Lord Bentinck were old acquaintances, as well as of the same side in politics; and that their accidental meeting at the Cape of Good Hope had afforded opportunities of communication such as had never before occurred between men placed in similar situations,—the one proceeding to take charge of the government the other had just relinquished.

Lord Amherst is a man of mild deportment and plain address and manners, possessing at the same time a strong mind and feelings. It was said at the time, that he was much hurt at the decided opposition he had experienced to his efforts in favour of Mr. Merridge, and many sympathized with him on that occasion. The office of secretary to the Lottery Committee was not one that, by the rules and custom of the service, required a regularly covenanted civil servant to discharge its duties; nor was there any thing whatever connected with the matter which appeared (in the public mind) to call for what certainly was looked on as an unnecessarily harsh measure of opposition to Lord Amherst's just and benevolent views and wishes. Nor was this the only point on which Lord Amherst is supposed to have been thwarted just before his departure: he must, therefore, have left India with his feelings strongly excited as to certain men and measures here; and it is very naturally supposed that he had not omitted to make the best use of the fortunate meeting with his successor at the Cape, to make him a participator in them. This apprehension has excited uneasiness in the breasts of many here; and together with Lord Bentinck's cool and reserved method of proceeding with his public business, is well calculated to stimulate to vigilant exertion all the public servants employed under his government.

Lord Bentinck and his lady would appear to be persons for whom the eastern appendages to rank have few or no charms: he had not been here many days before he felt himself incommoded by the numerous asseesars about the Government House; and he desired to be al-

lowed the privilege enjoyed by other English gentlemen, of walking about his own house and grounds unwatched and without guards at his heels. In consequence, a great reduction has taken place in the former Government House train; and himself and Lady Bentinck walk about, as well here as when at Barrackpore, unattended by any but such as they call for or invite to attend them. But I shall give you a few anecdotes of Lord Bentinck that may be depended on, and which will give you a good idea of his habits, both public and private.

Some few days after Lord Bentinck's arrival, a gentleman returning up the Course from his morning ride, observed, as he approached the south-west angle of the Government House, a gentleman dressed in a white jacket and white hat, on the road outside the railing, looking about him, and this he immediately saw to be Lord Bentinck, wholly unattended. He bowed to his lordship, who observed, that he was early home from his morning exercises; adding, "I am expecting some horses which Mr. Cooke the stable keeper was to have sent for me to see. I wonder they are not come." The gentleman immediately replied, that with his lordship's permission, he would drive to Cooke's and hasten them. "Thank you," says Lord Bentinck, "the shortest way, perhaps, would be for you to drive me there at once." So he stepped in his lordship into the gentleman's buggy, and away they went to Cooke's stables, which his lordship spent half an hour in rummaging with apparently much pleasure, unlorded, and no more noticed than any other gentleman would have been on a like occasion. On getting into the buggy again at Cooke's door, Lord Bentinck said, that there was another place he should like to call at before going home, which was the coachmaker's, as he wished to see how his carriages were getting on. Away then they drove to Stewart's, and having strolled about there some time, returned to the Government House. On alighting from the gentlemen's buggy, his lordship said, "I was lucky in meeting you this morning. We have had a pleasant ride, and I have done my business quite pleasantly. Had I gone in one of my own carriages, I should have been encumbered and annoyed by my own followers. Good morning." Whether the gentleman drove from Stewart's to the Government House, or whether his lordship drove, I cannot tell; some say one drove, and some say the other; certain, however, it is that such a spectacle had not before been seen in India, as a Governor-General driving in a buggy through the streets of Calcutta, with a private gentleman, wholly unattended, and without any thing whatever to distinguish him from any other individual.

I need not attempt to tell you, who know the feelings and habits of the population of Calcutta so well, the different impressions this simple scene produced on different classes: with some it was an utter dereliction of all dignity, and calculated to compromise the consequence of all the great officers of government; others thought differently; and Lord William Bentinck, without apparently much troubling himself with what any of them thought, (if he knew any thing at all about it,) takes a drive

in a buggy occasionally, with some one or another, in his white jacket and hat, equally unattended and undistinguished as he was in his first adventure. Nay, they go further, and say, that he has been seen amongst the group at Tulloch's auction, three or four times, on a horse-sale day. No one on those occasions takes the least notice of him.

What his lordship's views are on the great questions and measures of government, no one appears able to form the most distant conjectures. No changes have yet been made: many were talked of and expected; but he appears to be determined to inform himself of every thing, before he does any thing; and he goes about to accomplish his object in a systematic and business-like way. The secretaries and heads of departments are no longer the *sole* channels of seeing and hearing to the Governor-General. He applies several hours daily to public business. Papers and documents relating to great questions, departments, offices, &c. are got together, and laid on his office-table, agreeably to previous orders. He goes through them with much attention; and when he has considered one subject, and made his notes upon it, the papers are tied up, and he proceeds to another: and in this cool and deliberate manner, is he quietly going on, examining into every thing; completing his information, when needful, by at once sending for gentlemen from the different offices and departments, without waiting for official references by correspondence, through the usual channels of the secretaries' offices, &c. His aim appears to be to go straight forward to his object; and, however effectual his mode of doing things may be, it embarrasses extremely the heads of Departments, not only by the novelty of the procedure, but by the perfect darkness in which these former lights of the government are left as to his opinions and future intentions, for he keeps his own counsel, and they know not what to make of him. I will give you one instance of the manner in which he took up a public question the other day, which will give you some notion of his mode of doing things.

You are, perhaps, aware that the expense of postage on newspapers is very high here: so much so, as to put the newspapers beyond the reach of those residing at any distance from Calcutta: this has several times been represented to government, and relief prayed for. Government was willing to lessen the stamp charges, but the means of doing so, without injury to the public revenues, was what created the difficulty. The thing had been considered and reconsidered over and over again; still nothing had been decided on. Shortly after Lord Bentinck's arrival, another application on the subject was made. This paper is understood to have been very ably drawn up, and to have been signed by all the newspaper proprietors; and is said to have attracted Lord Bentinck's immediate notice. Instead of waiting to grope through all the former proceedings which had been had on the subject, he sent at once for Mr. Stockwell, the postmaster-general, and desired him to make him acquainted with the merits of the case—to show him what had been done, and what could be done, towards affording

the relief desired. Stockwell, although a clever man and a good public servant, was rather nonplussed by so direct a proceeding, and would have taken shelter behind the *former proceedings*, which he said were with the revenue board; said he would apply for them, through the secretary's office, and bring the matter his lordship wished information upon to his notice, &c. His lordship is said to have replied, "Pooh, pooh, Mr. Stockwell, let the board of revenue and their last load of proceedings alone; your own office must contain papers enough on the subject, put them into your pocket, and step down to me with them to-morrow at eleven, and we will try if we cannot together devise the means of removing the formidable obstacles now opposed to the people's reading the newspapers; really, these seem to have accumulated to a formidable extent," &c. His lordship and Mr. Stockwell are said to have met accordingly, and in an hour or so to have planned an arrangement, which is now officially before council, and which, it is hoped, will remove all difficulties, and afford general satisfaction.

A new code of custom house regulations is under consideration; the merchants, &c. have been called upon to offer their opinions on the several provisions, &c., and several well-written letters on the subject have appeared in the papers. Lord Bentinck has taken up this matter also with some earnestness; he has had several conferences with Mr. Siddons; and, the other day, while business was going on, paid a very unexpected visit there, went through every department of it; from thence to the board of trade, &c. He has made several of those visits to different places, appearing when quite unexpected. He goes without any kind of retinue, looks about him, asks some questions, which he has prepared before hand, and retires as quietly as he went. As no one knows where he will call next, all keep closely to their business; and there is, perhaps, more attention now paid to the discharge of public duties than ever has been known before.

Hundreds here, as usual on the coming of a new Governor-General, were furnished with letters of introduction from their connexions in Europe, from which great expectations were formed: the delivery of some of these are said to have caused some very laughable incidents. His lordship carefully represses every expectation of promotion from private influence and patronage: his every act is the act of the Governor-General in council, from which he will hear of no appeal. The civilians, therefore, particularly, who in former times used, as it were, to choose their own appointments, and would neither go here nor there, but as they pleased, now receive notice of their appointments to different offices, with orders to proceed, &c. The other day, the collector of Chittagong, who had been there some years, having lost his health, was compelled to come to Calcutta preparatory to going to sea. Another collector was in course required to supply his place; and they appointed, without reference to him, a young gentleman who has always been hanging on at some unimportant place at the Salt Golahs, which he preferred, as keeping him

amongst his connexions, and amidst the gaieties of Calcutta. The appointment was as a thunder-stroke to the young gentleman, who, as soon as he heard of it, flew away to the Government House, obtained an audience, prayed to be released from it on the grounds of private convenience, family connexions here, delicate state of health, &c.; to all of which his lordship replied, "Those are matters for your private consideration; by the public act of government you are appointed collector of Chittagong, and I shall in no instance interfere with the orders of the Governor-General in council."

Those amongst the civilians and military staff who have tolerable appointments, are glad to stick to what they have, instead of worrying the government for something better. A military major, who has held for many years a good staff appointment, went the other day, on the strength of a letter of introduction from his brother-in-law, lord somebody, to request a better, and one that would keep him in Calcutta, as his lady did not prefer leaving it. In explanation to some inquiry made, his lordship was told that, *unfortunately*, he was near *promotion*, and that if he did not get another staff appointment, his next step as lieutenant-colonel would compel him to join his regiment. His lordship is said to have laughed at the Major's dilemma, and to have said it was the first instance he had ever heard of a military promotion being considered a misfortune to a soldier; adding, that the major had better make up his mind to join his regiment: and it is said he will be compelled to do so. Such examples as these speak forcibly enough; they will not fail to repress the inordinate expectations of adventurers, founded on private influence alone, of which there has been too much in this country.

In my former letters I have noticed the apprehension we were all living under of deep retrenchments from our salaries lately. It is said, a tremendous list of reductions, which had been some time in preparation, and affecting almost every person employed, even down to the humblest classes, came before council. His lordship is said to have asked Mr. Bayley, if this was not rather beginning at the wrong end, and if it would not be better first to see what could be done in the way of savings from the salaries of the higher classes, who had enough and to spare, &c. If this was really the case, and it is believed to have occurred, we may perhaps for the present set our apprehensions on this score aside.

I could give you sheets of anecdotes of Lord William Bentinck and his proceedings; but those you have, will perhaps enable you to form some opinion of the justice of the expectations formed by the more thinking classes, that the administration of this nobleman will be a just, able, and most efficient one.

Mr. Brougham, in a letter to our celebrated barrister Turtton, which was received about the time Lord Bentinck arrived here, says, that a man with a clearer head, and a sounder heart, never went to India; that from his sound principles and great talents, his absence was felt as a loss to the administration at home, &c. God knows, both talents and principle were

wanting here; and few seem to doubt that both will be abundantly found in Lord William Bentinck.

From the London Magazine.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

"Virides fecere merendo."—Old Meto.

Have you walked in the fields, when the sun
Through the trees is really burning,
And the village children, one by one,
To their cottage homes are turning?
Hast thou not bow'd to their laughing mirth,
As they toss'd the wild-flowers far and nigh,
Their voices ringing over the earth;—
They cannot have gone unheeded by.
Their thoughts are fresh, and their hearts are
green,
Oh, they have not seen what thou hast seen!

Have you not marked in the quiet aisle
Of Tintern church, the sweet and fair,
The wandering leaf of the ivy smile,
In gladness on the pulpit-stair?
You have not forgot the aged man,
With shepherd staff, and hoary hair,
You turn'd from your homeward path to scan,
So old, and yet so free from care—
His soul was bright, though his eyes were dim,
The God of his youth was light to him.

Thou art sad!—thy heart is journeying back,
To the guide of thy early day,—
Hast thou stray'd so far from his peaceful
track,
Are all his foot-prints worn away?
Have you walked in a path benighted,
Beguiled by a flickering spark;
The lamp of joy your father lighted,
Oh, is its bright flame burning dark?
Surely, oh surely it cannot be,
The thought of that face hath gone from thee!

The green nest of the bird will perish,
The violet know its place no more,—
The ivy of virtue will cherish
The greenness it cherished of yore.
Friend of my youth! 'twere sweet to borrow,
The soft gleam from that ivy leaf,
'Twill be a light on the eye of sorrow,
'Twill be a smile on the cheek of grief.
The peace of God on that ivy will be,
Father and mother, yea more, to thee.

THE HARRQVIAN.

From the Literary Gazette.

THE NAMELESS BROOK.

Yow little brook that murmurs on its way
O'er shining pebbles and through clustered
flowers,
Hath been to me the source of many a lay,
Warbled at times amid its fairy bowers;
Appealing to my spirit with a tone
Half like the tone of Joy, and half like Sor-
row's own!

How sweetly droops yon willow on its side,
 Watching its moveless branches in the glaze!
 How bright, how beautifully, the waters glide,
 Winning my heart to bless them as they pass!
 And I will bless you, oh ye waters clear!
 Of many a smile the source, and many a sweeter
 tear.

Oh! not unlike the current of your tide,
 In this green valley slips my life away;
 To lofty name and glory unallied,
 Shunn'd by the rich, and slighted by the gay.
 Yet, by some faithful, and unchanging friend,
 Watch'd with an eye of love,—advancing to its
 end! R. F. H.

From the Annual Biography and Obituary.

CHARLES MILLS, ESQ.

To the thoughtful observer, the history of the mind of a man of genius and learning can never be destitute of attraction or utility. The whole process by which his faculties have been cultivated and his knowledge has been built up, is in itself well deserving of attention; and if the generous ambition of excellence be apparent throughout as the guiding principle of action, a still higher character will be imparted to the study.

Charles Mills was born at Croom's Hill, Greenwich, on the 29th of July, 1788. His family had been long and respectably known in that place, where his grandfather and father had successively exercised the profession of surgeons for nearly half a century, in the enjoyment of the first practice afforded by an opulent vicinity. His father, Samuel Gillam Mills, was not more esteemed for professional ability than for his private qualities of mind and heart. He was a man of powerful intellect, upright intention, and keen sensibility; and the uncompromising integrity of his character was brought conspicuously into public notice upon more than one occasion of his life, on which it is not here necessary to dwell.

Charles was the youngest of the family. So early was a fondness for reading imbibed by him, that, when quite a child, a book or a newspaper was a never-failing expedient for quieting his gambols, and rivetting him to a chair. He had been rather a weakly infant; and one severe illness, when a boy of thirteen, betrayed a defective constitution, and perhaps left the seeds of that decay which prematurely terminated his existence.

At about the usual age, he was placed at a private school to acquire the rudiments of a classical education. His first and only master was a clergyman of Greenwich; and under that gentleman's tuition was gathered whatever school knowledge of the Latin and Greek he possessed. That he was thoroughly grounded in the classical languages, his subsequent attainments in both fully testify. So natural seemed his predilection for study, and so tenacious was his memory, that his lessons were never a task to him: and when he quitted school, his master dismissed him with this commendation to his father, that "he was fit for any thing." But comparatively little of his

learning was gained at school; and to subsequent study, undertaken voluntary, and pursued in private, and without assistance, was he mainly indebted for the sum of his acquirements.

The period having arrived when some choice of a future profession for him became indispensable, his father's views were directed to the law; but this not according with his own wishes, he was placed in a merchant's counting house. With the details of that occupation, however, a very short trial sufficed to disgust him; and being permitted to relinquish the pursuit of a commercial life, and to adopt his father's original intention, law, he was finally, in 1804, and at about the age of sixteen, articulated for five years with Messrs. Williams and Brookes, eminent solicitors of Lincoln's Inn. Between his own family and that of the senior partner of this house, a close private friendship had long subsisted; and he appeared to enter with the fairest prospects on his new profession. Though he had little affection for it, his strong sense of duty made him apply to its study with cheerfulness and zeal; and he soon won the esteem of his instructors.

By this removal to London no greater change was wrought in his mind than might fairly have been anticipated from difference of scene and circumstances. In one respect, however, the period of his clerkship formed a very remarkable epoch in his life. His studies took a theological turn; and as he never languidly applied to any subject, he entered deeply into both the study and the practice of religion. In the course of his theological studies, there was no standard work in English which he did not read, and with which he failed to render himself thoroughly conversant. And when all that remained for him to learn, was to be sought only from the divines and theological commentators of Germany, he made a careful and even rare collection of their works. Some fruits of his reading at this period still remain; and among these early manuscript pieces, is a "Statement of the various Opinions of Biblical Critics respecting the Origin and Composition of our Three First Canonical Gospels, with an Analysis of the Hypothesis proposed by professor Marsh:"—so full, close, and comprehensive a digest of the original, as would do credit to the most practised ability. This was written when he was only in his nineteenth year; and was composed merely for his private satisfaction, as an exercise to arrange and confirm his acquaintance with its subject.

With a mind elevated by such pursuits, at so early an age, it is unnecessary to add, that his life was preserved pure from the allurements of those vices and follies which beset his path in the metropolis, and to which an easy surrender, under his circumstances, would have been but too natural. While tinctured with the ardent colouring of youthful feeling, his religion then wore even an aspect of severity. But it was not ascetic, nor did it deny him the lawful amusements of society. At this period he was fond of hearing the parliamentary debates, and became a frequent attendant in the gallery of the House of Commons. The theatres, also, attracted a great deal of his attention: he never went but to the pit, and with

his early indication of intellectual taste, he readily learned to distinguish the valuable from the worthless, both in the actors and in the productions of the stage. Thus it was, that never losing sight of the great object of mental improvement, even in his recreations, he knew how to extract the precious ore of the art from the base alloy and coarser dregs of its admixture. His passion for the theatre, like every other inclination, was made conducive to study and reflection; and he soon familiarized and enriched his mind with the works of the great masters of the old English drama. His thoughts were steeped in their beauties; and it may safely be averred that, in his later years, few men had become so thoroughly read in this sterling department of our literature. Formed upon such models, his judgment as a dramatic critic was chastened and rigorous.

Nor, during this same term of his articles at Lincoln's Inn, was he neglectful of other improvement, both in professional learning and in general literature. In 1809, then in his twenty-first year, he compiled, still for his private use only, "A succinct Account of the History, general Nature, and peculiar Marks and Qualities of the Feudal Law, collected principally from the Notes of Mr. Hargrave and Mr. Butler to the sixteenth Edition of Coke upon Littleton."

Meanwhile, he also amused himself by other early attempts at more miscellaneous composition, and not unfrequently sent anonymous essays to the periodical publications of the day. But of their subjects or signatures, his early friends have preserved no record: it is remembered only that among them were a violent philippic against music, and a humorous defence of boxing. The graver studies of this epoch led him to an historical sketch of the "Rise and Decline of the Papal Power:" of which it may only be observed that it condensed sufficient information to be consulted with profit fifteen years later, by a literary friend, whose researches were directed to the same subject.

During the summer of 1808, Mr. Mills's studies were interrupted by a tour to the Northern Lakes, in which he was the companion of his father, whose declining health suggested the necessity of change of scene, and recreation of mind.

At the close of the year 1809, the term of his legal clerkship expired. About a year before, he had sustained the misfortune of losing his excellent father; and this heavy calamity came upon him at a crisis in his life when he stood most in need of the anxious exertion and experienced judgment of a parent, to forward his talents and direct his views. This bereavement proved, in the sequel, the destruction of his best prospects in the law. He still, however, persevered in completing his legal education; and immediately on the expiration of his article term, placed himself for a year's study in conveyancing, under Mr. Humphreys, a gentleman well known to the world by his extensive practice and his able professional writings. Acting on the principle that, as a considerable sum of money was paid for the advantages of this instruction, it be-

came his duty to derive as much professional improvement as possible from the opportunity secured for him, he was punctual in his daily attendance of nine hours at chambers; and throughout the year 1810, which he thus passed with Mr. Humphreys, his application to his legal studies was laborious and unremitting.

Yet, singular as the fact may appear, this was the epoch at which the love of literature began to obtain the decided ascendancy over all other pursuits in his mind. While his days were scrupulously sacrificed to duty, his evenings were reserved for studies, more congenial with his tastes. At nine o'clock he would return to his lodgings, and trim his lamp; and the greater number of hours, which should have been given to sleep, were consumed in reading. To the anxious remonstrance of his mother on the injurious consequences with which his health was threatened by this intense nightly application, his only reply was, "Nothing can be done without it;" and still he persevered. It was now that oriental literature attracted his attention; and the first draught of his History of Muhammedanism was the result of this new pursuit. At this time, after having on a Saturday remained for his usual hours at Lincoln's Inn, he sat up all the ensuing night reading and annotating Knolles's History of the Turks: and then, without sleep or rest, walked down to his mother's house at Greenwich on Sunday morning. Nor was this a singular case; for he did the same thing several times. His practice was, when sleep began to overpower him, to bathe his hands and face in cold water, and to pace the room for a quarter of an hour: thus refreshed, he resumed his labours.

It was an amiable peculiarity in Mr. Mills's character, that, wherever he placed his esteem and regard, he laboured to elevate the individual to his own mental standard. An attachment had been formed between one of his intimates and a young lady, who afterwards became his wife. For her guidance and instruction in modern history, Mr. Mills drew up, "A brief Summary of some of the Events of the greatest Magnitude in the History of Continental Europe, from the Subversion of the Western Roman Empire by Odoacer, till the Subversion of the Germanic Empire by Bonaparte." This paper was written in a colloquial style, and without much formal precision of language: but it would be difficult to point to any synopsis in which the great landmarks in the modern history of Europe are defined in their relative prominence with so much judgment and clearness.

The period between 1810 and 1813, extending from his twenty-second to his twenty-fifth year, offers nothing remarkable in Mr. Mills's literary life. It was passed in a noiseless and unobtrusive appropriation of all the hours which remained at his own disposal to the purposes of study, and in a series of disappointments, connected with his professional prospects, on which it would be useless to expatiate. But his pursuits were suddenly suspended, and the whole complexion of his prospects altered, by the occurrence of an alarming illness. In the summer of 1813 he was, one evening, after his usual occupations, walking

slowly to the library of the London Institution, then situate in Coleman Street, when he felt his mouth fill with blood; and the gush from the lungs was so violent, that, on reaching St. Sepulchre's church, he was obliged to rest his head against its wall, and suffer the blood to flow. He afterwards spoke of the surprise of the passing throng at the sight; but the discharge having ceased, he characteristically persevered in his original intention, and went to the library, where he remained reading until a late hour. He returned as usual to his brother's house, with whom he was then residing, and retired to rest without mentioning the circumstance: but in the middle of the night he was awakened by the sense of suffocation, for the internal bleeding had recurred with still greater violence than before. Medical assistance was of course immediately sought; and his complaint was at once declared to proceed from a ruptured blood-vessel within the lungs. Both by reason of this vessel being probably a branch of the pulmonary artery, and on account of the great quantity of blood which he had lost, and was still losing, the danger was extreme and imminent. But he had fortunately the benefit of the best advice and care, both in the consultation of Dr. Ainslie, and in the unremitting attention of his friend Mr. (now Dr.) Anthony T. Thomson. The most active measures were immediately adopted by these gentlemen, and happily succeeded in stopping the hæmorrhage; although for several months the spitting of blood occasionally returned, and evinced the precarious tenure by which his life was still held. Before the autumn his safety was sufficiently secured to admit of his removing to the sea-side; and he spent the few months of that season in the Isle of Wight and at Brighton. The severe winter of 1813-14, however, racked his enfeebled frame, from head to foot, with excruciating rheumatic pains; and the following summer so far failed in re-establishing his health, that obscure symptoms of pulmonary consumption began to develop themselves. He was, therefore, strongly recommended to pass the ensuing winter at Nice; and, accompanied by a medical friend, he accordingly crossed the channel in the month of September, 1814. This continental tour, together with a winter residence in a milder climate, though from several untoward circumstances it disappointed his expectations of pleasure, had the most beneficial effects upon his general health. The tendency to disease in the lungs, though temporarily subdued, was not, of course, completely removed; but his general constitution was invigorated; and the stock of health accumulated at this period may be regarded as that which supported him through the remaining eleven years of his existence.

Very shortly after Mr. Mills's return to England in April, 1815, his future pursuits naturally became the question of most earnest and anxious consideration. His own predilections had never led him to the law; he had not acquired any love for its practice; and two years of freedom from the restraints of business, and of indulgence in the choice of amusements and studies, were not likely to have made a profession more agreeable in prospect, which had

always been so distasteful in experience. His mere inclination, if he had felt justified in consulting that alone, was now most decidedly opposed to the resumption of his professional life; yet no better alternative seemed to be left to him. To abandon at once, and without an equivalent, all the fruits of a legal education, which had been acquired at considerable cost, was forbidden by every maxim of common prudence; and after some ineffectual efforts to obtain an eligible appointment in one of the civil offices of government, he applied himself zealously to complete his permanent settlement in the law. He resolved to purchase a partnership with an established solicitor; and he was on the point of concluding a desirable treaty for this purpose, when he encountered an unexpected obstacle. In the course of the negotiation, the fact incidentally appeared, that he had not been in the actual practice of his profession for more than two years; and on that ground, the gentleman with whom he was in treaty, declined to proceed.

In this suspension of his projects, an accident shortly arose, which at once fixed the direction of his purposes, and realized the secret and long cherished aspirations of his mind. The first draught of his "History of Muhammedanism" had been finished, as already observed, before his illness and visit to the continent. The MS. had been fairly transcribed, bound, and presented as an offering of affection to his brother; and this volume being now lent to a lady, was by chance, seen on her table by Sir John Malcolm; whose name is familiar to every reader, as honourably associated with oriental history, no less by his valuable writings, than by his eminent services in our Eastern Empire. Sir John Malcolm requested the loan of the MS.; and his perusal of it was followed by the expression of his wish for a personal introduction to the author. Mr. Mills called upon him, and the result of the visit was a warm recommendation to publish the MS., which was immediately followed. Sir John, with a spirit of liberal politeness which did him honour, supplied Mr. Mills from his own collection with the use of many valuable oriental works; the revision and extension of the MS. were diligently prosecuted; and in a short time the volume was ready for the press.

The first edition of the "History of Muhammedanism" was given to the world at the commencement of the year 1817; and to Sir John Malcolm it was appropriately inscribed, "as a testimony of gratitude for the encouragement which it had received from him, and of respect for his great attainments in the language and history of the East." The reception which the work experienced was sufficiently favourable. "The History of Muhammedanism" was welcomed in various journals with a gratifying measure of critical commendation; and the ready sale which the work experienced, induced Mr. Mills, in a very few months, to prepare a second edition for the press.

The gratifying prospects of lettered distinction which were afforded by the reception of his earliest work, confirmed Mr. Mills in the ardent purpose of devoting his future existence to literature. A single sentence in a letter,

written soon after the publication of the first edition of the "History of Muhammedanism," strikingly exhibits the generous ambition by which he was actuated; and more insight into his habitual views may here be gathered from these few words, carelessly and half-jestingly uttered, than could have been conveyed by a formal declaration. "A brother of Mrs. T—, a merchant of Liverpool, has wished me to go there as a lawyer. But no: bread and cheese, independence, and posterity for ever!" At rather a later period, in another letter, in which he was consulting the same friend on a new literary project, he stated in a graver tone the relative weight of his motives: "My first object in literature is intellectual improvement; my second, reputation; my third, money. 'Letters are their own reward,' should be the wished-for principle of every literary man. No hunting for benefices by the pen."

His choice of a new subject was not made without some hesitation. He at first thought seriously of a life of Lord Bacon; but this scheme he resolved to relinquish for awhile, on the unaffected conviction that he was not yet equal to the task. At the moment this modest abandonment of the project was certainly intended to be only temporary; and it is much to be regretted that he did not resume the purpose at a later epoch of his life. The world will judge of the capacity of his genius, only by the measure of his published writings; but these, with all their excellences, were susceptible, from their very nature, of displaying only the least part of his ability; and the few individuals who best knew the real compass of his intellect, and the immense range of his learning, can alone be aware how totally inadequate were any of the works on which he did engage, to call forth the full vigour of his powers. He never had a subject which could either fill his mind to its utmost enlargement, or exercise his faculties of reflection to the full tension of their strength.

It was after the short interval of hesitation produced by this scheme, that Mr. Mills undertook his "History of the Crusades;" and to this new work he immediately applied himself with the characteristic energy and animation which he threw into every literary pursuit. Within a period of less than two years, he had gone through the requisite preparation of reading for his subject, and had completed the two octavo volumes of his history; a rapidity of execution certainly not obtained by any omission of that original and laborious research which he justly numbered among the first duties of the historian.

The "History of the Crusades" was finished in the summer of 1819, and published at the opening of the following year. Its success was immediate. The first edition had scarcely been six months before the world, when it became necessary to commence the printing of a second; and Mr. Mills at once reaped the desire and gratifying reward of his labours in the secure establishment of a sound literary reputation.

After the publication of the "History of the Crusades," a long pause ensued before Mr.

Mills could determine on any new undertaking. This interval was occupied with the discussion of various projects; but of the difficulties which, in an age so exhausted of originality as ours, attend the selection of subjects that shall be at once eligible and novel, no man of letters need be told. The object which he at length began to entertain, was to compose a volume of the lives of Dante, Petrarca, and Ariosto. His publishers, however, cautioned him that the bare biography of that great Italian triumvirate of poesy would not in itself embody sufficient attraction and excitement for the public taste. Mr. Mills, therefore, expanded his original idea; and a design to offer a general view of the intellectual state of Europe at the revival of letters and art, was the result of further reflection. To impart unity and completeness to his subject, to make his picture one harmonious whole in consistent keeping and evident connexion, no means seemed so appropriate and convenient as the familiar device of the "*Voyage Imaginaire*." The wit of Swift, the gentle satire and graceful pathos of Fenelon, and the erudition of Barthelemi and Terasson, had all been successfully displayed in fictitious travels; and in a work surveying the literature and art of one splendid epoch, the same vehicle of light and elegant knowledge might be preferred, with peculiar propriety, to didactic or any other scholastic modes of instruction.

The difficulty of using this machinery with success was obvious. The composition of imaginary travels not only demanded deeper and more various learning than any simply historical production; but their machinery required also more discrimination and taste than that of works of absolute fiction. Though a poetical creation, the hero of the piece must harmonize with substantial flesh and blood: though a shadow of fancy, he must mingle with beings of life and reality. In works purely fictitious, the author is under little restriction from the circumstances of time, place, or action: so long as he does not exhibit glaring inconsistencies, nor demand from credulity the prostration of reason and sense, the extensive range of his imagination is freely permitted. But, with the writer who adopts fiction as a vehicle of truth, the case must be widely different. At the slightest anachronism in the "*Voyage Imaginaire*," or the smallest transgression of the dramatic unities, knowledge would instantly be shocked, and taste disgusted.

All this Mr. Mills knew; yet, believing the convenience of his plan to preponderate against

compliment for its author which may deserve a slight passing notice in this place. It is well known that the ancient order of Knights Templars has never ceased to claim an existence in Europe, with a regular and generally an illustrious succession of French grand-masters, from the era of its famous persecution, in the fourteenth century, to the present times. The historian of the crusades, and of the Order of the Temple, was appropriately considered by that society an eligible member of their body; and, as such, Mr. Mills was elected accordingly.

* The History of the Crusades obtained a

its objections, he fearlessly grappled with its difficulties; and it has been universally admitted that he extricated himself from them with singular address and felicity. He made his traveller, Theodore Ducas, the younger son of a noble Greek family which had escaped from the sack of Constantinople. He imagined that Ducas, having been educated at the Greek college at Rome during the pontificate of Leo X., had subsequently travelled through Italy and other countries of Europe between the years 1520 and 1560; and that, on his return to the "eternal city," he had passed the little remainder of his life in condensing and arranging his stores of knowledge, whether the results of observation or of reading, on the subject of the intellectual glory of modern Europe.

In this supposition there is great dramatic propriety; for the idea was natural and classical that, when Italy was swarming with Greeks, one of that keen and inquisitive race should wish to extend the sphere of his observation, and mark the state of letters and art in other countries. Something similar to Mr. Mills's work had been projected by the Abbé Barthélemi; but he deserted the thought for the "Travels of Anacharsis," and in the crude idea the resemblance ended. Ducas became, in comparison with Anacharsis, what an old English play is to a French tragedy. It offered no pompous ornate descriptions, no feeble wire-drawn declamations; but the colouring was rendered as simple, modest, and natural, as the historical matter was accurate and valuable. Elegance and refinement of taste were infused into every page, while the accessories were admirably managed. Ducas, as a man of letters, traced, with his Boccaccio in his hand, the various landscapes that extended before the windows of the Franciscan convent, which Cosmo de Medici built on the top of Fesole, and admired both the beauties of the scenery, and their picturesque delineation in the pages of the father of Italian prose. He crossed the solemn and gloomy Apennines in order to reach Bologna, and the sternness of the mountain scenery prepared his mind for the serious cast of the Bolognese intellectual character. With equal propriety, he enters Ferrara, happy in the feeling that he was breathing the same air with a poet, whom Dante and Petrarca would have selected as a brother, and reflecting at the same time on the singular prophecy of Dante, that no poet would ever arise in Ferrara.

But this mere machinery of the fiction was not suffered by Mr. Mills to engross any large share, either of his own attention, or of the contents of his volumes. His far higher objects were, in the first portion of his plan, to discuss the literature of Italy in the 16th century, as represented in her historians, and poets, and novelists; and the fine arts of that country, as displayed in her works of sculpture and painting. If he had continued his design, he would have led his traveller to other divisions of Europe at the same epoch; but Italy, and the productions of the Italian mind, exclusively occupied the only part of the undertaking which he ever completed. In that, he exhibited a full and graceful picture of

the dawn, the ascent, and the meridian splendour of Italian letters and art.

The "Travels of Ducas" have become a text-book for the scholar, and a manual for the lettered dilettante; and while all the enchantments of its poetry and art are elegantly woven around the subject, the severer characteristics of its philosophy and criticism are vigorously maintained. Among the strictly literary part of society, not one of Mr. Mills's works gave so large an increase to his reputation as the "Travels of Ducas." But, by the world in general, the machinery of the fiction was imperfectly understood; nor were there wanting some worthy persons who read the book, as a bishop read the fictitious travels of Swift, with sagacious doubts on the authenticity of the narrative. To the fiction also it was, perhaps justly, objected that the interest of the reader is not sufficiently excited in the personal adventures of the traveller; and though we are introduced to him with pleasure, we sympathize little with his fortunes, and dismiss him with indifference. But the author was above all things unwilling that his work should be mistaken for a novel. He carefully avoided mingling with the real object of his Greek's travels any incongruous circumstances of fictitious interest; and hence, in his care to preserve the chasteness of his composition, he detracted from the interest demanded by a numerous order of readers. Hence, too, it is not altogether surprising that, while the "Travels of Ducas" were received as a master-piece of elegant learning and graceful composition, the work has obtained less universal popularity than the "History of the Crusades."

The activity of Mr. Mills's mind was never satisfied except in the excitement of intellectual occupation; and the "Travels of Ducas" were no sooner published, than he began once more to feel the want of some subject of literary engagement. His thoughts now reverted to a proposal which his publishers had formerly submitted to him, of writing a general history of Rome; and after some hesitation, he resolved on undertaking such a work, to extend "*ab urbe condita*" to the termination of the empire." A year's application to this subject carried him through its introductory difficulties; he had reached the authentic ages of the Roman annals, and had just entered upon the delineation of one of the most interesting periods in all history—the fierce struggle of factions which overthrew the mighty republic—when he was, perhaps too easily, induced to relinquish the greatest of his literary enterprises. He was given to understand that another gentleman had been long engaged in a similar design, and had made much more progress in it than himself; and expressing his "dislike of any mere work of competition," he at once resolved to abandon, or at least to suspend, his own project. Yet he certainly did not come to this decision without some regret; for, to use his own expression, he "was already warming into his subject," and had completed the first draught of his history as far as the dictatorship of Sylla.

On the abandonment of his unfinished history of Rome, Mr. Mills's usual anxiety for employment was evinced more strongly than

ever. Immediately afterwards, he observed in one of his letters, "I am quite lonely for want of a book to write. There is no joy in idleness, except it be stolen from work. But Shakspeare has illustrated this far better than I can." At this juncture, the subject of his "History of the Crusades" prompted the idea of a "History of Chivalry," as a "companion work" to that most successful of his writings; and from the instant that the project suggested itself, he embraced it with evident delight.

The "History of Chivalry" was finished in May, 1825, and published in the following September. Its reception by the world was such as to equal the most sanguine expectations of the author: a large impression was immediately sold; and a second edition was demanded before the close of the year. Until the appearance of this work, inquiries into the history and institutions of chivalry had been abandoned to dull antiquaries; and representations of chivalric manners had been employed only for the embellishment of romantic fiction: it was reserved for Mr. Mills to clothe the historical truth of the subject in the vivid colouring of a pictorial imagination. No man was ever more punctilious in the rigid investigation and statement of facts: but the accurate learning and minute research which he threw into his undertaking were relieved without being injured, by all the graces of elegant composition; and while he seemed to have infused his mind in the very language and spirit of chivalry, he preserved his judgment free from the romantic allurements of his topic, and forgot neither the scrupulous veracity nor the philosophical reflection which constituted the severer duties of his office.

By the brilliant success of the "History of Chivalry," every anticipation of increased celebrity which Mr. Mills could ardently have indulged in the progress of a favourite undertaking, was fully realized; and he might seem, since the rapid attainment of his enthusiastic purposes of literary distinction, to be now but entering on the brightest and most auspicious epoch of his life. Alas, for the bitter mockery of hope! The event came only to swell the melancholy catalogue of earthly disappointment. A fit of illness, slight and transient as indeed it appeared, which attacked Mr. Mills in the spring of 1825, at the very moment when he was putting the last touches to his book, should have broken with an ominous foreboding upon the blind security of his too sanguine friends. But the circumstance provoked no suspicion of danger: all visible signs of indisposition were subdued for a time; and Mr. Mills wore his usual appearance of health, and his usual gaiety of spirit, until the end of August, when, but within a week before the publication of his work, he was seized with a low fever, the immediate precursor of that cruel disease which was to bow him with lingering suffering to his untimely grave.

His disorder was probably in some measure constitutional, and had certainly displayed itself so far back as upon that occasion in the year 1814, when he was compelled to quit England, and to seek relief in the milder climate of the Continent. But the last fatal relapse or return of the disease was hastened and aggra-

vated, if not altogether produced, by the intense and almost incredible excitement under which his latest work was written: The characteristic ardour of spirit which he had all his life thrown into his literary pursuits, was never before too much for him, but had been allayable at will and compatible with other enjoyments. Latterly, during the composition of his "History of Chivalry," it overmastered him, and acting upon a febrile and irritable temperament, became an exhausting and consuming fire. His mind never wandered from its occupation; nor could any one, not acquainted with his circumstances, have possibly believed that he had nothing at stake but literary fame, and that for this alone he laboured. Whilst under the strong impulse of his dearly-cherished employment, he bore up against the secret fever that was wasting his vital energies; but the moment that the stimulus was relaxed, on the completion of his work, he sank under the long and too-highly wrought excitation.

A painful and hopeless struggle against the progress of his disorder was protracted for nearly fourteen months, during which, to the last, Mr. Mills retained the full vigour of his mind, and bore his sufferings with manly and characteristic fortitude. Early in the summer of 1826 he removed to Southampton, accompanied by his sister, whose affectionate devotion to him throughout his illness had known no intermission, and whose gentle offices solaced the last hours of his existence. These, too, were alleviated by the presence and medical skill of his friend Jago, who still watched over his death-bed with an anxious solicitude, that had clung to the latest shadow of hope and now soothed the parting agonies of dissolution. Upon this faithful friend was turned the last gleam of that kindly spirit, which had shed its warmth, and gaiety, and benevolence on all within its influence. After some remedy had allayed a passing convulsion of violent pain, the sufferer cheerfully raised his countenance towards his friend, and, "Now you see I can smile again," was the affectionate acknowledgment of relief. These were the last words he ever uttered; and he soon after tranquilly expired, October 9th, 1826, without a struggle.

Thus untimely died, in the maturity and meridian vigour of his intellect, and at the early age of thirty-eight years, one whose writings had already placed him among the most distinguished names in our historical literature, and whose exertions, had his years been prolonged, would assuredly have elevated him to the very highest rank of intellectual greatness: so fine and accomplished was his genius, so indefatigable his industry, and so ardent his passion for fame.

In his private character Mr. Mills was eminently successful in securing to himself the sincere and lasting attachment of his relatives and friends; and for this he was not indebted so much to the high accomplishments of his mind, as to the good and amiable qualities of his heart and disposition. A man of more kindly affections never existed: the warmth of his heart was one of the leading springs of his character, and from that source flowed all that

was valuable in friendship, all that was kind and generous in man.

In the higher relations of our being, Mr. Mills's life was strictly, though unostentatiously regulated by the strong dictates of a pious and virtuous mind. In his worldly intercourse his principles were pure, simple, and well-defined. He here stood on "the broad-stone of honour;" and his life was an example of unimpeached integrity and incorruptible love of justice. Such was his firmness of mind, that it would indisputably have been found equal to the most trying emergencies that could have occurred to demand its exercise. From these features of his character proceeded an occasional rigidity and austerity of manner which a casual observer might be apt to misconstrue, not knowing the kindness, sensibility, and affectionate temper which it covered. Never in the cause of humanity were his zealous endeavours suffered to sleep; and small indeed can be the number of those who, in similar circumstances of life, have conferred half the benefits on their fellow-creatures which resulted from his active and steady, though secret and silent, course of benevolence.

In friendship, his esteem and confidence were slowly won; but where once his affections were placed, there were no limits set to their exercise; no cheerful sacrifice of himself, his pleasure, his labours, or his possessions, too great for his noble and generous spirit. In the ardour and constancy of his few chosen intimacies every worldly consideration of his proper advantage was forgotten; and he threw himself into the interests and feelings of others with a devotion of purpose, an abandonment of self, which seemed to lose the very consciousness of a separate being.

The foregoing is an abridgment of a detailed and singularly interesting memoir prefixed to the fourth edition, recently published, of Mr. Mills's "History of the Crusades."

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SKETCHES ON THE ROAD IN IRELAND.

THE best living in Ireland—I do not speak ecclesiastically—is in Cork; they have the best of fish, flesh, fowl, and claret, and the science of jollification is pursued in a spirit of generous rivalry, which is highly gratifying to every digesting stomach. For this cause, if you be in Dublin, and have nothing particular to do there, go to Cork. That being settled, the next thing is, how you are to get there; and after having debated the several advantages and disadvantages of post-chaise, mail-coach, and stage-coach, you may choose which you like best; but for my part, being a loyal subject, and having only myself to take care of, I make choice of his Majesty's mail.

There is, or at least there once was, a Cork mail, which left Dublin early in the day, of which I availed myself, in order to be transported to the true Athens of Ireland. There is

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a little pert, busy Whig town, in the north, called Belfast, which assumes this title, with about as much reason as Joseph Hume has for considering himself an arithmetician. There are as much Greek and mathematics, in any one parish of Cork, as in all Belfast, and the parts adjacent, including the Institution—this by way of parenthesis. The morning I fixed on for my journey, was unluckily obscured by one of those Irish fogs, which, to the promotion of sore throats and low spirits, are apt to prevail in that season when the trees are getting into the "sear and yellow leaf;" so I silently stowed myself away in a corner of the coach,

"Wrapp'd in my virtue, and a close surtout,"

and applied myself, with no inconsiderable industry, to the perusal of a newspaper which I had brought with me, containing a very elaborate debate on the Corn Laws. I never before read with any advantage in a carriage, but upon this occasion I felt there was a pleasing analogy, and harmony with nature, in the speech which I studied. I thought I saw fog oozing out of the paper—the words, and the ideas they were meant to convey, fell into a pleasing continuous confusion; I leaned back to consider the subject more at my ease, and was just, as I conceived, getting very profound upon the subject of the "averages," when I was disturbed by a loud dispute about the average price of sheep at the last Ballinasloe fair. The fact was, I had slept for several hours, and we were now near Castledermot, and about thirty miles from Dublin, when my fellow-travellers, of less meditative habits, burst my bands of sleep asunder, by the vivacity of their discussion on rural affairs in general, and the profits of sheep stock in particular. One of the disputants I soon discovered to be a grazier, "whose talk was of bullocks" for the most part; though, for the present, he had fallen into a brief episode concerning the woolly tribe. He was one of that class, of which even Ireland could at the close of the war boast not a few, who, though they wore frieze coats, had good store of debentures in their chests at home, and of money at their bankers. But since Bonaparte and prices have fallen, these stores have in many cases sadly melted away. Irish landlords, for the most part, live up to the highest penny of rent they can screw from the land, besides mortgaging for marriage portions, and the like; and they are not able, nor willing, if they were able, to reduce rents upon a change of times. So the farmers and graziers, who had saved money, were obliged to continue to pay it in rent, after the land had ceased to be worth the rent; and the landlord had to pay it to the capitalist for interest of money he had borrowed; and the capitalist, seeing the country people were breaking, would lend them no more money, but invested it in the public funds, and thus, as agricultural stock fell, government stock rose. But this is something beside the present matter; our grazier looked like an Irishman, every inch of him; and his height extended to one or two inches over and above six feet; he wore top boots and leathern unmentionables, both of which looked as if they had seen service since

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the year of the Union; his coat was of frieze, as aforesaid, ornamented with iron buttons, and was what he would himself have called, a "cliver coat;" that is to say, a garment which, with pretensions to smartness, exhibits exceeding liberality in the tailor as to the quantity of material made use of. His voice was such as might be given to a man for shouting on the mountains, and his cadences were cascades of Munster brogue, which rolled from his lips like potatoes out of a sack.

The other disputant was a smart dapper man of about fifty, whose slightly powdered head, coat of the finest blue, with shining buttons, and redundancy of elaborately plaited shirt-ruffle, showed he belonged to the class of "gentlemen;" he affected the wag, and indeed had no small share of humour, for the sake of the display of which, he condescended to argue with the grazier. It came out by degrees that he was an attorney, and agent to an absentee lord; and it was amazing with what fluency he discoursed upon land, leases, and politics; upon the last, he was particularly eloquent and diffuse, and swore by the names of Sir John Newport, and Mr. Spring Rice, whom he had lately seen in London. "These were the men," he said, "who listened to the representations of men of sense concerning Ireland;" and then he added, in a significant under-tone, "that though it was not proper to brag in such a case, yet he could tell who it was they took their hints from, in the last speeches they made on the state of Ireland in the House of Commons."

But now the fog had cleared off; and as we were entering the town of Castledermot, which has a name in Irish history, I left my communicative lecturer on Irish politics, and transferred myself to the outside of the coach for better opportunity of observation. This little town, I knew, had once been a royal residence, and a parliament was held in it even two centuries after the coming of the English. It was fortified, and had regular gates, of which the names survive, while the things themselves, and all other traces of fortification, have passed away. There still, however, remains a very beautiful monument of antiquity; it is the ruins of a magnificent abbey of Franciscans, said to have been founded by one of the first of the Geraldine family, who held the Earldom of Kildare. The walls of the large aisle are still standing, and one large window remains

* The religious houses founded in Ireland by the early English settlers, were very numerous; and their zeal in this respect is attributed, by a very eloquent and able writer of our day, to their desire to expiate in this manner the enormities of which they were so commonly guilty.

"The early English adventurers were eminently distinguished for this species of piety. One hundred and sixty religious houses, founded and endowed between the landing of Henry II. and that of Edward Bruce, with countless grants of land and other minor benefactions, were the splendid monuments of their remorse." — *Doctor Phelan's History of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland*, p. 53.

in beautiful preservation. It vexed me to the heart to see that the country-fellows had made a ball-alley of the place, and were busy at their game, laughing and swearing, on the very spot where formerly

"Pealing anthems swell'd the note of praise."

One would have supposed that the priest might have interfered, and prevented this dishonour to the old hallowed walls, or that the superstition which is said to prevail so much among the people themselves, would have deterred them from pursuing their noisy sport in a place once devoted to the prayers of their own church; but I have remarked, that the superstitions of the common people in Ireland, seldom reach to any lofty or dignified feeling—they chiefly relate to absurd notions about mysterious influences on their own personal condition, or that of their cattle, and never arrive at that degree of poetical elevation which makes the vice even of superstition "lose half its evil, in losing all its grossness." I would beg leave to suggest to J. K. L., in whose assumed diocese the old abbey stands, that when the settlement of the Catholic Question gives him a little leisure from those political pursuits, in which he has displayed so much Christian mildness, truth, and consistency, he might worse employ a portion of that spiritual authority, which so active a man as he is will not suffer to lie idle, than in rescuing the remains of an ancient Roman Catholic church from daily dishonour.

From Castledermot, the approach to Carlow is pretty: the road passes through Colonel Bruen's demesne, in which some of the vistas of park scenery are fine, and it has a curious effect to drive along in a public coach, with a troop of deer grazing quietly on one side of you, and a score or two of hares frisking about on the other. The outskirts of the town itself are handsome; and there is an air of business and cheerfulness in the streets, though in the interior of the town they are crowded and inconvenient. Thence to Kilkenny, the road lies a good part of the way within a field or two of the river Barrow, which is navigable up to Carlow, and its banks are green, and planted. Kilkenny, like most other places of which one forms large expectations, is apt to create disappointment. The stranger who knows Ireland only from books, bethinks him, as he approaches Kilkenny, of the city which once was the centre point of the English pale, surrounded by fortifications, and filled with churches and monasteries, the most considerable that even this church-burdened island could boast. Here, also, were Parliaments held, and famous statutes enacted, forming a legislative scourge for the unhappy natives, which even English power was unable to wield; and here has been for long ages past the family seat of the house of Ormond, whose name alone is sufficient to call up a host of historical recollections. Nevertheless, I could not say, as the song does,

"Och! of all towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me."

The view up and down the Nore, from the bridge at the entrance of the town, is certain-

ly picturesque in some degree; it is generally called beautiful.

Onwards towards Clonmell the country is most discouragingly bare and bleak. As we ascended a long hill near "Nine-mile-House," I got a near and accurate view of Sliebh-na-Mann, or the Woman's Mountain, a stupendous hill, the opposite side of which I had gazed upon before, with some respect and admiration, in driving along the verdant and fertile banks of the Suir, from Waterford to Carrick. In the former view, its fore-shortened shape seemed like an enormous bluff bowed cone, or cloud-capped haycock; but seen distinctly on the Tipperary side, it more resembled the inverted hull of "some tall Ammiral," with a gigantic mastiff couching behind its bows. The country all about was wild and desolate. A long tract of low-lying boggy land extends from the village of Callan to the foot of Sliebh-na-Mann, plentifully intersected with broad meadows, or boundary ditches, full of clear brown water up to the brim, but not a tree nor a shrub to be had for love or money. If your horse got "rusty," or came to a stand still, you might get off and pelt stones at him, for switch there is none. Perched here and there, like heaps of coal ashes on a stubble field, you decried a dreary cabin, with the roof thatch dingy and rotten, its crooked wicker chimney emitting a thin hungry-looking smoke, and all the live stock to be seen consists of a few straggling goats that bleat sorrowfully from cold and starvation. Sliebh-na-Mann, frowns in sterile and gloomy majesty from above upon this comfortless region. A little rivulet toddling down the road side, with some marks of lively verdure on its brink, was the only fresh and hopeful thing to relieve either eye or ear.

I observed with some surprise, as we drove slowly up the lengthy hill before referred to, the conversation of all upon the vehicular convenience became most determinedly blood-thirsty and burglarious: story followed story of men that were shot dead in the open day, as they were walking home through their own fields, cattle houghed, graves dug in men's land by night, and frightful notices posted of the dire intent of the excavators. Here and there a field was pointed out, covered with up-turned sods, which, I was told, had been the work of midnight depredators, to compel the occupant to till the land, instead of holding it in pasture. Amid these terrific relations we came opposite the depression in the back of the prostrate mastiff, which I have fancied the Kilkenny end of the Woman's Mountain, to resemble. "There, sir," said the guard stretching over from the back of the coach, and pointing to the middle of the valley, "is the place where the Sheas were murdered." This was a fearful climax to the stories I had just been listening to, and my flesh crept on my bones as the words of the guard brought all the detail of that horrible atrocity to my recollection. I believe the habits of the peasantry in this part of the country far exceed those of any other part of Ireland in ferocious cruelty; but even here, the circumstance of burning a house, and compelling the whole family of, I believe, nine persons, to remain within and perish with the most torturing of all deaths,

stands out, as something remarkable, in the catalogue of crimes which disgrace this part of Tipperary. That nothing might be wanting to complete the utmost climax that the wildest imagination could conceive of horror in such a transaction, one of the women of the house was thrown, by the torture of the flames, into premature labour, and a child was born amid the fire, and its body found half consumed amongst the ruins.

It would be a long story to tell all the circumstances of this dreadful affair, in which not two or three, but a whole troop of savage monsters took a part. For many a long day they all escaped punishment, but within a year or two some of them have been convicted, and paid the forfeit of their crimes. The rhetorical powers of Mr. Shiel, of which the world in general, and he himself in particular, justly entertain a very considerable opinion, have been employed in a description of this atrocity, and a dreadful narrative he certainly gave of the circumstances; yet it was in exceedingly bad taste, and quite in the *falsetto* of rhetorical aggravation. It is surprising that Mr. Shiel, who possesses unquestionably much poetical genius, and who has evidently studied the best poetry with no small diligence, should not have seen that a simple and energetic detail of circumstances, in themselves so terrible, would be much more impressive than he could make it by the elaborate rhetorical artifice which he used.

The place which the guard pointed out to me was indeed a black and withered-looking spot, well suited to a deed of horror. "How had they offended the people that murdered them?" asked I.—"Oh, they didn't offend them at all," replied my informant, "they come from far enough."

"And what was the motive then for putting them to so cruel a death?"

"In troth I know no reason, only they tuk land over another man's head, and so they wer condemned to die."

"Then this is a very lawless part of the country?"

"No worse," was the man's laconic reply, and we drove on in silence for a considerable way, others doubtless, like myself, revolving the fate and the feelings of those wretched beings who could be instigated to the commission of the most diabolical crimes, merely in order to prevent their victims from engrossing the means of procuring a bare and laborious subsistence.

The dusk had now faded into darkness, and a thick mizzling rain shut in the evening of a chill October day, when, as we drove along, moody and uncomfortable, wishing to be at ease in our Inn, a sudden cry of "Halt" from several voices at once on either side the road, roused us as by a shock of electricity, and we heard the rapid click—click—click of many pieces cocking at the same moment that we felt the coachman suddenly pull up.

I must confess I felt somewhat "in a moved sort" at all this dreadful note of preparation; however, I retained nerve enough to bid the guard "hand me a carbine, for here will be blood," as in the first instant of the cry he threw open the mail-box and handled his arms.

The man glanced upward at me from his stooping posture, with an untroubled searching eye, for it shone distinctly visible in the palpable obscure of the darkness; and seeming satisfied with my fixed look, handed me a carbine without uttering a word. "Where should I fire?" said I, in a low tone.

"Shoot the man that seizes the near leader, he'll be easiest for you—be sure you cover his breast before you fire, and leave the rest to me."

Not twenty seconds had elapsed since the first alarm, and I had already cocked and levelled my piece, when the guard himself struck up my arm just below the elbow, so as to point my muzzle at the welkin, exclaiming, in a tone of agonized earnestness, "for God's sake hold your hand, sir, it's the Pole-is" (police).

The sudden check upon the muscles of my arm contracted my fingers so violently, that my piece went off, but the slugs were driven "diverse innumerable leagues," and, as the grazier afterwards remarked, "hot" (i. e. hit) the parish, he supposed. We now called a parley; and speedily learned, what the coachman had guessed from the beginning, and which had induced him to pull up his horses so readily, that it was a party of "Peelers" returning from a neighbouring fair, where, after squabbling all day long with various "factions" of the people, they had got comfortably drunk towards evening, of which the country fellows had taken advantage to way-lay them on their return home, and bestow condign punishment on them, in the shape of what Paddy gave the drum, videlicet, "a d—d good beating."

"And what the devil did you stop the coach for this-a-way?" asked the guard, a shrewd old campaigner, with a brilliant Cork brogue, but who had evidently served to some purpose. "Is that the thanks you've for us?" was the reply; "troth an' it's just to tell yiz not to drive on this night any how, or every mother's sowl of ye'll be murdered cliver and clane to-night, before to-morrow, by thim ruffins. It was God's will that we escaped."

"And so you couldn't say that without calling a halt, and cocking your muskets first," resumed the guard.

This was a home thrust; and the men seemed for a moment, by their abashed silence, to confess that they had been insensible to the probable consequences of their absurd conduct. "Why, thin, what ailed you (ailed you), or what was it come over you, at all at all?" said the guard, "or what ruffians are you talking about?" This seemed the signal for cleaving the general ear with horrid speech, and they recounted, in a confused manner, each interrupting the other, what infinite brawls they had suppressed, and various important services they had performed at the fair; and how they were surrounded by an immense multitude of villains on their way home, hustled, knocked down, kicked, and trampled upon, and well nigh murdered. "And what did you drink?" interposed the guard. "Divil a thing but porter through the day." "Come, tell God's truth," he added, in a tone of disbelief and authority. "Why, then, all we tuk

was a naggin a-piece, when we wor comin' away, at Widdy Gleason's, below at the crass," sighed the corporal.

"Ay! I thought as much," said the shrewd old cross-examiner; "and when you wor pot-valiant, you wint swaggerin' along the road, makin' big fools of versels, an' the boys gave ye a good lickin' for your thrubble; divel's cure to ye, God forgive me—Go home to your barracks, you dirty drunken bastes and sleep off the fumes of the licker, before you face your officer in the mornin' wid this fine cock-in-a-bull story; 'tis well for yiz it was'n't your arms you lost, an' be bruk into the bargain, as ye desarved.—Carry on, Tim, honey," he continued, changing his tone, and addressing the coachman, "to make up for this stop,"—and the coachman rattled rapidly along again as the astounded culprits slunk away like chidden hounds."

The guard proceeded quietly to reload the carbine I had discharged: "You'll give it me again," I said; "we may as well stand prepared for action, in case any of these marauding gentry should think fit to attack us." "Not a bit of it," answered he coolly, as he laid it into the arms-box, and fastened down the lid firmly. "Are you then so sore they won't pay us a visit?" Not sure of that at all, sir; but I'm sure they've no real mischief in hand this night, when they left thim spalpeens of Pole-is their arms, that they could have tuk as easy as I could shoot you this minute. An' if they did come up, an' was braggin, an' aggravatin' us, an' goin' on, there's no sayin' what a strange gentleman like you, that doesn't know the craters, mightn't be tempted by the divel to do in a passion, wid a loaded gun in your hand, an' be sorry enough for doin' it all your life after."

There was a plain good sense about the man, with all his brogue, that I have often admired in soldiers and sailors who have been advanced for good conduct to some office of trust and confidence after they have retired from the service. We did not, however, meet with any of the anticipated interruption; but drove on merrily, talking and joking over our adventure till we arrived, without let or hin-

* It is but justice to the "Peelers," (by which significant term the whole constabulary force appointed under Mr. Goulburn's bill, as well as those by Mr. Peel's act, are known in the vernacular) to add, that there is no more orderly, efficient, and well-conducted body of men than they now are. At first, the recommendations of country gentlemen, and other irresponsible persons, were necessarily attended to in the selection of persons to undertake the office, and many loose and unfit characters were of course introduced; but a better system has since prevailed; and, by the activity and intelligence of the inspecting officers in selecting and training the men, the gens d'armes of Ireland now form a body conspicuous for their steadiness and good conduct.

They are constantly produced as witnesses on criminal trials at the Assizes; and the clear straight-forward way in which they uniformly give their evidence is, in itself, a sufficient proof of their creditable character.

derance, at Clonmell, where my new acquaintances, the attorney, and the grazier, and myself, were to stop for the night. There was a certain assumption of dignity about the man of law while in the coach, which rapidly thawed away as a blazing fire and a hot supper set our blood into a livelier motion: he even condescended to boast of his skill in the combination of the "materials" of whiskey punch; and a practical proof being demanded, he composed a jug which might have warmed the soul of a marble statue, or a whig philosopher, if either of them possess any such thing. The grazier showed himself to be what is called in Ireland "a damned fair fellow," that is to say, a man whose glass is always punctually and perfectly empty when the jug comes round; he talked loud as "rude Boreas" of his potent hunter, Paddy Whack; and showed how fields were won; at last, recollecting that "we wor all to be up early in the mornin'," he seized a candle, and led the way to the bed-chambers, striding with a step not so perfectly steady as that with which he entered the room, and singing, with a tone and manner indescribably Irish, the old song,

"Oh! the groves of Blarney,
They are so charmin';"
 &c. &c. &c.

From the Monthly Magazine.

THE PIMENTO FAMILY.

SIR PETER PIMENTO is an eminent West India merchant, remarkable for coolness of temper both as merchant and husband; Lady P. (erewhile Miss Penelope Harpoon, and daughter of a Greenland trader) is, on the contrary, remarkable for a sort of pepperiness of temper, which acquired her the reputation of a vixen— whilst yet a mere minx, a virago when a virgin, and a Xantippe now she is a wife. Her absolute "shall" was a fiat not to be contravened in Lothbury during her maidenage, nor in Finsbury-square, in her wifeage; at least by beings bearing as little gall about them as the humble and peace-loving Sir Peter. If clerk or cook, house-maid or nurse-maid, exhibited the slightest spice of opposition to the home-administration, the house was dissolved *sine die*, and the malcontents expelled, to find new constituents, if they could.

Sir Peter, in the three preparatory years of his wedded infelicity, was, on three several occasions, made happy, though exceedingly incommoded, by the production of two sons and a daughter, to be the olive-branches of his table. A hundred humble names were, with all proper submission, suggested by Sir Peter, as cognomens for the crude Pimentos, but were all and severally overruled by the absolute "it shall not be" of his lady; and, accordingly, young Pimento, No. 1, was christened Alfred; No. 2, Augustus; and No. 3, Amarantha, because she had been pronounced by Mrs. Deputy Dogrove (who was cultivating botany) to be the flower of the Pimentos. Sir Peter would

have preferred the plain English triumvirate of John, George, and Betty; but when he muttered, rather than audibly expressed, his "three wishes" on that important head, a toss of another head, a dilatation of the nostrils, and a frown, put down the ineffectual opposition; and the quiet-loving merchant succumbed away from the pertinaciousness of his spouse to the price-current, and the averages of rums, sugars, gingers, and arrow-root.

Twelve years passed, and the young Pimentos really began to grow "very interesting" at the dinner-parties with which the hospitable merchant entertained his friends during school vacations, that the juveniles might see something of the world, and the world see something of the juveniles. Master Alfred could rant the soliloquies in *Douglas*, and, to show the versatility of his genius, perform "Little Pickle," with an additional scene (got up by Lady Pimento herself, who began to betray symptoms of *bleu-ism*), in which he set fire to a chintz curtain, broke some china chimney-ornaments, upset a dumb-waiter, and fired a cracker under the chair of his indulgent papa. The several parties who were made audiences of his pranks, pronounced him to be a prodigy in mischief; Lady P. was delighted; while the "judicious" Sir Peter grieved.

Master Augustus was also a prodigy, but in another line. He could hit the house-cat on the nose with a blunt arrow five times out of ten, and strike an egg out of a breakfast-cup once out of twice, if he did not break both cup and egg at the first fire. It was, indeed, prophesied by the sporting part of the city, that he must ultimately become the first shot of his day.

Miss Amarantha was the third prodigy—a musical and metrical prodigy. In her eleventh summer she could make verses; and, in her twelfth, marry metre to music, but, like most early marriages, they jangled most deplorably. Her master, Signor Soprano, pronounced her, as well as he could express his flattery, to be "a Billington in the bud;" and her ladyship, as sugars were "looking up" in the market, raised the professor's salary half a guinea per quarter.

Under the instruction of the Signor, Miss Amarantha had already begun to scream out "sounds it was a misery to hear," and thump the piano in such a manner as was barbarous to behold. *Di piacer*, and *Una voce poco fa*, filled the town-house in Finsbury with "discords dire," the superflux half filling the area forming the square, and frightening that merchant-congregating spot "from its propriety." Lady P., however, and *heracoterie* were delighted to observe the devotion with which the young lady went through the rudimentary martyrdom of her musical education.

I have foretold a principal incident in my history; for it was at this era that Peter Pimento, Esquire, became Sir Peter Pimento, Knight. He had been elected Sheriff of London; and an address of congratulation about something procured him the intoxicating honour of knighthood. Then it was that the Pimentos "looked up;" and Sir Peter, after much special pleading, for the sake of that peace of which, as sheriff, he was a public con-

servator, reluctantly agreed that a more fashionable house, and a more fashionable neighbourhood, were necessary to the double dignities of sheriff and knight. Accordingly, the Pimentos emigrated to Portland-place. Sir Peter, however, soon discovered that a residence so situated was too far from the city for commerce, and too near for the country air. One horn of this dilemma was soon gilt over: Lady P. insisted upon a second carriage. The merchant demurred, but in vain: it was ordered from Birch, Prince Leopold's builder; and Lady P. and Miss Amarantha kept it in activity,—first, by shopping-expeditions, about the West End, in the morning,—and, secondly, by putting in appearances in the Park, two hours before dinner. Sir P. complained, and was told he could well afford a third carriage, for "ginger was in demand."—"Any thing for a quiet life," thought Sir P.; and a third carriage was placed on the stocks. Lady P. then discovered that her "dear Alfred" could not positively take rank with the young nobility with whom he had bowed himself into acquaintance, if he was not allowed a cabriolet.

Here Sir Peter did venture to rebel so far as to lift his eyebrows in astonishment; and a "D—n it, Madam, this is too much!" and a positive "No!" had half escaped his lips, when the lady informed him, in her peremptory way, that opposition was useless—it was necessary to the dignity of the family; that she had ordered Birch to build a curriole for the "dear boy;" and that, if Sir Peter refused the expense, she would sustain it out of her private purse, for she was determined that "the Pimentos should look up." Sir P. gave an audible "humph!" whistled a variation on a favourite air; and then, buttoning up his coat to the collar, walked as coolly as he could to Cornhill. Fortunately for his peace of mind, good tidings from Lloyd's met him there; and he began to think it not impossible that a merchant, whose profits were twenty thousand per annum, might sustain the rise in the demands of Lady P. and her "dear" Alfred. But he had, for the hour, forgotten that he had also a "dear Augustus." The last named young gentleman had lately made a match with the Hon. Mr. Wingpigeon, and, presuming on the reputation acquired in the precincts of Finsbury, had staked a cool thousand on the issue, which the noble destroyer of doves very shortly brought down in bills at six months.

"Very well," said Sir Peter, when he was made acquainted with his son's exploit—"I had fixed just that sum for his education at Oxford: I perceive that it is already finished.—Here, Lady Pimento, is a cheque for the *trifle*, as you are pleased to consider it:—if I had many such sons, such trifles would soon make me a broken merchant." A lucky speculation, the next day, restored the worthy knight to his usual placid state; and he began, philosophically, to consider children as a sort of commercial venture, which might turn out fortunate, pay the outfit, and reward the underwriters for the risk; or the reverse—just as "the Fates and Sisters three, and such like destinies," decreed.

It was at this epoch that Lady P. was struck with the discovery that it was high time the in-

teresting and accomplished Amarantha should be brought out. Her father listened, in his usual serene way, to the suggestions of her lady mother; and as he dared not demur, the thing was set about with becoming spirit; and routs, balls, and, to complete all, a morning concert, made Portland-place one universal chaos of carriages, company, and confusion. The young lady was, indeed, brought out to some purpose; for, at the close of the morning concert, she was discovered to be missing, and no one knew how; but a polite note, left on her dressing-table, informed her expectant parents that she had gone the way of all runaway young ladies—*via* Gretna Green; the companion of her flight being the Signor Soprano, who had conferred on the concert the honour of his voice. Sir Peter stared, and looked puzzled, as well he might, and Lady P., for once, seemed baffled and confounded.

"This is one of the consequences of teaching a merchant's daughter the trills and tricks of an opera-singer!" said Sir Peter, with a groan:—"Lady P., I hope you are satisfied with her choice, and gratified by this result of your precepts?" Lady P. did not look as if she was; but there was no knowing, for Signor Soprano was one of Lady P.'s "dear creatures."

"Surely every thing that could tend to deprive a father of pride and comfort in his children, has happened to me!" sighed out the merchant, as he stepped out of doors, on his way to the city: but he had reckoned without his ledger, as will be hereafter seen. However, to throw a little sunshine over that hour of unhappiness to the father, the merchant received the news of the safe arrival of "the good ship Amarantha," with a fine cargo, "all well."

"Ah!" sighed Sir Peter, "the winds and waves are more obedient to my wishes, than my children!" With a lighter heart he transacted the business of the day, and returned home at five. A mob was about the door: a cabriolet broken, and a beautiful bay bleeding at the knees, told what had happened. He rushed in: Lady P. met him at the stair-foot.—"Oh, Sir Peter! Sir Peter!" exclaimed she, and fainted.

"What new horror have I next to endure?" demanded the anxious father, as his usual healthy hue forsook his face. It was explained to him, as tenderly as possible, that, whilst Mr. Alfred was "siring" Mademoiselle Piouette, the opera-dancer—with whom, it then came out, he had "an affair of the heart"—the bay, being high-bred, had taken fright at the red coat and wooden legs of a Chelsea pensioner, near Kensington Gardens, and plunging into the surrounding "Ha-ha!" had broken its knees, the cabriolet, Mr. Alfred's head, and Mademoiselle Piouette's ankle. Here Lady P. recovered; and after listening, with more patience than usual, to the lecture which her worthy husband delivered on the fashionable follies which he could foresee were destined to ruin him and his children, Lady P. commenced a reply equally eloquent, in vindication of her "dear Alfred." His errors were the errors of a young man of fashion—indications of the *esprit de corps*—signs of a noble ambition to

be one of the *haut ton*. "And pray, Sir Peter," inquired the lady, to clinch the matter, "were you never guilty of any fashionable follies, when you were a young man?"—"None, Madam," replied the husband, "save going, once in the season, to Vauxhall, and twice or thrice to the theatres: these were follies sufficient to season a year. But now—"

Lady P. cut short the comparison by a second query:—"And were you never guilty of a worse folly?"—"Yes, Madam," replied the husband.—"And pray what might that be?" further inquired the lady.—"I married you, Madam!" answered Sir Peter. And here Lady P., who had become a patroness of nerves, fainted again, and was carried by her women to her bed-chamber. Sir Peter then took the road to his son's dressing-room.

On entering, he found the valet bathing the head of his heir-apparent with Eau-de-Cologne; and, truly, when the father looked in his face, he might well seem, as he was, puzzled, and somewhat dubious whether the good Samaritans who had brought him home had not brought some other unhappy father's "dear Alfred," for he could not recognise a single feature in his face.

"Good Heaven!" groaned the afflicted father, "that young men should thus wantonly risk limb and life in the pursuit of fashion!" He then gave a multiplicity of tender directions that "he should be well looked to;" and wiping the moisture of anxiety from his forehead, stepped softly out of the room, to visit his least patient patient, Lady P. He knocked gently at the door, and then entered; but what was his surprise to find "the" Pirouette in his lady's bed, and Lady P. on an ottoman, not quite recovered from the shock of her nerves, yet sufficiently so to command Sir Peter to leave the chamber "for a brute as he was;" which he, as a husband should, did, and in a minute more, the house.

He was met at the door by the stable-keeper of whom the bay had been hired, who very doggedly desired to know what was to be done with the mare, for she was ruined beyond repair?—"Shoot her at once, out of her misery," said Sir Peter; "and, if you have a second bullet disengaged, do me the same favour, and put down another hundred to your bill!"—"Perhaps, Sir Peter, you will oblige me with your cheque for one hundred now for the bay?" Sir Peter hesitated a moment: "I'll see 't's damage done first, if you please, Mr. —," Mr. —. Good morning, Sir!"—and he bowed the trickster from the door, and made his way to the city.

"I am an unhappy father!" sighed the worthy merchant, as he entered his counting-house. "How is the market, Transit? how go sugars?"—"Up, Sir Peter, up—the demand is immense!" answered Mr. Transit—"Come, this is well!" The merchant made a good morning's work, and returned in a more pleasant mood than usual to Portland-place. The lion-headed monster of his door was by that time comfortably wrapped up in white kid; the blinds were down from top to bottom of his house; and the splendid carriages of three fashionable leeches were drawn up before the door.

"What now?" exclaimed Sir Peter, as he knocked softly, and then rang loudly the area-bell.—"What has happened now?" he inquired anxiously, as the door opened.—"Mademoiselle is in a fever, and the surgeons are in consultation about her ankle."—"Plague take her ankle, and its owner!"

Sir Peter had almost vented his impatience in an English way, by bestowing a few epithets of national prejudice on foreigners generally; but he restrained the Englishman, and ordering a fowl to be served up in the library, entered that abode of silence, glad to escape from his own thoughts to those of others.

He had not long enjoyed himself in the refreshing solitude of that sanctuary, when a loud noise was heard in the hall. He rushed out to see what new domestic convulsion had occurred: it was the "dear Augustus," brought home from the Red-house at Battersea, drunk with a double charge of champagne, swallowed to console him for his losses in a match at pigeon-shooting, played and payed that day. Mr. Augustus came home minus two thousand guineas, besides an annuity of twenty pounds for life upon the wife of the trap-man, whom, in his anxiety to secure the last bird, he had sent to his long account.

"Take the brute to bed!" said Sir Peter, sternly;—"and, John, countermand the fowl, and light me to my chamber. I shall breakfast at six to-morrow, John—recollect, at six." Sir Peter then retired to his chamber, which was on the same floor with his lady's; for Lady P. was already fashionable enough to insist upon the propriety of the disunion of bed, if not of board.

Sir Peter waked at six, and his chocolate was punctual. He threw up the window, and as he glanced out, observed a post-chaise and pair driving with fashionable—that is, furious—speed up Portland-place. It stopped at his door; the steps were let down, and, wrapped in a loose travelling dress, out stepped Miss Amarantha, alone. Sir Peter rang the bell hastily, and he was about to give orders that she should not be admitted; but the father overcame him, and he relented—"Attend to the door, and admit your young lady, but deny me," said Sir Peter, with a countenance "more in sorrow than in anger."

In justice to the young lady it must be recorded that no marriageable harm had been done: for when the *lovers* had arrived half way on their route to Gretna Green, Miss Amarantha discovered that, in the hurry of her flight, she had brought away her cotton-wool, in mistake for the case which contained her diamond necklace—a discovery which, by some mysterious psychological process, not thoroughly understood by the learned in love matters, acted so suddenly on the passion of Signor Soprano, that, two hours after, he stole out of the hotel where they had put up, and left the fair runaway to "gang her gat" back again.

"Take away the chocolate—I shall breakfast this morning with your mistress," said Sir Peter. He then descended by the back stairs to his library; there, shutting himself up from all interruptions, he read Bishop Horne's sermon on "Patience" twice through; and,

having stored his mind with its precepts, he heard the summons to breakfast with a proper degree of composure, considering the weight of the domestic duties he had that morning to perform.

The meeting between the belligerents was what, in military phraseology, has been termed "imposing." Lady P. brought into the field a powerful force of frowns, glances like Parthian darts, a masked battery of words, and a well placed ambush of allies; the whole being backed by an irresistible *corps de réserve* of tears, upbraidings, threats of separation, spasms, shrieks, and sals. Sir Peter, on his part, took his ground armed at all points, from a thorough consciousness that "thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just." The disputed and despised authority of the husband, the "proud wife's contumely," had stirred all his soul to the war; and whether domestic peace should smile on him in future, and dominion be allowed him over his own little kingdom and rebellious subjects, or whether anarchy and riot were to rule, was now at issue. Sir Peter advanced to the attack with a bold front, yet affecting no more courage than he felt—whilst it was easy to observe that Lady P. exhibited a certain flutter of preparation, which betrayed to the wary eye of the general the ill-disguised apprehensions of the enemy.

"Betty, leave your mistress alone with me," said the knight. Betty did as she was bid, and retired. And now there was a clear field for the contest, and no quarter expected! An awful pause ensued—to fill up which, or rather to inspirit himself to the war, Sir Peter, in the absence of Spartan fife and drum, whistled a sort of battle symphony. As the last war-note died on the gale, Lady P. made demonstrations of a wish to parley.

"Sir Peter," said the lady, "do you take chocolate or coffee this morning?"

Not a word in reply. The silence of a settled purpose sat on the soul of Sir Peter, as he half turned away from the table. This was perhaps an indiscreet movement, for he thereby left his right wing exposed to the light artillery of Lady P., which instantly, as might have been expected, commenced a galling fire.

"Really, Sir Peter," said the lady, "your contempt of me—your conduct towards me—your opposition to my most moderate wishes—your indifference to my comforts—I can only impute to your having grown weary of so virtuous, so conciliating, patient, and careful a wife!"

"Madam!" said Sir Peter, facing to the front.

"What am I to understand from your behaviour?" demanded the lady.

"You are to understand, Madam," returned the knight, "that I have at length come to the determination of being the master of my own house, and director of my own children, of whom I am, by the law of nature, the first protector, and, by the law of society, the legal and proper guardian; and whom I am, from this day, determined to guard in future from the errors into which they have fallen."

"Well, Sir Peter," returned the lady, with

an air of infinite astonishment, "and who has for a moment disputed it?"

"I will do you the justice to say, that you have not —"

"Your candour, Sir Peter, does you honour," said Lady P., interrupting him rather too hastily.

"Hear me out, Madam!—For a moment you have not, but for twenty years you have disputed it, inch by inch, instance by instance, day by day, night by night."

"You surprise me!" said the lady.

"I meant to do so, Madam," returned the knight; "and I shall surprise you more. Know then, Madam, that from this day the firm of *Lady Pimento and Sir Peter Pimento*, in which I have hitherto appeared to be little more than the sleeping partner, ceases, or rather is remodelled—the oldest partner in the house resuming his right and power to govern and direct its affairs."

"Never!" said Lady P., who could no longer restrain her rising spirit: "I will be mistress in my own family!"

"You shall be, Madam," continued Sir P.: "but the partners not agreeing as to who is the head of the house, the partnership must be dissolved."

This he said with such a cool air of settled determination as stunned his good lady into wondering silence. Lady P. bit her lips, bit the initials out of the corner of her handkerchief, and then, bouncing from her chair, would have fled the field, and left the resolved husband to enjoy in peace the honours of the war. But Sir Peter, expecting this manœuvre, had cut off her retreat, by previously locking the door, and putting the key into his pocket.

"Resume your seat, Lady Pimento."

And in this one instance the lady was certainly obedient. Sir Peter then proceeded to deliver himself as follows, but to no very attentive audience:—

"You are my wife—it is a sacred title, and imports a sacred obligation. It is not a mere empty distinction between women, but one conferring an office of most solemn duties. A wife should be a crown to her husband—her children its jewels. Her virtue should be his pride and pleasure, not his pain and punishment: for virtue in a wife is not the only thing necessary to make a husband happy;—there are other qualities—temper, cheerfulness, patience, forbearance—all essential. Her nature should soften the sternness of his, where it is stern—not stubbornly resist it where it is gentle. Her hand should gently detain him, when he would take the wrong path—not rudely pull him back, when he has made choice of the right. Her children should be as the apples of his eyes, the wine and honey of his heart, the grace and ornament of his house. They should be to him as the second spring of his own youth—the pride of his summer—the fruitfulness of his autumn—and the light and warmth of the winter of his manhood. Such should be the virtues of a wife: I am not prepared to say, Madam, that I am the possessor of such a woman. Such should be the virtues of the children."

Here Sir Peter hid his face in his hands:

Lady P. sat silent, and apparently ashamed. He resumed, after a moment—

"No, Madam! I have a wife who would endanger the fortunes of her husband for the poor ambition of moving in a circle to which the industry and success of that husband may have lifted her, but to which her birth and habits cannot entitle her. And I have sons, who, imbibing her precepts and influenced by her example, plunge headlong into fashionable pleasures, that they may be named among the fools of Fortune to-day, only to be pitied by the wise, and laughed at by the fools they court as their companions, to-morrow. But the reign of Folly I am resolved shall cease, in my family, at least. My wife shall be a real ornament to me, or nothing: my children shall serve and enrich their country, and themselves, by their industry as merchants, and be an example of prudence, not profligacy—or they are no children of mine. Having acquainted you with thus much of my determination, I leave you, Lady Pimento, to your own reflections; and I trust they will be such as will bring conviction home to your bosom, and lead you to agree with me that amendment—ay, even a thorough reformation—of my family, is necessary to their reputation in this world, and their happiness in the next." So saying, he rose from his chair.

Lady P. held out to the last, but finding her supplies cut off, and her hope of maintaining the contest single-handed becoming weaker and weaker, she sent in a flag of truce; and from that day tyranny ceased in the Pimento kingdom.

Sir Peter followed up his lectures on family government with Spartan rigour and vigour; Mr. Augustus has merged the glory of being a first-rate shot, in the glory of being a good man upon 'Change; Mr. Alfred has ceased to air the exotic beauties of the Opera, and has made a fortune by a speculation in tobacco; and Miss Amarantha, putting off the "prima donna," and forgetting her Signor, has nursed her own six children, and looks to the promotion of the excellent citizen her husband to the honours of the next year's mayoralty.

Miscellany.

Descent into the Crater of the Vulcano, one of the Lipari Islands.—"I cannot help thinking," says Mr. Ruppel, "that it would prove by no means an impracticable task to descend at this moment into the depths of the crater of Etna. But when I ascended that volcano I was totally unprepared for such an attempt; nor should I have probably determined on descending into it without a companion. So much the greater was the joy I experienced on setting foot within the abyss of the volcano of Vulcano, the depth of which is four hundred feet or thereabouts. Hot, sulphureous, and murky vapours rise from betwixt its rugged and almost peaked confines. It appeared in its existing state to be almost impervious to the observant eye; for when Delue, and Spallanzani after him, descended into it, its configuration was of a different character; but the foot of ardour succeeded in groping its perilous way

in this rocky region. Every side of the crater bristled with sublimations of the purest volcanic sulphur; and nought but the hand of industry seemed wanting to ensure the deliver an abundant remuneration. About seven years back, Nunciante, a Sicilian noble, and Arosto, an apothecary of Messina, joined in an attempt to work this copious mine; and to this attempt we are indebted for a path which courses along the southern side among perpendicular rocks. He was the boldest of adventurers who hazarded a first descent: in fact, an extraordinary sensation affects you when you are fairly launched into this yawning gulf of four hundred feet depth; for, independently of the sulphureous exhalations and the escape of the other gases which oppress the powers of respiration, you experience a feeling of uneasiness which increases the native horrors of the spot. Yet there cannot be found any laboratory of the volcanic powers, of so inestimable a value towards collecting facts which will probably prove the future means of establishing a theory on the origin of igneous currents. The crater of Vulcano resembles that of every other volcano; it is a flattened funnel (*entonnoir applati*), inserted in a cone of the height of nearly nine hundred feet. The exterior margin of this funnel is rounded in the shape of an ellipsoid, the greatest diameter of which, from west to east, is about eleven hundred feet, and the least seven hundred. We have already spoken of its depth as being four hundred feet; nor is it shallower even in those spots where the marge is least elevated; and the compass of the level bottom, in comparison with the circumference of the exterior marge, is in the proportion of one to two. More than one-half of the interior declivity is a peaked rock; it is the upper portion only, consisting of volcanic ashes, which narrows into the shape of a funnel. The lower segment is composed of a whitish-yellow lava, perfectly compact, and presenting fissures of an ungainly aspect. These fissures are at every point the outlets of fumes strongly saturated with sulphur and other ingredients; and the path itself traverses several spots heated by gushing vapours. When you reach the bottom, which is any thing but a plane surface, your attention is first rivetted by a cone about sixty feet in height, to the north, which emits several columns of smoke; and of these there is one of a peculiarly violent action, which forces a passage on its eastern side through an aperture about four inches in diameter. It is scarcely possible to approach within two paces of this exhaustless current of combustible atmosphere. Your ears are assailed by an unceasing and appalling din, belike the roaring of some enormous mass in a state of fusion. Sublimations of sulphur, in the form of acicular crystals, and a red and yellow crust of muriate of ammonia, four lines in thickness, are suspended around the aperture. A number of rents and small orifices give a vent to columns of vapours, impregnated with sulphur, ammonia, and muriatic acid; and in this direction the soil is not merely warm, but of burning heat. This small cone appears to be the cauldron of volcanic action. The vapours which rise from this cone, especially in an easterly and westerly direction, deposit na-

tural boracic acid in the shape of a crust, which is said at times to cover a considerable extent of soil, and to wear the appearance of saline snow.

On the base of the crater are found fragments of obsidian, bulbous lava; many of these are of enormous size, and were emitted during an eruption of ashes in the year 1786. Some of them, weighing above eight hundred pounds each, were hurled as far as the sea-shore, which is half a mile distant. Alum, sulphur, mineral salt, vitriol, ammonia, and boracic acid, are found within the crater of Vulcano, either in a state of sublimation or of efflorescence and concretion. But how many other matters may there not exist, as concurrent agents to volcanic action, which have escaped our attention, either from the predominance of those we have designated, or from their remaining constantly in the shape of an æriform fluid? Chemists and mineralogists ought to make a point of visiting this interesting island, where many a valuable discovery might crown their exertions."

West and Garrick.—A select party, amongst whom were Mr. West and Mr. Garrick, visited by invitation the late Earl of Exeter, at Burleigh House. After dinner, the conversation turned on Garrick's beautiful villa at Hampton; then on the neighbouring palace. As an obvious subject, the Cartoons (of Raphael, at Hampton Court) were noticed; when Garrick, addressing himself to Mr. West, said—"These Cartoons are spoken of as the first works of art in the world, yet I have often passed through the gallery, in a hurried manner, perhaps, with other company, without being much impressed by them."—Mr. West expressed his surprise, and added—"That the superior excellence of these pictures can only be discovered and appreciated by study, must naturally be supposed, but that such a man as Garrick should not be arrested in his progress as he looked at them, or not have his attention attracted by some principal beauty or figure, is extraordinary." Mr. G. asked what figure was particularly calculated to produce such an effect? "Several," was the answer. "But name one," said Mr. Garrick, impatiently. Elymas was instanced. "Ah!" replied Mr. Garrick, "I now recollect I was struck with this figure, but did not think it quite in character: this man was an attendant at the court of a Roman governor, and as versed in abstruse subjects, could be no vulgar fellow; yet he stands with his feet straight forward, in the manner of a clown. Why did not Raphael make him, in his distress, extend his arms like a gentleman while seeking assistance?" The company, highly interested in the conversation, united in requesting the favour of Mr. Garrick to personate the sorcerer, as he would on the stage; adding the compliment that he was always led by the strong feelings of his mind into such perfect expression of look, and propriety of attitude, suitable to the character he represented, that the theatre and the actor were forgotten in the impression of reality with which he governed the audience. He consented; and by the time he was in the middle of the room appeared the exact counterpart of Raphael's design. Mr. West softly approached him, and desired him

not to alter his position, but to throw off his blindness and survey himself. "I am Raphael's Elymas! I am Raphael's Elymas!" he exclaimed, to the great delight of Lord Exeter and his guests. "I perceive," he added, in reply to a banter of Mr. West about the elegance of his attitude, "that a man in such circumstances, when deprived of his sight by a superior power, will not present the foot incautiously to obstacles, or think of a grateful extension of his arms. Fingers and toes will, like the feelers of an insect, be advanced for discovery and protection." This, was considered by the company as a new proof of the accuracy with which the finest painter that ever lived delineated nature, and that Garrick was the first actor of the world.—*Memoir of the late Mr. Thomas Holloway.*—

Candour of a Critic.—Bory de St. Vincent, and Malte Brun, notwithstanding the contrariety of their opinions, preserved relations of general, though not uninterrupted, intimacy. The former displayed an active solicitude for the interests of Malte Brun, in softening or suppressing a great number of satirical remarks on his productions in a collection of literary criticisms; and the latter showed his gratitude by parrying the attacks made on his friend, during a period of proscription, in a journal which derived much of its reputation from his talents. He had the courage to insert in his columns the praises of that friend, whom his worthless foes were persecuting even in his exile; and when Bory de St. Vincent, in 1823, published his "Guide du Voyageur en Espagne," several pages of the *Journal de Debats* were devoted by Malte Brun, to a flattering commendation of the work. In 1826, the author having retouched his first essay, corrected the faults which the skilful critic had pointed out, and as it were, composed a new work, destined to serve as an introduction to a collection of Geographical Sketches. Malte Brun, at a dinner where gaiety and good humour prevailed, on being requested to announce the work, replied, with the utmost naiveté, "I am enchanted with your Iberian Peninsula, and I wish well to the undertaking; but your Collection of Sketches may considerably injure my *View [of Universal Geography]*; you cannot therefore reasonably expect that I should ruin my publisher; but in the situation in which I am placed, as you see it is impossible for me to praise your book, I will promise you not to find fault with it." Malte Brun kept his word, and his silence was considered as a proof of his friendship.—*Revue Encyclopédique.*

The Petrarch Library.—The King of France, by the advice of the Baron de Boullierie, the Intendant General of his household, has made the acquisition of the valuable collection of various editions of the works of Petrarch, formed during a number of years by Professor Marsand, of the University of Padua. This collection, of which a descriptive catalogue has been published at Milan, under the title of *Biblioteca Petrarcesca*, in one vol. 4to., is composed of 900 volumes, and is divided into three parts. The first comprises a complete series of the editions which have been published of

the poetical works of Petrarch, from the year 1470 to our days. The second consists of all the Latin, French, Spanish, German, and English translations which have been made of those poems; all the commentaries which have been written on them, and all the notices which have been published regarding the life of Petrarch. The third is composed of a collection of ancient and precious manuscripts on vellum or paper, with miniatures, having reference to the poetry of Petrarch. This library is to be deposited in one of the cabinets of the private library of the king, and of the Council of State at the Louvre.

Natural Provision of Vegetation in High Latitudes.—We owe to Wahlenberg the discovery of a beautiful arrangement in the economy of nature, namely, that the mean temperature of the soil in mountainous regions rises higher and higher above that of the adjacent air the further we advance towards the north. By this means polar situations support a number of vegetables which would otherwise perish; nay, even life itself is thus brought into places which would be dead and arid, and from which every living thing would flee. Who can conceive agriculture and cultivation in a soil where the temperature is one or two degrees R. below the freezing point? But the temperature is actually not higher in places in which there are towns, and where corn is raised with activity and profit. It is the temperature of a great part of Siberia, and of many inhabited valleys in Sweden.

Boissy D'Anglas and Florian.—M. Boissy rescued many unfortunate persons from the sanguinary fate to which they were devoted by the revolutionary tribunal under the tyranny of Robespierre. He delivered multitudes also from the prisons, among the number of whom was Florian. There was no room amidst the scenes of political frenzy for this sweet-scented bard (ce poëte à l'eau de rose); the smooth and insipid author of "Estelle" was regarded as a dangerous person, and was therefore exiled to Sceaux with the remnant of the old nobility. Boissy d'Anglas spoke in his favour before the Convention; but poor Florian had thought it his duty to dedicate his tedious "Numi" to the queen, whence the application of his advocate was rejected, and he was treated as a conspirator. Duhem, a member of the Committee of Public Safety, thus replied to the generous expostulation of Boissy d'Anglas:—"Your men of letters are all aristocrats and counter-revolutionists, who have done no service to mankind. That Voltaire, of whom you speak so much, was a royalist and an aristocrat; and he would have been one of the first to become an emigrant if he had lived: and as for Rousseau, it is only necessary to read his works in order to perceive that he would have been a federalist and an advocate for moderation: your Florian is not a whit better, notwithstanding his history and his fine language." These decisive arguments refuted the proposition of M. Boissy d'Anglas. But after the ninth of Thermidor (when Robespierre fell), he returned to the charge, and at length obtained the liberty of Florian. The unfortunate

poet, however, became a victim to the fear of death, when girls of seventeen submitted to their fate without weakness.

Boissy d'Anglas did not disdain oftentimes to suppress the horror with which the chiefs of the Committee of Public Safety inspired him, when he wished to obtain pardon for those whom they were about to put to death. "Are you come again?" said one of the committee to him. "Pray what profit do you make of this business?"—"I swallowed the insult," said Boissy d'Anglas; "but I procured the deliverance of the person for whom I solicited, and I thought that a sufficient recompense."—*Annales Biographiques.*

Literary Intelligence.

The Lectures on the Elements of Hieroglyphics and Egyptian Antiquities, by the Marquess of Spineto, will soon be ready for publication.

There is in the press, and nearly ready, a Circumstantial Account of Persons remarkable for their Health and Longevity; exhibiting the habits, functions, and opinions of such persons in regard to the best means of prolonging life, by a Physician. It will likewise contain a definite plan for the removal of that peculiar affection of the throat to which clergymen and other public speakers are liable.

Oriental MSS.—Some very curious oriental manuscripts have been brought to St. Petersburg by M. Berggren, a Swedish traveller, who collected them in Turkey, Syria, Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Egypt, during the years 1820, 1821, and 1823. Among them is the Secret Law of the Druses, one of the most important oriental manuscripts ever discovered, and which M. Berggren, assisted by Professor Senkovsky, intends to publish at St. Petersburg, with a French translation. He is also about to publish a French and Arabic Dictionary, which will be exceedingly useful to all Europeans travelling in the East.

A Lexicon of Aristophanes is preparing for publication by J. A. Barnes, Esq. M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Mr. Madden's Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, are at length on the eve of publication. The work is expected to create much curiosity in the literary world, as it treats of countries with which travellers have hitherto had so little opportunity of becoming acquainted. The author, it appears, had many "hair-breadth 'scapes," and his adventures are said to abound in details of new and extraordinary interest.

The novel announced under the title of *The Exclusives*, is understood to be the production of a certain Prince, who is considered to be one of the most acute observers of national peculiarities.

Mr. Doddridge Humphreys, the grandson of Dr. Doddridge, has been for some time engaged in preparing for publication the *Diary and Correspondence* of that celebrated divine. It will appear immediately.

Captain Frankland is about to publish an Account of his Visit to Constantinople. His narrative is understood to throw much new light on Turkish character and manners.

Captain Brooke, who is already known as a Northern Traveller, has in the press a volume of Travels in Barbary and Spain.

A Series of Dissertations, preliminary to a new Harmony of the Gospels. By the Rev. E. Greswell, M. A. and Fellow of C. C. C. Oxford. In the press.

We observe an Encyclopedia of Plants announced from the pen of Mr. Loudon, of which the Prospectus contains a full account, which, knowing the talents of the author, we are sure will not disappoint us. The work is to resemble Mr. L.'s highly popular volumes on Gardening and Agriculture, and will contain no fewer than nearly ten thousand engravings on wood, of which beautiful specimens are given in the prospectus before us.

A volume of Stories of Popular Voyages and Travels, with illustrations; containing Abridged Narratives of recent travels of some of the most popular writers on South America, is announced for speedy publication.

A Tour in Barbary and Spain. By Captain Brooke, Author of "Travels in the North of Europe."

Life of John Locke, with Extracts from his Correspondence, Journals, and Common-place Book. By Lord King.

Dr. James Clark has in the press an Essay on the Influence of Climate in Diseases of the Chest, Digestive Organs, &c.; including Directions to Invalids going Abroad, respecting the best seasons and modes of Travelling; and the general Management of their Health; and Remarks on the Effects of the principal Mineral Waters of the Continent in Chronic Diseases.

An important work for the history of the North of Germany, and of Denmark and Sweden, during the middle ages, will shortly be published, under the title of the Chronicle of Detmar. It is perhaps the most extensive monument extant of the lower Saxon dialect at so early a period.

A collection of the works of *Giordano Bruno*, of Nola, the celebrated Italian freethinker, who was burnt at Rome in 1600 as a heretic, is announced, in two volumes, by Dr. Wagner, of Leipzig. The editor will thereby render a most acceptable service to the friends of Italian literature and of philosophy.

The celebrated Creuzer is said to be engaged in editing a new edition of the works of Plotinus, to be printed at Oxford, and finished in two years.

A selection of the works of Luther, adapted to the present times, has just appeared in Germany, in ten volumes, 8vo.

Professor Sendtner of Munich is engaged on a work embracing the state of poetry in Bavaria, which country, it seems, has been unjustly represented by some as the *Bacotia* of Germany. The following is the plan of the work:—1. An abridged history of the belles lettres of Bava-

ria, from the middle ages to the present time.

2. A particular enumeration of all the Bavarian poets and their works, with short notices on the most remarkable incidents in their lives.

3. A selection of the best poems, from which the peculiar character and genius of each poet will be best seen. 4. Proposals for the formation of a society of the native friends of elegant literature for the advancement of poetry in Bavaria.

Signor Savi has published at Pisa the first volume of his Tuscan Ornithology.

The first part of a Historical and Bibliographical Dictionary of Celebrated Authors and Artists born in the Kingdom of the Netherlands, is now published. The journals of the Netherlands say that it is a work of immense erudition.

One of the most interesting works in the recent literature of Holland is the Life of Grotius and his wife, Maria van Reigersbergen, by De Vries, the author of a History of Dutch Poetry. The work contains a variety of perfectly new details.

There are nineteen printing-presses in Warsaw, and twenty periodicals. There were 101 works published in the Polish language in 1828, besides the periodical works, almanacks, &c.

The *Collection General de Comedias Escogidas*, containing the best pieces of the Old Spanish Theatre, printed in a neat pocket form, is proceeding with. Four more parts have recently arrived in this country.

Manuel Garcia de Villanueva has published a work at Madrid, in two volumes, 8vo. (1828,) on the rise, progress, and principal eras of the Spanish Theatre, with notes and illustrations.

A history of the origin of Church Possessions has appeared at Madrid, containing a defence of the right of the clergy to their acquisition.

A collection of the Laws of Portugal is publishing at Lisbon, in six volumes, folio, of which two volumes appeared in 1828.

According to the last number of the *Archives Suisses de Statistique*, published at Bâle by Professor Bernoulli, the number of journals published in Switzerland is as follows: twenty-two German, four French, and two Italian journals. Most of them appear only once a week, some twice a week, and some only once a month. Berne, though the largest and most populous canton, has only one journal, and that a very indifferent one. The three journals of the canton of Vaud, and that of Geneva, are better; but almost all of them are subject to a very rigorous censorship, especially with respect to foreign intelligence.

The number of printing-presses in Switzerland may amount to 130, but the half of them are unemployed. The canton of Underwald has none. The towns of Appenzel, Thurgovin, Uri and Glaris have only one press each. The canton of Geneva has the most, viz. eighteen; next to Geneva is Zurich, which has seventeen; Bâle and Argovia sixteen; the canton de Vaud twelve; Berne, which ought to have at least as many as Geneva, has only nine, no more than St. Gallen, the population of which is not above half as numerous.